

DELL

HOW GOD SAVED OUR MARRIAGE—by Pier Angeli

modern screen®

PT. 25c

"Our Family"

Debbie + Eddie

AUG 26 1958



THE LOVES THAT SHOCK HOLLYWOOD

KIM'S

"married general"

JERRY LEE LEWIS'

13-year-old bride

SUZY PARKER'S

"secret husband"

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!



SANDRA DEE, lovely star of "THE WONDERFUL YEARS," a Universal-International Picture in CinemaScope, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her shining curls! Why don't you try Liquid Lustre-Creme, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water! An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—the favorite
of 4 out of 5 top movie stars—
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



LUSTRE-CREME • NEVER DRIES • IT BEAUTIFIES !

AUG 22 1958



Always safe... never sorry with Kleinert's Stay-Rite Shields

Stay-Rite Shields hook on like your bra...
stay comfortably in place without
sewing or pinning. Just one set protects your
entire wardrobe. Only \$1.39. There's
a Kleinert Shield style for every type of sleeve,
every type of dress! All attach quickly,
easily, wash in a jiffy. Priced from 45¢.

And remember, Kleinert *guarantees* to refund
the purchase price and assume responsibility
for any resulting damage to clothes!

Also available in Canada.

Crescent 55¢ Short Sleeve 55¢ Regular 55¢



[®] *Kleinert's*

modern screen



Frank Westmore creates make-up for a **Gayla**® glamour girl

Are you set for a lovelier you?

In the make-up of every glamour girl, her hairdo plays a most important part. And there's no better way for you to achieve hairdo loveliness than with Gayla and Lady Mervin products. Like millions of other smart women, you'll be set for lasting hair beauty with Gayla HOLD-BOB, the all-purpose bobby pin, best for setting and securing *every* hair style. Only Gayla HOLD-BOB with exclusive Flexi-Grip has the correct combination of springiness and holding power. To attain your perfect hairdo, use famous Lady Mervin Hair Rollers, Do-All Clips and Wave Clips.



Gayla®
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BOBBY PINS
the world's largest selling bobby pins

Lady Mervin
DO-ALL CLIPS
world's leading all-purpose hair clips

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1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois



STORIES

Richard Egan-
Pat Hardy

Deborah Kerr

Bob Evans

Elvis Presley

Pier Angeli-
Vic Damone

Kim Novak

Jimmy Rodgers

Suzy Parker

Debbie and Eddie

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Marlon Brando

Christine Carere

Jerry Lee Lewis

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The cover portrait of Debbie and Eddie and the family is by Wide World. Other photographers' credits are on page 82.

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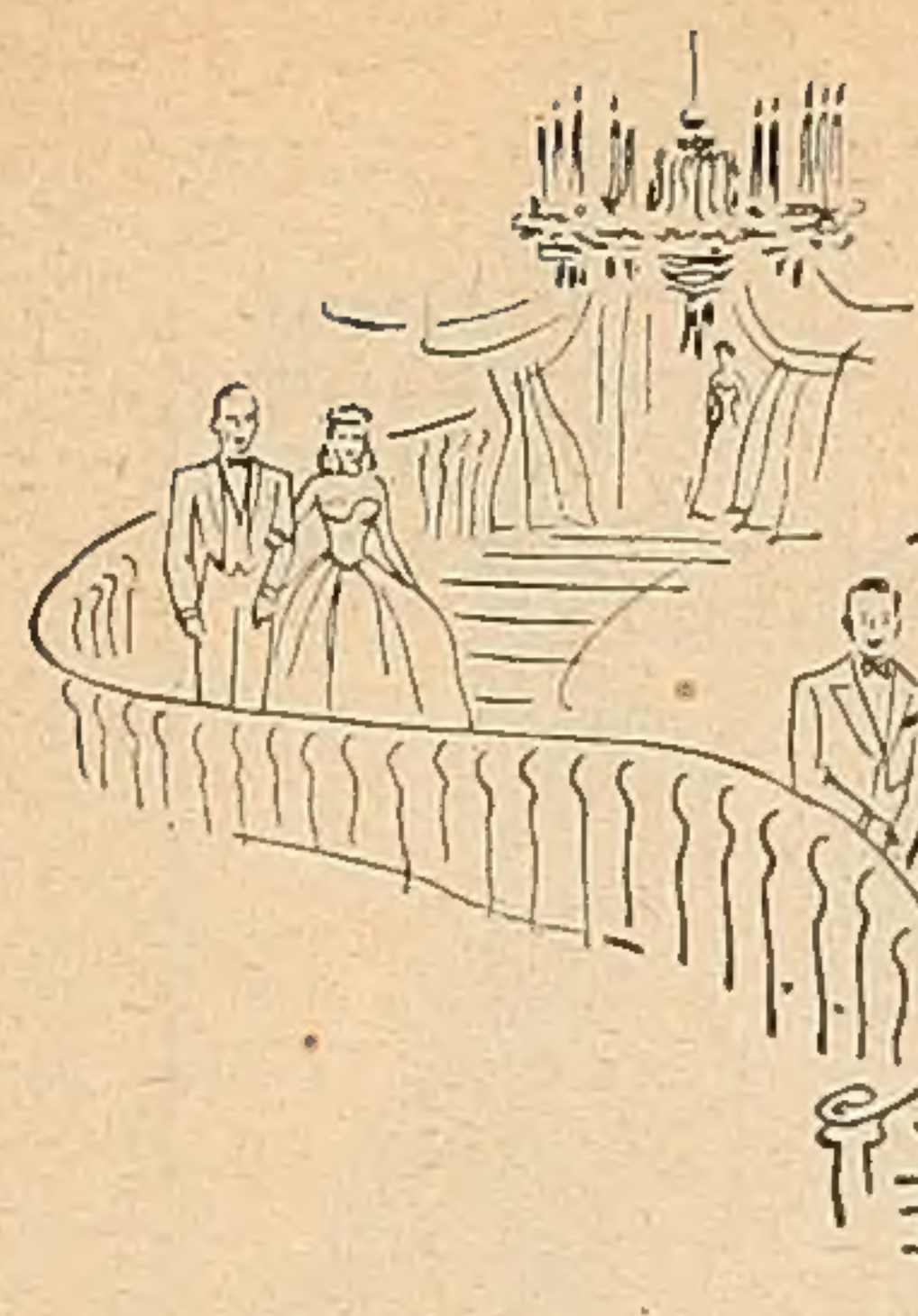
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A very funny (IT'S CRAZY, MAN!)

story of a gentleman



(VERY SQUARE!)

and his high-brow lady



(THAT "LES GIRLS" CHICK!)

who try to tame a teen-ager



(SHE'S THE MOST!)

and her bongo beating boy-friend



(VERY SOLID!)



(MAN ... everybody... but EVERYBODY HAS A BALL!)

M-G-M presents in brilliant COLOR

REX HARRISON · KAY KENDALL

The
Reluctant Debutante

co-starring

JOHN SAXON · SANDRA DEE

ANGELA LANSBURY

Screen Play by William Douglas Home • Based on a Play by William Douglas Home

In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • An Avon Production

Directed by Vincente Minnelli • Produced by Pandro S. Berman

NOW!

A TALC

DEODORANT

for all over
body protection



NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein

WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR ROMANCE

Indiscreet
A Certain Smile

FOR ADVENTURE

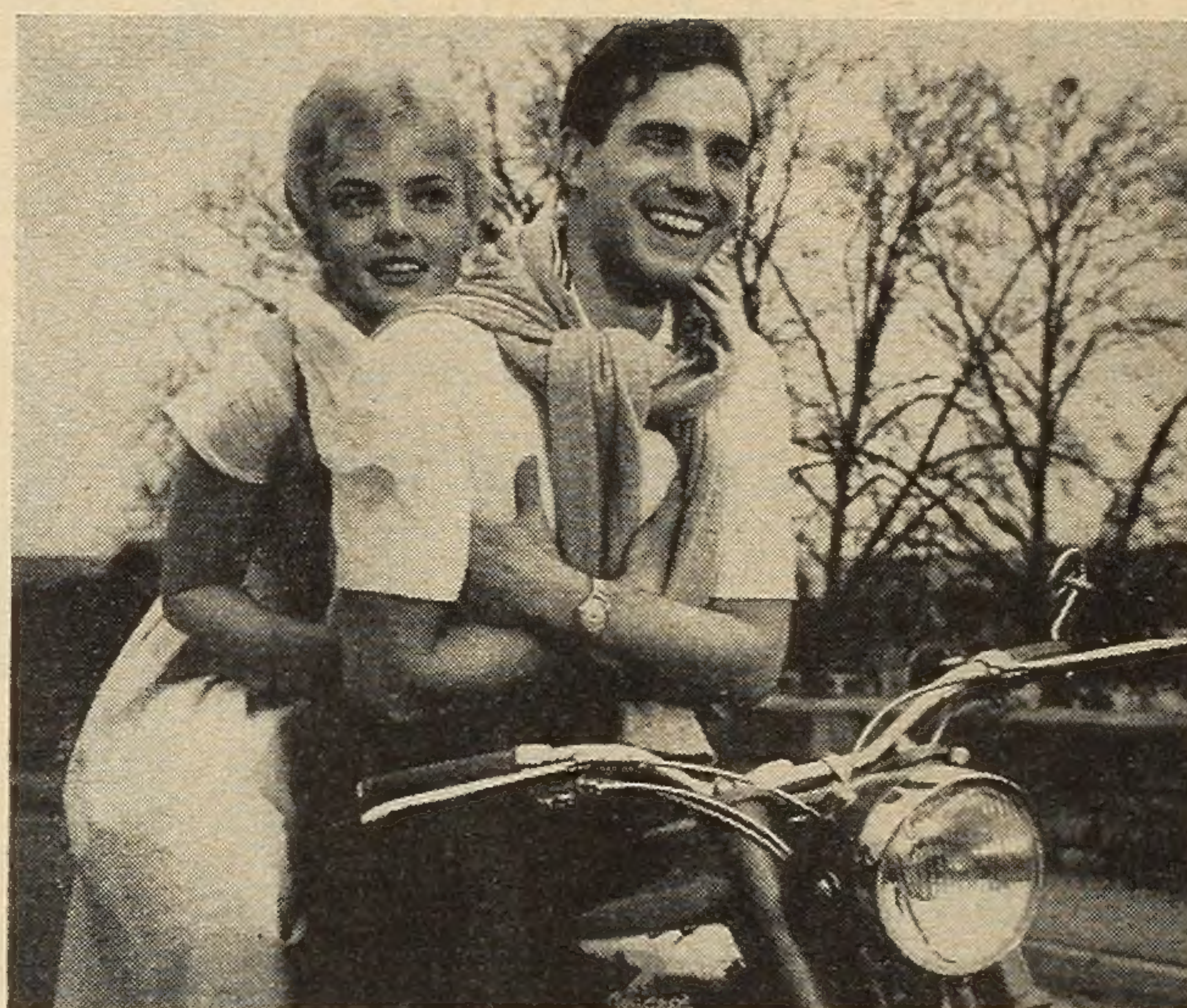
The Key

FOR DRAMA

Imitation General

FOR ACTION

The Law And Jake Wade



A CERTAIN SMILE

a French word for love

Rossano Brazzi
Joan Fontaine
Bradford Dillman
Christine Carere
Eduard Franz

■ The smile belongs to Rossano Brazzi—what a ladykiller! While his gorgeous wife Joan Fontaine puts up a brave, well-dressed front, he is dashing about in his white Mercedes Benz casting a pearly smile on all the daughters of France. Here is a romantic young girl—Christine Carere—who's very lonely because her parents can't get over the death of their son. She's engaged to Bradford Dillman, a classmate at the Sorbonne, but he's not romantic enough to elope. Instead, he innocently introduces Christine to his uncle (Brazzi). In no time Brazzi's telling her he loves her but—you know—not forever. She says she knows, and spends a week with him on the Riviera. After that idyll Brazzi's ready to return to business (the money-making kind) but Christine's ready to die of love (the forever kind). This is quite a blow to Brazzi (to say nothing of what it does to his wife, who's become Christine's best friend). Come to think of it, it's also quite a blow to Bradford Dillman. Some elegant scenes of France.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE KEY

a romantic adventure

William Holden
Sophia Loren
Trevor Howard
Oscar Homolka
Carl Mohner

■ During the Second World War the English ran a sea-going tugboat service that went to the rescue of disabled ships. Lots of times the tugs which weren't armed didn't come back. But whenever tugboat captain Trevor Howard came back, he didn't have to sleep in a ratty hotel; he had Sophia Loren hovering over him.

Howard tells new Canadian captain William Holden that she's a great girl and hands him the key to the flat. Holden is shocked. But Howard means well; he means Holden should use the key only in case of his death. And Sophia means well. Once she was in love with a tugboat captain and when he was killed she started on a one-woman rescue kick. Finally, much against his high moral code, Holden uses the key. What follows is touching and romantic—while the action at sea keeps the excitement high.—COLUMBIA.

THE LAW AND JAKE WADE

Robert Taylor
Richard Widmark
Patricia Owens
Robert Middleton
Henry Silva

killer Widmark out west

■ They're all set to hang Richard Widmark down there in New Mexico when Robert Taylor, all in black, rescues him. Trouble is, Widmark's a cocky killer and Taylor's a respected sheriff. But once they were bank robbers together and Taylor figures he owes Widmark one last favor. Widmark figures Taylor isn't going to get away that easy—not when he knows where the haul from their last bank job is hidden. All of a sudden Robert and his fiancée Patricia Owens are kidnapped by Widmark and his gang. Over hill and dale and desert they ride to a ghost town where the money's hidden. There's no doubt that old pal Widmark is going to kill old pal Taylor and his bride-to-be when he gets the cash. So there are some lively attempts at escape (all useless), some lively chatter (Widmark's clever), some outside trouble with the Comanches, and some inside trouble with Widmark's gang, among whom is juvenile delinquent Henry Silva.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM. (Continued on page 69)

New!

Only in

BOBBI...

3 kinds of curlers

for the 3 critical waving areas
in soft modern hairstyles!



The new modern hairstyles need different kinds of curls in different areas—and only new Bobbi gives them to you. Three different kinds of curlers come right in the Bobbi package—nothing more to buy! And only new Bobbi is so *easy*. It's self-neutralizing.

No resetting . . . you brush out waves that are soft and natural looking from the first, yet really last. New Bobbi instructions for a variety of modern hairstyles show where each curler goes to give a style while you wave. Try new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent!

Only new Bobbi gives you all 3:

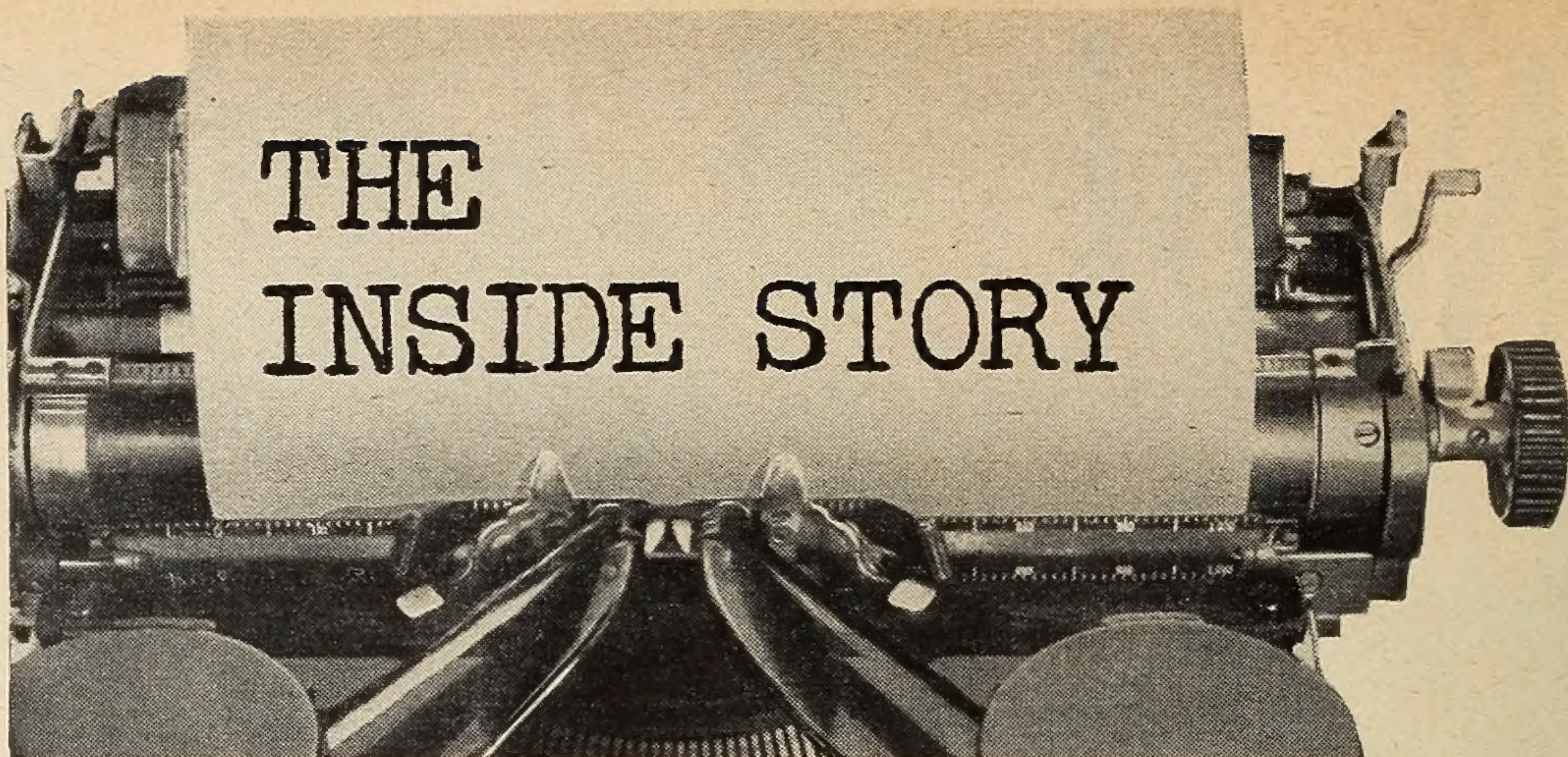
- 1 **6 large sponge rollers** give extra body where your hairstyle needs most support—add style flare at the sides, give a lift over the brow, curve a perky pony-tail.
- 2 **40 casual pin-curlers** for easy-to-make pin-curls that give overall softness throughout most of your hairstyle.
- 3 **6 midget rods** for curling the wispy neckline stragglers.



the easy way to lasting waves—the Bobbi way

Looking up to better things!

Happy you! You're the kind of girl who won't settle for sameness. You try whatever's new and wonderful—new lines, new shapes, new colors—smart new ways of living. Like so many of today's smart young moderns, you choose the nicest in sanitary protection, too... Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Because it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Because it's so dainty to use, to change and dispose of. Because you never have odor worries or carrying problems. Because with Tampax, you can all but forget about differences in days of the month! Who *wouldn't* use Tampax, you say! It's the *modern* way! Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 321 West 44th Street, New York 36. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q How many children are **Eddie Fisher** and **Debbie Reynolds** hoping to have?
—L.T., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A They would like to have four.

Q Is there any chance that **Liz Taylor** will marry **Montgomery Clift**?

A Not much.

—E.P., N.Y.C.

Q Must **Judy Garland** post a bond before she appears on stage?

—J.T., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A Some employers are demanding a bond to insure her appearance.

Q Who is the agent that is responsible for **Rock Hudson's** success. Where can I reach him?

—D.O., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A Henry Willson, Famous Artists, Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Q Can you tell me who plays opposite **Charleton Heston** in *Ben Hur*?

R.R., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

A An Israeli actress named **Haya Harareet**.

Q What's the status of the **Anita Ekberg-Anthony Steele** marriage?

—Y.T., MIAMI, FLA.

A Shaky.

Q Is it true that **Bing Crosby** has put his Elko, Nev. cattle ranch up for sale because none of his boys wants to become a rancher?

—L.R., RENO, NEV.

A True.

Q Is the **Joan Collins-Hugh O'Brian** affair for real or for publicity?

—D.T., DENVER, COL.

A A little of both.

Q Whatever became of **Jane Russell**?

—B.T., N.Y.C.

A Just finished a TV series—**McCREEDY'S WOMAN**, which may debut this fall.

Q Is **Grace Kelly** coming to the United States to resume her acting career?

—V.N., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A No. Just to visit her parents in Philadelphia.

Q Can you tell me what **Tab Hunter** is doing these days?

—M.E., ELLENVILLE, N.Y.

A He will team with **Sophia Loren** soon in *THAT KIND OF WOMAN*.

Q Will Cheryl be allowed to live with her

mother **Lana Turner** again?

R.T., CHICAGO, ILL.

A When she is eighteen. Or before, depending on how the court rules.

Q Isn't it true that the **Deborah Kerr-Tony Bartley** marriage was on the rocks long before the divorce announcement?

—T.R., LONDON, ENG.

A Certainly it was slipping. (The whole story is in this issue.)

Q I understand that **Frank Sinatra** now cares more for books than he does for girls. Is this on the level?

—R.L., NEWARK, N.J.

A That will be the day!

Q Why does **Yul Brynner** tell all those stories about his background?

—N.O., DOVER, DEL.

A It makes him sound more melodramatic.

Q Is it true that **Rock Hudson** is taking singing lessons? If so, why?

—A.U., PORTLAND, ORE.

A Rock is ambitious, would like to star in a musical.

Q Can you tell me how old **Mickey Rooney** is and whether he ever played a midget?

—V.T., RUTLAND, VT.

A Rooney is thirty-eight; he played a midget as a child.

Q Does **Bill Holden** drink?

—E.T., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A Occasionally.

Q **Lew Ayres** and **Joanne Dru**—will they get married?

—T.E., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A A possibility but not a probability.

Q Why won't **Jennifer Jones** pose for news photographers?

—F.I., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A She's camera-shy, believe it or not.

Q Why won't Hollywood studios permit tourists to tour studios?

—E.T., PEORIA, ILL.

A They're afraid of interference and law suits.

Q Is **Frank Sinatra** afraid of TV?

—E.T., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A No. He plans to limit himself to movies.

Q Is it true that **Jayne Mansfield** cut Mickey Hargitay's allowance?

—C.T., AKRON, OHIO

A Hargitay is not on any allowance.

"From the bottom of my heart..."

I THANK YOU FOR MY NEW BODY!"

"...thank you, SLIMTOWN, for the slim, chic body Providence intended for me to have...for making it so easy, so calm, so peaceful to lose the fat, unhealthy bulk I'd been carrying around so long..."

This letter, in a neat frame, hangs on the wall of the office of the president of the SLIMTOWN Corporation. In the files of the Company are hundreds of similar letters... letters of thanks and of gratitude... letters full of the joy of a new life... letters of wonder that SLIMTOWN had done what it had said it could do—to let a fat person lose all the weight he wanted to lose—up to 10, 20, 30, even 50 or 70 lbs. of ugly overweight without struggle, without the stress of giving up good foods (even desserts), without a doctor's prescription.

Once more, please read the excerpt from this lady's letter — *"...thank you for making it so EASY, so CALM, so PEACEFUL to lose the fat...I'd been carrying around so long..."*

Yes, this lady has good reason to bless SLIMTOWN. SHE didn't have to pay the old-fashioned price for her new, slim figure. She didn't have to go through the long, long months of excruciating diet, giving up the foods she loved so much. Nor do YOU have to sweat and strain and labor week after week just to take off a solitary stubborn inch. You no longer have to watch hated calories, rely on habit forming drugs, snap at your friends and family, go through months of torture always with that hunger-pang deep in your stomach.

No! You Don't Have to Suffer to Become Slim

Stop for a moment and read this sentence again: **You don't have to suffer to become slim!** Think what this advertisement is promising you—is GUARANTEEING you! YOU CAN LOSE THAT UGLY FAT QUICKLY, SAFELY, WITHOUT DISCOMFORT, WITHOUT HUNGER PANGS, WITHOUT FRUSTRATION... Right now, right this minute you can plan your NEW figure. Do you want to shed 9 pounds the very first week? Up to 24 pounds the first month? 40... 50... 70 pounds in all? Do you? What a question! Of course, you do.

But you ask another question: Will it cost me blood, sweat, tears? The answer is NO. You will eat what you want to eat, anything you want...and the pounds will drop off. You will be calm, peaceful, sleep like a baby...and the pounds will continue to melt away. You may have less will-power than a kitten. No matter. Steadily, surely, safely you will become slimmer and slimmer. Will you be tired, depressed, ill-humored? No, none of these. Astonished as you may be at the speed the fat is leaving you, you will be even more amazed at how much AT PEACE YOU ARE WITH YOURSELF. Your energy, your disposition, your zest for life will bring you almost as much joy as the new, slimmer you that your mirror will show you with each passing day.

This Sounds Too Good to Be True.

What Makes It Possible?

The answer lies in one word—SLIMTOWN. And behind this name is a story.

An exciting, thrilling story of a doctor and his goal—a medical doctor who became obsessed with the belief that nature hadn't intended for people to become fat. Troubled by first-hand effects of obesity in his patients—heart disease, diabetes, hypertension, deep insecurity—he became a sworn enemy of fat, the killer.

He knew the problem wasn't so complex. The reason people become fat is simple. They overeat. How about the answer to the problem? Ah, not so simple. Up until recently, he, like other doctors, knew only one answer—vigorous, self-disciplined dieting. But in case after case he saw how rarely that was successful, how many times a patient would start off bravely on a diet and then, unable to stick to it, wander off it and grow even fatter than before.

Then along came a substance which depressed the appetite. Immediately, a rash of "reducing" pills, tablets, liquids, cookies, wafers all hit the market, all promising fancy results. But the trouble with this appetite depressant was that it also upset the person taking it. It made one feel lost, vaguely dissatisfied, jittery, as though all the fun had been taken out of life. And so, after a few days of half-hearted and miserable trying, the pills and the cookies and the liquids were doing nothing but taking up room in the medicine chest—all failures.

But clouds have silver linings, they say; and from these failures the doctor suddenly knew the clear, exciting answer—the answer to the quest for a safe reducing product which could make any fat person reduce, no matter how much he loved to eat. Of course, the pills and the liquids—the so-called reducers—had been bound to end up in the medicine chest! How in the world could they be anything but failures when the one, vital, all-important element was missing—the one substance that would go to work, not only on the appetite, but on the hunger pangs... the one agent that would SOOTHE THE PATIENT, KEEP HIM CALM AND HAPPY, AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF, HIS STOMACH, AND THE WORLD! That was the basic problem... and from that SLIMTOWN was born.

Now that he was on the right track, the doctor-scientist began his search for the method that would once and for all get to the real cause of overweight and overcome it... a method that a doctor could confidently recommend to all normally healthy people, but which would not require a doctor's prescription. And then he discovered the benefits of Pacifin. Yes, PACIFIN, the amazing wonder drug that calms and soothes. PACIFIN, the all-important, ingredient which all other reducing products lacked, and which made the difference between struggling to lose weight, or losing pounds easily, pleasantly, almost automatically. PACIFIN, that lets you sleep like a baby, smile at the world, look forward to each day with pleasure, secure in the knowledge that this is another day on the road to the body and health you've dreamed of possessing.

But like a true scientist, the doctor worked carefully. He knew he had the key to overcoming obesity; now his job was to test it beyond doubt. Expertly, he combined PACIFIN with other substances, each designed to perform a



The Most Unprecedented Guarantee You Ever Read

You are going to read a guarantee you've never seen before—a guarantee that can be made only because the makers of SLIMTOWN are convinced they are putting out the finest reducing method known, without a doctor's prescription. Here is our guarantee:

- Lose 5 lbs. the first two days or every penny back (10 day Supply)
- Lose 9 lbs. the first week or every penny back (10 day Supply)
- Lose 20 lbs. the first 20 days or every penny back (20 day Supply)
- Lose 30 lbs. the first 30 days or every penny back (30 day Supply)

Lose in all every pound you've filled in on the coupon or EVERY PENNY BACK you've paid for SLIMTOWN (reckoned at 1 day's supply for every pound you want to lose).

particular function. Experimenting and testing for months, he finally created what is unquestionably the only true reducing product sold without a doctor's prescription—SLIMTOWN.

What Is Slimtown?

There is no mystery to SLIMTOWN. It is simply another testimonial to the great work coming out of medical science today. There are three medically-known ingredients that all work together to make your SLIMTOWN weight reducing program the surest, quickest, safest, and most pleasant you have ever tried. Here are the three ingredients, GUARANTEED to help you, no matter how many other methods have failed you in the past:

(1) SLIMTOWN TABLETS CONTAIN PACIFIN—the peaceful wonder-drug that calms and soothes you. PACIFIN's all-important function is that it removes from you the strain that is inevitable in all other reducing methods. It helps your disposition to remain sunny, it helps you sleep healthfully and calmly, it eliminates the edginess that accompanies other reducing programs and pills. It is the benevolent weight guardian that insures the success of SLIMTOWN.

(2) SLIMTOWN TABLETS CONTAIN ANTIPATIN—another amazing substance that goes right to work on the centers concerned with hunger. With ANTIPATIN you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods, but magically that old craving for food has diminished, you hear yourself refusing seconds and thirds; you feel full, satisfied with life. You just don't want to eat more.

(3) SLIMTOWN TABLETS CONTAIN GASTROFILIN—a remarkable no-calorie ingredient that actually "fools" your stomach, makes it feel half-full of food, even before you sit down to eat. With GASTROFILIN you just don't find the room to put away your usual over-supply of food.

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- Lose 9 lbs. the first week or every penny back (10 day Supply)
- Lose 20 lbs. the first 20 days or every penny back (20 day Supply)
- Lose 30 lbs. the first 30 days or every penny back (30 day Supply)

Now read this:

Lose, in all, every pound you've filled in on the coupon or every penny back you've paid for SLIMTOWN (reckoned at 1 day's supply for every pound you want to lose).

That's right! If you wish to lose 50-60-even 70 lbs. and if the proper supply of SLIMTOWN doesn't do it for you EVERY PENNY BACK and no questions asked! Have you ever seen such a guarantee? Can't be made by any product that isn't absolutely confident it can do the job? Of course not! And because SLIMTOWN is supremely confident that you will lose your excess weight quickly, easily, pleasantly, it makes this unprecedented offer. So go to the coupon now. Read it carefully, filling in the order that will be right for you. In a matter of hours SLIMTOWN will be on its way to you—ready in its peaceful, safe, pleasant effectiveness to make you as slim as you want to be or your money back. We mean just that—EVERY POUND YOU WANT TO LOSE! CONGRATULATIONS IN ADVANCE TO THE NEW YOU!

SLIMTOWN, INC., Dept. 971, 228 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please RUSH my SLIMTOWN TABLETS as ordered below. You promise that unless SLIMTOWN loses weight for me as outlined in your guarantee, I will be refunded my full purchase price.

- () Rush 10-Day SLIMTOWN Supply. ☐ I enclose only \$2.98. ☐ I will pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival.
- () Rush 20-Day SLIMTOWN Supply. ☐ I enclose only \$4.98. ☐ I will pay postman \$4.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival.
- () Rush 30-Day SLIMTOWN Supply. ☐ I enclose only \$6.98. ☐ I will pay postman \$6.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival.

I expect to lose _____ pounds in _____ days (reckoned at 1 day's supply for every pound). If I don't, I am to get back every penny I spent for SLIMTOWN.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Important: Save expensive postage & C.O.D. charges by enclosing payment. Same guarantee.

20.
Century-Fox
presents

ROBERT ROBERT MAY RICHARD LEE
MITCHUM · WAGNER · BRITT · EGAN · PHILIPS

YOU RIDE THE
JET FLAMING SKIES
WITH THE MEN WHO LIVE AND LOVE
FASTER THAN SOUND.

THE HUNTERS



CINEMASCOPE Color by DE LUXE · DICK POWELL · WENDELL MAYES · Produced and Directed by Screenplay by Based on the Novel by James Salter In the wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood

★ A Special Party

IN THIS ISSUE: ★ A Disillusioning Divorce

★ A Surprising Marriage

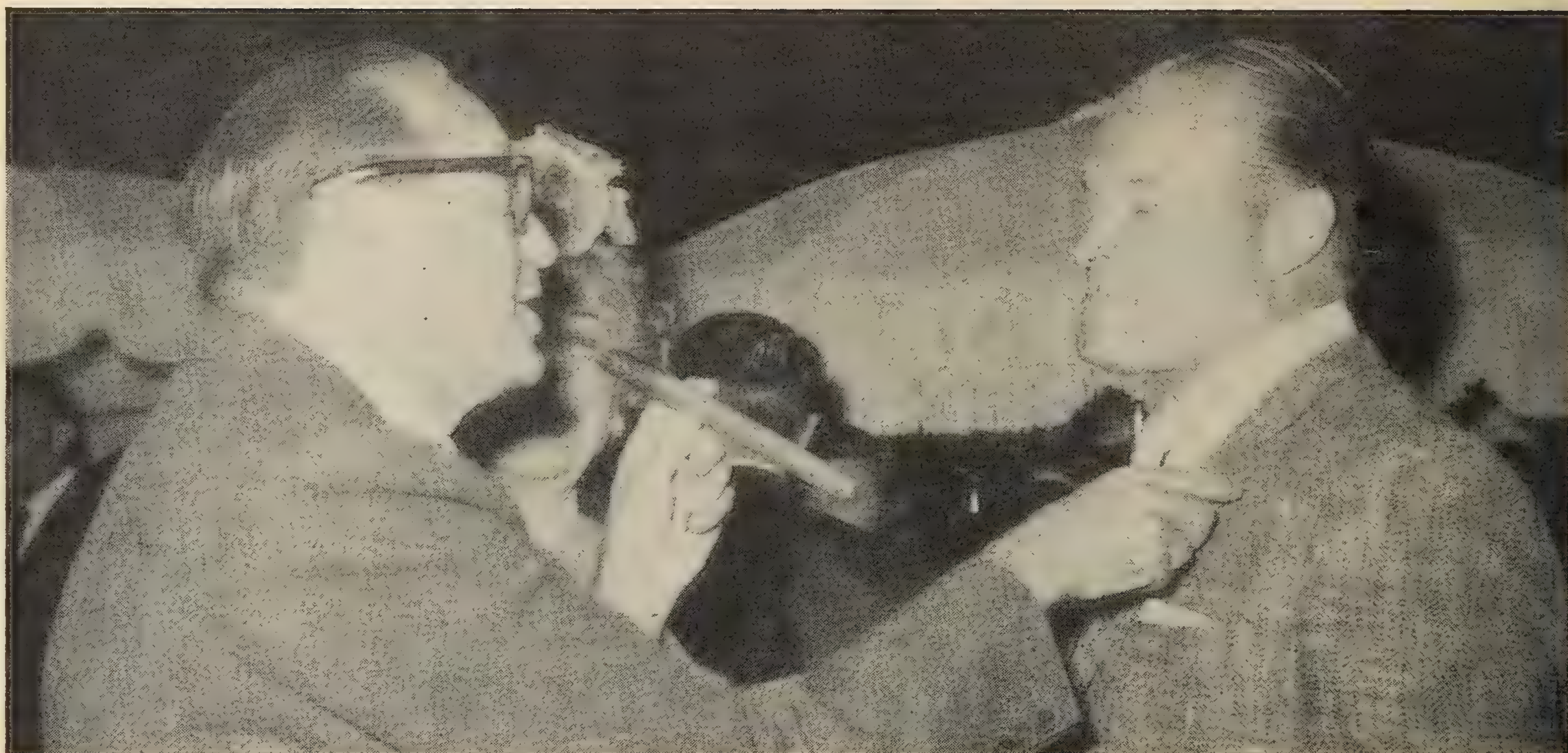


Clark Gable and his lovely wife Kay Spreckels were among the many stars who turned out to meet my honored guests at cocktails in my garden. . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



Jack Benny's Mary hasn't been feeling too well lately, so he came alone. But found Bob Hope to talk to.

I GIVE A PARTY

Modesty (a bit of it anyway) prevents me from calling the party I gave in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kern, J. D. Gortatowsky, Frank Conniff and my other Hearst newspaper bosses, party of the month.

But I was very happy that so many stars turned out to meet my honored guests at cocktails in the garden of my home. Even the flowers seemed to be blooming their prettiest and the lawn looked its greenest contrasted against the white tables and white umbrellas.

California's Governor Goodwin Knight and his vivacious wife Virginia were among the first arrivals and it was hard to tell whether **Clark Gable, Gary Cooper** and **Jimmy Stewart** got a bigger kick out of being photographed with the governor and his wife—or the governor and Virginia with them!

June Allyson came in a black trapeze dress and I was amused to overhear **Ronnie Reagan**—Nancy was in the hospital after welcoming their son—say to **Dick Powell**,

"Do you like those dresses?"

"Nope," said Dick, "but I like the girl in it." Now there's a nice husband for you.

Mrs. Clark Gable also was in black, a cocktail suit and small black hat, and Dana Wynter wore a stunning black figure-slim cocktail dress—but most of the other chicly gowned women were in the gayest colors.

I'll be a good scout—and hostess, I hope—and not mention the names of all the femmes who let out a big sigh when **Rossano Brazzi** and his wife Lidia arrived. There are few foreign stars ever to visit our town who have made the hit of the Brazzis. He's even better looking off screen than on, if possible, and she is a dear and so much fun.

I heard Rossano telling Lorena Mayer, widow of Louis B. Mayer, that her late husband was one of the giants of the industry both here and abroad and I know this pleased her. It was Lorena's first social appearance since the death of L. B.

Jack Benny came alone as Mary hasn't felt well lately and isn't going out much.

Dorothy Malone was escorted by socialite bachelor Arthur Cameron. She wore a rose

taffeta dress caught up high on the skirt with a big rose.

Looking like a big doll in a summer cotton, **Debbie Reynolds** was very solicitous of **Eddie Fisher**. Eddie was just out of the hospital with an attack of appendicitis. (See my story about the Fishers on page 40.)

Judy Garland was given a warm reception. She and Sid certainly look happy now that their marital troubles are patched up. "Everything is all right with us again," Judy told me. "And, I feel so well again." She plays tennis every day and she is working hard on her voice, having just made a beautiful new album. Her friends are so happy about her Coconut Grove engagement, too.

Jack Warner, the Charles Bracketts, William Goetzes, Buddy Adlers, Jack Wrathers, **Ann Miller, Ann Blyth** and Dr. McNulty, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Greg Bautzer (with **Dana Wynter**, of course), **Irene Dunne** and Dr. Francis Griffin, **Jack Haley**, the Walter Langs, **Fred MacMurrays, Loretta Young** and **Tommy Sands** and many, many more dear friends all helped to make this happy event, an occasion I shall never forget.

It was good to see so many dear friends on this happy occasion...



Judy Garland and Sid Luft certainly show that their marriage is patched.



Comedian Danny Kaye seems to be in complete agreement with actor Jimmy Stewart and his wife Gloria. Agreeing on the sack-look question, maybe?



June Allyson confides to Edgar Bergen the funny comment husband Dick Powell made to me about her brand new black trapeze dress.



ABOVE One of the happiest couples around—the charming MacMurrays, Fred and June



FAR LEFT Dorothy Malone wore a taffeta dress. I thought it was so pretty. LEFT Rossano Brazzi is even better looking off the screen than on, and Lidia is a dear and so much fun. This couple have really made a hit.

LOUELLA PARSONS in Hollywood *Continued*

Ricky Nelson, latest idol of the teenagers, tells me he isn't planning to enter college this fall. "I can't—there's too much on tap," he explains.

One of the most important, other than his recordings and tours, is the offer producer Jerry Wald has made him to co-star with his father **Ozzie** in *The Wild Country* at 20th.

The original title of *The Wild Country* was *The Hound Dog Man*. Says Jerry. "We changed it, lest somebody think it was the life of Elvis Presley."

Jack (Mr. Dragnet) Webb and red-headed Jackie Loughery had kept the seriousness of their romance so well that when Jack called me one morning and said he'd like to see me for a little while that afternoon, I thought he was coming to tell me about his new film deal with Warners!

But when he walked in, hand in hand with Jackie, they might have been singing—that's how happy they looked. They hardly needed to add they'd come to give me an 'exclusive' about their approaching marriage. They were married June 24th.

Frankly, I'll admit I was surprised. I knew Jack and Jackie had been dating—but I thought Jack was too soured on marriage to

try again. He had said at the time of his divorce and property settlement from second wife Dorothy Towne, "never again." He was still paying on his whopping divorce settlement to Julie London by whom he has two daughters. Some of his pals referred to Webb as "alimony poor."

But cupid has struck again and this time, Jack is convinced things are going to be different.

"I'm not going to work as hard as I have in the past. I don't mean I'm not going to give my TV shows and films my best efforts, but I'm not going to work nights as well as days. I'm going to take some enjoyment from life with Jackie."

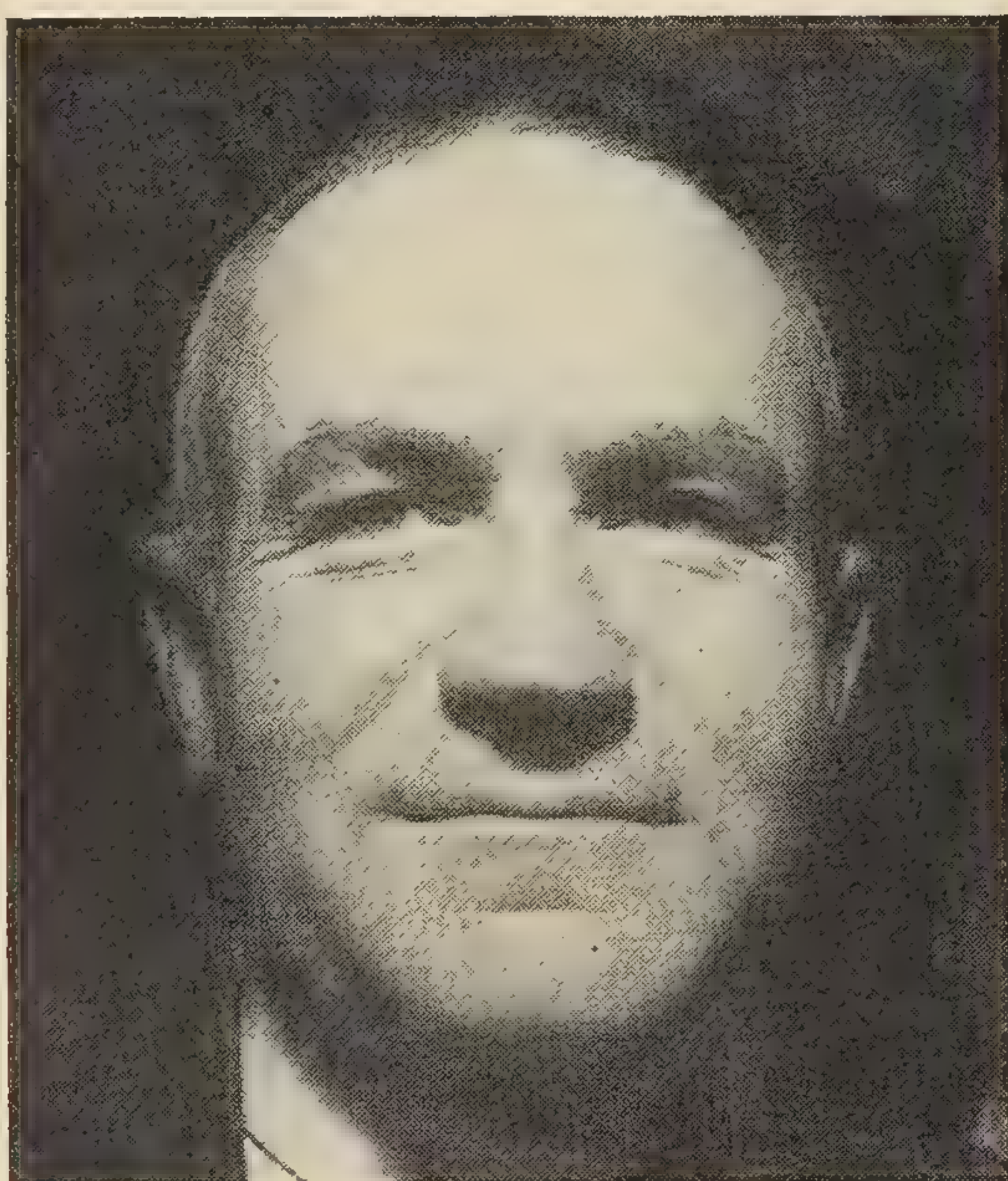
"We have similar tastes. We're not going to have a big house, for one thing. We'll take a small place near the studio and during our free time we'll travel."

They told me they met when Jackie was interviewed by Jack for a part in *Pete Kelly's Blues*. Jackie said, beaming, "It was on Valentine's Day—a year ago. I got the role—and the man." Quite a valentine.

Jackie, too, knows about unhappy marriage. She and Guy Mitchell had a short and unhappy union. Because of this, she's giving up her career to be the happy Mrs. Jack Webb, housewife.



Jack Webb was soured on marriage. But Jackie Loughery changed his mind.



"It's all a lot of malarky," Peter Viertel (above, left) insists. But Tony Bartley (dancing with Deborah Kerr in happier days) charges him with 'enticing' the affections of his wife Deborah.

Neither of the 'gentlemen' involved in Deborah Kerr's marriage troubles has conducted himself with any particularly marked gallantry, if you ask me.

After her husband, producer Tony Bartley, startled two continents by charging that writer Peter Viertel had 'enticed' Deborah's affections while in Vienna making *The Journey*, Viertel remarked to reporters, "It's all a lot of malarky." That's a very unfortunate and flip-pant word to describe the heartache that has been brought on Deborah by her husband's—as yet unproven—charges and his petition to the English Court to keep their two children, Melanie, ten, and Francesca, six, with him in London.

If this happens it is going to crush the heart out of Deborah. I know one thing—and Tony Bartley knows it, too—Deborah is one of the

most loving and devoted mothers in the world.

No one really knows what goes on in a marriage, or what goes wrong with it but the two people involved. But if there is a villain in this break-up of what Hollywood and England considered a happy marriage, it is the long long stretches of time their work caused Deborah and Tony to be apart.

In the early days of their marriage, eleven years ago, Tony managed the career of his wife who was then looked upon as a sort of goody-goody leading lady. But it was not the best arrangement in the world, and Tony turned to his own work—he produces several successful TV shows in Europe—and Deborah began to soar—after her surprisingly sexy portrayal in *From Here to Eternity*.

During the past four years, friends say, they have spent just fifteen months together with

Tony flying to Hollywood to be with Deborah and their children between pictures.

Deborah said she liked the arrangement. "It keeps us from ever becoming bored as often happens when people are constantly together," she once said. "Tony and I are always so happy to be together, so glad to see one another. I don't know whether it is the ideal marriage arrangement—but it has worked out happily for us." Everyone believed that. The Bartleys gave every indication of being one of the happiest of married couples and they both adored their pretty redheaded little girls.

And then these crushing charges from Tony—and Deborah's announcement that she is filing for a divorce in the courts of her 'adopted' California.

It's a sad and disillusioning ending to another Hollywood love story.



Eddie shows off his latest baby photos to Liz Taylor between shows. Eddie Cantor shares Debbie's jubilation over Eddie's success.

Las Vegas weekend: If there were any stars left in Hollywood when **Eddie Fisher** opened at the Tropicana, I don't know who they could be. Not only is Eddie a very popular boy with his fellow performers, but there were great shows all up and down the Vegas 'strip' including Sammy Davis, Jr. at The Sands, Joe E. Lewis at El Rancho Vegas, Polly Bergen, the McGuire Sisters and many more.

Dean Martin and his pretty, blonde Jeanne came up a couple of days ahead of good friend Eddie's opening. I got to know Jeanne better than ever before. She is such a fine girl and such a wonderful mother to Dean's seven children, four by his first marriage—and he and Jeanne have three.

Sitting and sunning, I asked Jeanne if it sometimes wasn't a bit of a burden having so many children to care for. She shook her head, "No, the older ones help me care for the younger children. I feel proud and happy to have such a family."

Elizabeth Taylor planed down with Mike Todd, Jr. and Arthur Loew, Jr. to be ringside when Eddie—Mike Todd, Sr.'s closs pal—opened. Liz looking beautiful in a black dinner dress with pearl necklace, earrings and bracelets, attracted a lot of attention. But she wasn't mobbed by autograph seekers as she usually is; everyone politely respected Liz's feeling and desire for privacy.

Of course, **Debbie Reynolds** was on hand, having driven up the day before. She was so proud of the reception Eddie received—and deserved. Never in his life has he sung better and the place came down in a heap. I saw **Joan Collins** in one of the new chemise dresses, at Polly Bergen's show and she looked very attractive, but even Joan looked startled and surprised when Polly introduced her from the stage as "the most beautiful girl in the world." Polly, a looker herself, brought a \$70,000 wardrobe to Las Vegas.

As for **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, at The Sands where I always stop, he was literally knocking himself out appearing twice nightly in Las Vegas and flying into Los Angeles at the crack of dawn for his *Anna Lucasta* movie



role plus reporting at the Sam Goldwyn Studios for wardrobe fittings for his next picture, *Porgy and Bess*. I don't know how he does it—but he does, and the nightclub crowds just go crazy over Sammy.

We lost two great actors and fine gentlemen this month in the deaths of British **Ronald Colman** and **Robert Donat**. Both had been ill for a long time. Ronnie with a chest condition, Donat with a devastating asthmatic condition. Each created his own tradition among motion picture artists. Neither can ever be replaced.

I had talked with Ronnie and Benita at their home near Santa Barbara just a few weeks

LEFT Joan Collins was surprised when Polly Bergen introduced her as "the most beautiful girl in the world."



ABOVE Robert Donat told Ingrid Bergman he would finish their latest film, and with great effort, he did.

previous to his fatal illness. At that time, Ronnie was much better and they were planning a trip to England with their daughter. I am glad that the last time I spoke with Ronnie, he seemed well and happy and excited about revisiting his native land.

As for Donat, it is a miracle that the man who made movie history as the loveable Mr. Chips ever got through his role with **Ingrid Bergman** in *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*. Only a super-human effort brought him through his arduous role. "I shall finish," he quietly told Ingrid—and he did. Two days after the final camera had turned, Donat was taken to the hospital where he died and a great talent was lost to the world.



I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—

I nominate for stardom—Tommy Sands: and I mean stardom in a big way as an actor as well as the teenagers' singing idol. I have known this talented and modest boy ever since he and his mother came to Hollywood. Becoming good friends through our mutual friend, composer Jimmy McHugh, we have dined together, attended previews and premieres and talked at least twice a week on the telephone.

But even so, I was not fully conscious of the range of Tommy's talent until just recently when I saw him give a straight dramatic performance on a Studio One tv show. It was not an easy role. Tommy played a young singing celebrity who returns to his home town and takes up the cause of a juvenile delinquent, a boy who had been falsely accused on every side. In defending the boy, Tommy is rebuffed and thwarted by the local judges. It was a role that required a lot of dramatic know-how—and I admit I sat there with my mouth open as my young friend Tommy played it to the hilt.

I was amused the next day to read where Tommy's movie producer, Jerry Wald of 20th Century-Fox, didn't want Tommy to do any more acting on tv, just singing. Jerry says he should conserve the impact of his dramatic talent for his screen roles such as he is now playing in *Mardi Gras*. I won't get into that argument.

All I can say is that of the group of singers now appearing before the movie cameras (**Elvis Presley, Gary Crosby, Pat Boone** among them) Tommy thus far has shown the most natural talent for acting. Looking not at all like **Tony Curtis** off-screen, he bears a marked resemblance to the popular Tony before the cameras. And, that ain't bad.

Kim Novak was smart in minding her studio bosses and being conveniently 'out of town' when General Rafael Trujillo, Jr., made his return trip to Hollywood. Kim called me from Alisal Ranch, near Santa Barbara, where she was vacationing with her mother, sister, and brother-in-law to say that she was motor-ing back to Chicago with her family.

When I asked her, "Are you going to marry the General?" she said with finality, "Certainly not. You ought to know that."

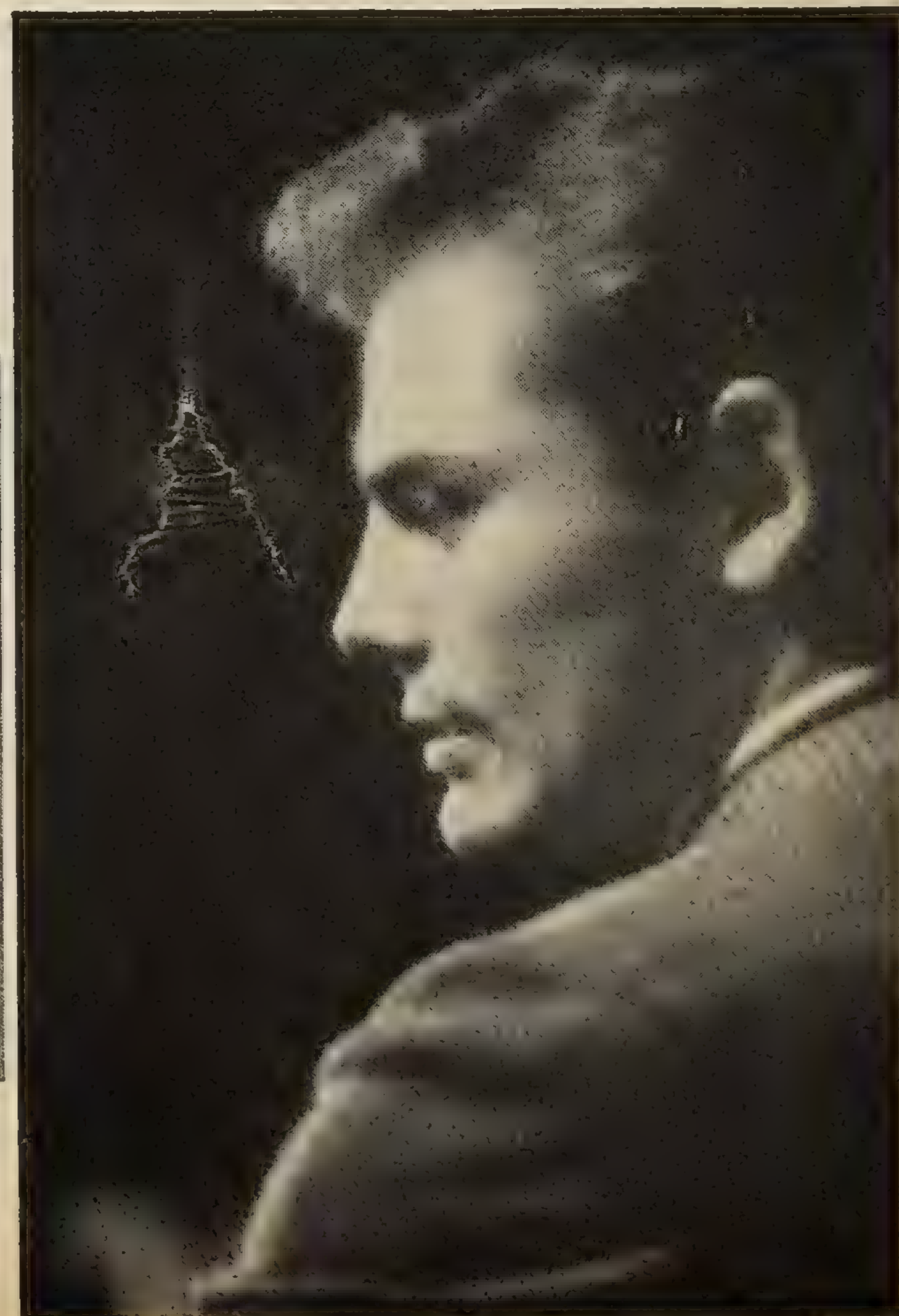
It remained for Trujillo, Jr.'s other girl friend, **Zsa Zsa**, to pull the funniest crack about his having 'flunked' his courses at the army training school. "How could he fail?" inquired Zsa Zsa. "He's already a general."

Marlon Brando and Johnny Saxon have become friends. It's probably due to the Brando influence that young Saxon is refusing to discuss his private life, including the seemingly bitter ending of his long romance with girl friend Vickie Thall.

As both Marlon and Johnny hate personal publicity so much, I was intrigued indeed the other night to spot these young men in a drug store standing at the magazine rack leafing through movie magazines.



What do Marlon Brando (above) and Johnny Saxon (right) have in common? It's probably that they hate personal publicity so much.



PERSONAL OPINIONS:

Those nice people, **Anne and Kirk Douglas** were sure they wanted a little girl but the stork brought a little boy—Kirk's fourth son—and now the Douglases are sure they wanted a little brother for their firstborn Peter all along.

The Robert Stacks got what they wanted. A boy, Charles, to go with their year-and-a-half old daughter.

I don't blame President Eisenhower and the First Lady for asking to have **Gigi** shown twice at the White House. It's the most delightful musical, with **Leslie Caron** and **Maurice Chevalier** plumb wonderful as usual, and **Louis Jourdan** a big surprise as the rich young man **Gigi** is out to marry. Should boost Jourdan's stock sky high.

Mioyshi Umeki, much discussed Japanese actress who won an Oscar for *Sayonara*, is marrying American Wynnfield Opie, tv director. "His name Opie sounds as Japanese as

mine," giggles Miyoshi, blushing happily.

Sue and Alan Ladd will be the happiest grandparents in the world come February. Sue's pretty daughter, Carol Lee Ladd and her new husband John Vietch are on the stork's calling list.

Lauren Bacall still isn't dating anyone special since her romance with **Frank Sinatra** went on the rocks. She goes to parties with married friends.

Jerry Lewis may take legal action against **Jerry Lee Lewis**, the latter a singer who was booed off the stage after he married his thirteen-year-old cousin. Our Jerry is sick of being confused with 'this kissin' cousin.'

One of the most beautiful of the 'second generation' weddings was that of **Loretta Young's** daughter Judith Therese Lewis to tv producer Joseph L. Tinney, Jr. It will be many a day before there is a bride as lovely as Judy. A special blessing from the Pope was given at the high nuptial mass at the

Good Shepherd Church in Beverly Hills. It was a beautiful, beautiful wedding Loretta gave her daughter, followed by a reception and a bridal luncheon at her home.

I saw **Rosalind Russell**, **Irene Dunne**, **Janet Gaynor**, **Cesar Romero**, **Florence Fairbanks**, **Burden**, **Wesley Ruggles'** young son, **Maria Cooper** (Rocky and **Gary's** beautiful daughter) among the many guests.

The bride wore the traditional white gown of velvet engraved satin with high neckline and long sleeves. A four yard trapeze-train flowed from the bridal veil set in a tiny crown of white satin trimmed with velvet rosebuds.

The proud mother of the bride, the lovely Loretta, wore a pale blue dress with matching hat.

It always gives me a lump in the throat to see these children of the stars growing up and marrying and starting their own lives. The best wishes of all of her mother's old friends go to Judy and her handsome bridegroom. And, oh yes, she'll continue the career she started in tv last year after they return from a Honolulu honeymoon.



Sue and Alan Ladd will be the happiest



rt Stacks got what they wanted—a boy.

OPEN LETTER to Yul Brynner

I am very glad that you sent Walter Lang a letter apologizing for a magazine article in which it was stated that you were taking bows on the direction of *The King and I*; previous to this, you had sent previous denials to me and to your press agents in Hollywood from Vienna where you were making the journey.

If ever anything needed explanation and clarification, Yul, it was this implied slur against the record of one of the nicest men and finest directors in the industry, my long-time friend Walter Lang.

You won an Oscar for your portrayal in *The King and I*. Walter won a richly deserved nomination, many people thinking he, too, deserved an Oscar.

Seldom have I been so indignant about anything as I was when I read the ridiculous article. I wrote in my newspaper column, "How big-headed can even a bald-head get?"



I was fighting mad and one of the things I was most angry about is that Walter wasn't fighting back. Always the gentleman, he said nothing. But his friends, including myself, wouldn't take it lying down.

You, perhaps better than anyone else, know how much Walter's direction meant to the screen version of *The King and I*. It was a finer film than it was a stage production. You were excellent in the Broadway presentation—but you were far better in the screen version. Walter deserves a lot of credit because he knows movies and knows how to get the best out of even celebrated stage actors.

I am glad you acted so quickly in clearing up this unfortunate misunderstanding. I like you, I admire you as an actor and now, I can again, I admire you as a person. Only, in the future try not to even give the impression of taking bows that rightly belong to another. There's plenty of glory for you. You're a fine actor. P.S.: Now that we're friends again, I take back that crack about a bald head.



LEFT A reader thinks that Brigitte Bardot is too selfish for Frank Sinatra. BELOW LEFT Another reader says Lars Schmidt should be called Ingrid's 'future husband.' BELOW Sorry, there wasn't enough space for a larger photo of Miyoshi, but next time. . . .



THE LETTER BOX:

Wow. Is **Paul Newman** zooming up fast in this month's letters? He's just slightly back of **Rock Hudson**, still No. 1 man. But Paul is breathing hot down his neck.

ELVIRA MEIGHAN, KANSAS CITY, just about sums up the feeling of many when she writes: "Paul is handsome, a fine actor and he has dignity in his private life. He's the most important asset to motion pictures since **Marlon Brando**."

DIANNE HODGES, TAUNTON, MASS., says, "I read your interview with **Rock Hudson** in the June MODERN SCREEN and loved it—except for one thing—Rock raving about **Mae West**. I saw their act on TV and thought it was the most vulgar I have ever seen."

"I didn't see SOUTH PACIFIC on the stage so I have no comparisons to make between **Mitzi Gaynor** and **Mary Martin**. But I think Mitzi is just great," enthuses Mrs. SAM TROTTER, DETROIT. I agree with you, Mrs. Sam, Mitzi was very good indeed following Mary without imitating her.

"ESTHER," who says she won't give her full name because she is a stewardess on one of the big airlines—and her bosses might not

like it—sends me some news.

Enough for **Frank Sinatra** is never temperamental in the air even during bad weather. **Zsa Zsa Gabor** is always arranged in furs and diamonds and puts on as much of an act for the other passengers as she does on a TV program—but they enjoy her." Thanks, Esther.

From the U.S. FORCES BASE IN NURENBERG, GERMANY, SUZANNE SCHOOLEY postcards: "Have just seen PEYTON PLACE here in Germany and it is the best liked American movie we have seen this year. Most of us in the Armed Forces here think it should have won the Academy Award—and we've seen BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI too." Jerry Wald, Lana Turner and the rest of the cast thank you.

"I want MODERN SCREEN to print a full-page picture of **Miyoshi Umeki**, suitable for framing," asks LARRY EIVERS, NEW YORK.

"Hers is the cutest and most expressive face I've ever seen." How about it, David Myers?

BEBE BORSON—says she was named after **Bebe Daniels** and I can tell her she couldn't have been named after a sweeter person than my close friend Bebe—writes: "It makes me laugh and laugh and laugh, all that nonsense of how **Frank Sinatra** is going to fall for **Brigitte Bardot** when they make a movie together in Paris. Frankie is the greatest and needs someone who understands him, not a little cutie who thinks only of herself." How do you know Brigitte thinks only of herself, Bebe?

"I always read your Good News column. It is informative and interesting—but when you refer to Lars Schmidt as **Ingrid Bergman's** 'boy friend' it makes me feel that you are implying something unpleasant," chides N. ROTASH. "I prefer to think of him as her future husband, her friend, and we can omit that word 'boy.' I'm sure the sophisticated, mature Ingrid would resent it also." There are those who will argue with you that a 'boy friend' is something unpleasant, my friend.

That's all for now. See you next month—

Louella Parsons



*delivery
to*

GREER GARSON

■ One morning several years ago, a well known Beverly Hills decorator answered the telephone.

"This is Greer Garson," said the voice at the other end. "I have a small problem, and I wish you would help me with it."

At sound of the famous voice, the interior decorator was like a new man. Here was one star whom he liked to work for. She always knew what she wanted and, what was more important, she was rarely dissatisfied with a job well done.

"I'll be right over," said the decorator.

In less than ten minutes he was sitting in the handsome living room of the El Camino home Greer then lived in. She was prepared for him. She had a notebook in her hand, a well-sharpened pencil, a yardstick, and some color cards.

"You have a cabinet shop, haven't you?"

The interior decorator nodded.

"I'm asking that because I have rather a nice idea for a dressing table," she explained, "and also because I'd like to have it within a week." She started drawing rapidly—and expertly.

"I'm tired of the usual vanities with complicated drawers and folding mirrors," she went on. "So this is what I have in mind—and it's all done with a sheet of glass and two pillars."

However, instead of using cut-down sections of front porch pillars from an old house—which was very much in vogue at the time—Greer wanted her pillars made to order: hollow, and with a door that opened into each, with shelves inside where she could keep her cosmetics.

"I hate a dressing table littered with creams and powder puffs and astringents," said Greer. "What do you think of my idea?"

"Fine," said the decorator, "but the pillars have to be fluted, and that means each strip has to be carved and glued separately! One week??!"

"One week," said Greer, firmly. "I want everything in place for my housewarming."

The decorator sighed. "I'll do my best."

"You'll make it," said Greer, cheerfully. "Oh, and another thing—no knobs on the doors. I want tassels. Here's the color."

The decorator perked up. "I have exactly that color in a cotton tassel."

Greer Garson frowned. "I loathe cotton," she said. "They have to be silk; three inches long. Take some white ones and have them dyed."

"One week," she reminded him as he left.

The interior decorator kept his promise. A week later to the minute, he backed his station wagon into the driveway of Miss Garson's home, right up to the front door. Letting down the back of the wagon, he pulled the two fluted pillars forward. In the bright California sun they gleamed white and shiny, and looked most impressive. Then, feeling a touch of pride in his work, he rang the bell.

The door was opened by Greer Garson's stolid Welsh maid. She looked at the caller and at the two white fluted pillar supports. Then, before he could say a word, over her shoulder she called:

"Oh, Miss Garson—the man with the *garbage cans* is here!"

FARLEY GRANGER, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, TV



“You can always tell a HALO girl”

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern
cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich
brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today—with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans





*Mr and Mrs William Washington
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Patricia Michaela Hardy
to
Mr Richard Augustus Egan*



turn the page for the most beautiful wedding of the year

The Most Beautiful Wedding Of The Year



"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," spoke Father Willis softly.

It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him.—Genesis II, 18

AND so they were married, on June 7, 1958, Richard Egan at the age of 36, Patricia Hardy at the age of 26, in the Church of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, San Francisco. Church law requires that the knot be tied in the home parish of the bride and, if not the bride's, the groom's. Pat's parish is Blessed Sacrament, in Hollywood; Rich's is in St. Martin of Tours, in Brentwood. But Rich wanted more than anything else in the world (Continued on page 53)

by Mike Connolly



After the ceremony both families got together for an old fashioned family portrait: (l. to r.) Father Willis, Dad and Mom Egan, Richard and Pat, and Pat's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Washington.



Off to the honeymoon in a shower of rice.







*At the crossroads of her life,
Deborah Kerr prays:*

“Please
don’t let
me lose my
children”

DEBORAH KERR paced nervously up and down the living room of her sumptuous cream-colored suite in the Hotel Imperial in Vienna, her pale pink dressing gown swirling around her. She ran a hand, anguished, through her auburn hair.

In her other hand, she held a paper—a paper which threatened her whole happiness.

Only a half hour earlier she had received a paper from her husband’s attorneys in London. As she read it her face turned pale and she collapsed weakly into a chair.

“I can’t let myself go to pieces,” Deborah told herself. “I can’t. . . .”

She forced herself to stand up and began to stride in nervous steps, as though to give herself strength. With unseeing eyes she looked out the tall French windows at the cars and people going about their lives in the busy street below.

The greatest thing in her life, her wonderful relationship with her two daughters, was being threatened.

She wasn’t too surprised or shocked at Tony’s wanting a divorce. . . they had both faced that problem for months. But the shocking thing was that Tony wanted to take the two children away from her, make them wards of an English court, so that they (Continued on page 64)

by Joanne Smith

When she walked into the cocktail party that night a few years ago, back when Bob Evans worked as a cloak-and-suit salesman on New York's Seventh Avenue before he became a Hollywood star—Bob had been about to leave. Instead, he put down his coat and went back over to the corner where he'd been standing for the last hour alone. He had been getting bored with all these drinking, chattering people he barely knew. But now he stood there—still alone—so he could watch her, this girl who'd just come in.

She fascinated him and she puzzled him.

She fascinated him because she was so darn pretty and sweet-looking and, though she was a blonde—and maybe even a dyed blonde, she was nothing like the hard, breezy girls he'd been meeting and then avoiding at the few parties he'd gone to in the past five or six weeks.

Yet she puzzled him, too. Because sweet as she looked, she'd arrived with two very dapper-looking men, not too young—in fact not young at all.

Bob stood there, holding a drink he wasn't really drinking and lighting a cigarette he barely puffed at from time to time. He nodded vaguely at people who stared his way now and then—but kept watching her.

And his fas- *(Continued on page 59)*

"Maybe it's sad,"
admits Bob Evans,
"but it seems
to be a fact..."

“I’ll
Never
Fall
in



Love Again"

Pvt. Presley answers his

Dear Private Presley:
Is it true that you
are getting married soon to
the girl whose picture you
keep secretly in your wallet?
Who is she?

Ernie Francis
Kenville, Texas

No one. Honestly. I heard this rumor my-
self. Don't know how it started. The only
girl I carry with me is—my mother. I'm not
in love and I'm glad. I wouldn't want to
get a wife and leave her. I'm married to
the Army for the duration.

Dear Elvis:
Have you changed
much physically? Are you
getting enough to eat?
Do you like Army chow?
Is there anything you
need that we can send
you?

L. P.
St. Joseph, Missouri

I dropped a few pounds of weight—
but toughened up during my eight
weeks of basic. I've acquired a
good healthy tan, also a lot of
muscle. I never felt better. Army
chow is fine. Not like Mom's, of
course—but no complaints. And
I've been sent more 'treats' than
the whole barracks can eat . . .
cookies, candy, cake—and even
lemon pies kept fresh in dry ice.
And you know me. I can eat a whole
lemon pie in fifteen minutes. I
love them.

Dear Elvis:
Is it true that until you
are a civilian again you'll make
no more records, personal appear-
ances on movies? Say it isn't so!

Many Ann Exposito
Chicago, Illinois

It isn't, so far as records are con-
cerned. I plan to continue making rec-
ords while I'm in the service. It's OK
with the Army and I don't mind working
when I have a two or three day pass. Army
regulations do not prevent my making
personal appearances while on furlough
but I'd rather go home then. Don't know
if I'll be able to get enough time to
make a movie though.

Dear Elvis:
Have you ever been in
love?
How did you know?

Phyllis Sullivan
Tucson, Arizona

Yes, I have been in love—exactly
twice. Once for two years almost. I
thought it was the real thing but it
turned out it wasn't. Love is something
you don't understand until you experi-
ence it.

s private mail...from you

**about
his love life,
the Army,
his future,
his dreams...**

ing Elvis;
What's the most
important quality you
look for in a girl?
Do you prefer blondes?
Curvy figures? What?
I'm blonde and very
curvy. Picture enclosed
Lynn Mastere
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You're a living doll. But to tell you
the truth it doesn't matter to me
whether girls are blondes, brunettes
or redheads—as long as they are
real girls—female. I don't like so-
phisticated girls. I like a girl who
doesn't try to be anything she isn't,
one who makes me feel a little su-
perior and looks up to me as a man.
Most fellows do.

**MORE LETTERS
ON PAGE 70**



I AM glad to tell you my story here. There has been so much gossip, so much misunderstanding about what happened to Vic and me.

We had a quarrel. He did leave; but the stories I have read made my hair stand up. They were so distorted. I cannot go from person to person and explain, so I will do it here, to MODERN SCREEN readers.

Vic and I had a real spat recently. We are both very high strung Italians. Usually when we have a misunderstanding Vic goes to his study, and I go to our bedroom. After we cool off, I knock on his door and we kiss and everything makes sense again.

That's the way it usually is. We have been married four years. During those years we have had arguments, just like almost every other married couple. Sometimes I think our quarrels are a form of

love making. I often wonder if we don't quarrel for the joy of making up.

Besides, no one can be in seventh heaven all the time. Vic and I have many problems. We can't sit still and say, "This is heaven," even though our beautiful modern new home on top of a hill in Bel-Air, secluded, with only one neighbor across the road, is the closest thing we have known to heaven. We call it *Our Paradise*, but still we must work for our paradise.

One night in May I forgot all this. Vic and I had a dinner date with our dear friends, Helen and Fred Mortensen, the neighbors who live across the road. She is an art supervisor and he is a builder. They are charming, warm people and are like a mother and father to us.

Our dinner date that night was for seven. Vic had left early in the day to play golf but he said

he would be home in plenty of time. I did not worry then, but this is what happened. . . .

By seven I am all dressed up. I had taken an hour and a half to dress so that I would look just right for Vic and our friends. I was wearing a beautiful grey Italian suit, my hair and my make-up just so. We do not go out often and I was looking forward with great eagerness to going out this particular evening.

It is time to leave, but Vic is not home yet. It is hard for me to wait, especially when I am all dressed up and expecting to have a wonderful time.

Seven thirty, and still no Vic. I am beginning to get anxious, worried—then upset and angry. It is eight and still no Vic. *How can he do this to me!* I am beside myself.

It is after eight when I hear Vic's foot- (Continued on page 71)

HOW GOD SAVED OUR MARRIAGE

by Pier Angeli

as told to Helen Weller





Rafael Trujillo

*isn't just another romantic fling
in Kim's life—this time
she has touched the heights of love
and excitement, such as
she never knew before...*

**“We are not
ashamed!”**

KIM tugged at her lavender bedspread. She patted it smooth again and looked around the elegant bedroom, at the white fur rug, at the lavender walls, the king-size bed. The house was new, and this was the bedroom of her dreams. She didn't want the maid fussing with her very special room now. She liked taking care of it herself.

And besides, it kept her mind off other things . . . her loneliness, the thoughts that her life was grotesquely different. There was emptiness in her mind, in her heart.

She had everything she wanted now. Everything about the house—even to the electric-

light bulbs tinted a faint rose-lavender—was an exact reflection of the dreams she had had for years. And she didn't have to worry about the cost of the home. Her studio, in a salute to her great box-office drawing power, had presented her with this luxurious \$100,000 home in exclusive Bel-Air as a gift.

Surely, thought Kim, I should be glowing with happiness. I am a star, as I always hoped to be. This home is exactly what I have always wanted. All the things around me are the things I dreamed of as a little girl living in a house with a wishing tree in the back.

Then she shud- (Continued on page 32)

by Linda Post



Rinses twice as clean.

(Continued from page 31) dered a little, in spite of the sunlight pouring into the room. There was a wound stabbing at her. Only recently she had broken off with a man who—the studio had warned her—would be a threat to her career.

Harry Cohen had been alive then—Harry, the wise studio boss who had made her a star. He had said, "Kim, you told me a long time ago that you loved your career, that stardom meant everything in the world to you. Now you say you want to continue to see this man. Don't you know that you can't have both?"

And so she had made a final phone call to this man, telling him that they could never see each other again.

Now she shook her silver-blond hair and sighed. She stared through the glass doors to the garden, to the pool glistening like a blue jewel in the sunlight. *No one understands*, she sighed. How well she knew the way the gossip had raged around her in Hollywood . . . how her name had been on everyone's tongue. . . .

Her phone rang. It was a gay voice, the voice of joyous Zsa Zsa Gabor. She wished she could be like the witty, bubbling Hun-

garian charmer, going lightly from one admirer to another, never caring very deeply for anyone.

"I'm giving a party," Zsa Zsa said. "Dollink, you must come. There is going to be a wonderful man there. You will enjoy meeting him. He is just your type."

In a tired voice, Kim said, "I'm not going to parties much these days."

"But dollink, this one you must go to. This man is wonderful. He is important; he is powerful and rich. And very charming. He has just arrived in Hollywood and he has done nothing but talk about a certain woman whose picture he has seen and whom he must meet. And guess who she is, dollink . . . *you*."

Kim laughed. "Zsa Zsa, how you carry on! Who is this terrific man?"

"Rafael Trujillo, Jr.—he is the son of the head of the Dominican Republic, and a lieutenant general himself. He is the head of the Dominican Air Force, the handsomest man you have ever met, and young—he is just marvelous, dollink. You must come to my party."

"All right," said Kim, without much enthusiasm. "I'll come."

It was with this feeling of desolation that Kim set out to meet the man who has become the most important man in her stormy love life.

Kim went to the party alone. Kim always manages, by accident or design, to make a dramatic entrance when she arrives at a party. This time, when she arrived at Zsa Zsa's home, she stood for moments in the doorway, her statuesque figure draped in a form-fitting beige satin sheath gown.

A tall handsome man, lean and muscular, with dark, wavy hair and a wiry moustache, was the center of a group of people. As Kim stood and gazed coolly at the guests, he wheeled around and stared at her. "I must meet her," he said. Zsa Zsa, who was in the group, smiled knowingly and said, "I knew this would happen. Come, I will introduce you."

From that moment, General Rafael Trujillo and Kim were together all evening. Never for a moment did he leave her side. Every night during his stay in Hollywood, they saw each other.

Their romance, which began in an instant burst of attraction, was to make

headlines throughout the world—but while Rafael was in Hollywood, Kim moved in a lavender-scented mist of happiness.

As one of the most beautiful stars in Hollywood, Kim has always commanded attention. But now, with Rafael Trujillo as her constant escort, she got more attention than ever because this man was greatly in demand by every important hostess. Wherever Rafael took Kim, he was greeted with the kind of deference usually given only to visiting royalty.

He had come to Hollywood with an imposing retinue—his own cook, secretary and any number of aides. People bowed and scraped wherever he went. Nevertheless, this man who was used to being catered to constantly was so tender and thoughtful to Kim that it was obvious he wanted only to cater to her.

It was a giddy experience for Kim. Kim, born of a relatively poor family in Chicago, has always felt financially insecure. Even now, with a salary that approaches the four-figure mark each week, she has a disturbing feeling of insecurity. She couldn't help being dazzled by young, dashing Trujillo, one of the wealthiest men in the world.

Kim was a girl who had had to struggle hard for every dime she ever earned. Rafael had been accustomed to riches all his life, and the casually elegant way he spent his money was breath-taking to her.

From the first, he sent her beautiful roses every morning. Already her home was filled to bursting with flowers. They filled every vase she had, and he had even sent flowers to her in special vases, so that her home looked like a garden nursery.

Then a few days after they met, Kim opened her first gift—and was dazzled. Never in her life had she seen such a jewel! It was a piece of perfection, nestled in a box from the finest jeweler in Beverly Hills.

Kim, in her love-tossed life, has received many gifts from men who were infatuated with her, but never before so many from

one admirer. "She has enough jewels from Rafael," one observer told us, "so that if she chose to hock them she could live on the money for a lifetime."

But it wasn't just Rafael's lavishness that swept Kim off her feet. It was very flattering to see the way other women fawned on him, and the way he seemed to disregard them completely to center his adoration on her. With unseeing eyes he would look at the glamor girls in the Mocambo, then turn to the quiet, almost shy Kim, telling her with every word he spoke, with every look he gave her, that she, and she alone was the woman he adored.

Kim has always responded to the romanticism of foreign men. While some of her best friends are Americans, she has been swept off her feet by the ardor of Latin men like Aly Khan and Count Bandini. But never anything like the ardor of this man!

Whenever Rafael brought her home, she knew that he would not be content until he called her again minutes later to find out how she was. Where American men-friends had been accustomed to taking her more or less for granted, he took nothing for granted.

One evening, when he had invited guests to dinner at the mansion he had rented in Bel-Air, he discovered at the last minute that he couldn't call for her and drive her to his home.

"Don't worry, Ramfis," said Kim blithely. (Ramfis is Rafael's nickname.) "I'll take a taxi."

"Never," Rafael had replied firmly. "I would not dream of permitting you to do such a thing. I would not let you come alone. I want to protect you, darling." And he had sent his limousine and chauffeur, with two of his aides to escort her to his home in a style befitting a princess.

At the dinner she sat at the place of honor at his right, and he showed her such tenderness and courtesy all evening that the other guests treated Kim with the same kind of respect. Such attention, such

prestige—Kim was thrilled with it all. . . .

Rafael noticed everything about her. When she changed the style of her hair-do, when she wore something new that he liked—he would compliment her in ecstatic praises. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever known, and one of the most charming," he told her.

Men have told Kim always that she was beautiful—but Kim has been obsessed with a feeling of inferiority from the time she was a child and went to public school wearing dresses her grandmother had made for her, dresses that made her feel clumsy and fat. Although men have admired her beauty, few men ever told her she had poise or personality. And here was Lieutenant General Trujillo—dashing, powerful, son of a famous and powerful Generalissimo, a fabulously wealthy young man with an income of \$50,000 a month, a man who was accustomed to associating with world famous dignitaries—here was this man telling her how charming and wonderful she was.

Clouds . . . purple clouds . . . she'd been on them before, but never like this. She felt herself floating on a cloud so high in the sky it seemed as if she'd drift away into the upper stratosphere.

In spite of his devotion to her, Kim hardly dared believe that Ramfis was taking her seriously. She knew how pursued he was, and she believed their romance might last a week, maybe two or three, but that it couldn't possibly be the love of a lifetime for either one of them.

Early in their friendship, Rafael told her about his marriage, that he and his wife had separated many months ago and that he planned to get a divorce.

At once, the thought crossed her mind: *People will say I'm a home wrecker.*

So she said, "But isn't there a chance you may reconcile? It might be best, for you and the children."

He shook his head. "We are completely incompatible. Our marriage is dead. Only my devotion to our children has held us together. (Continued on page 80)

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*The
complete life
story of* **JIMMY**





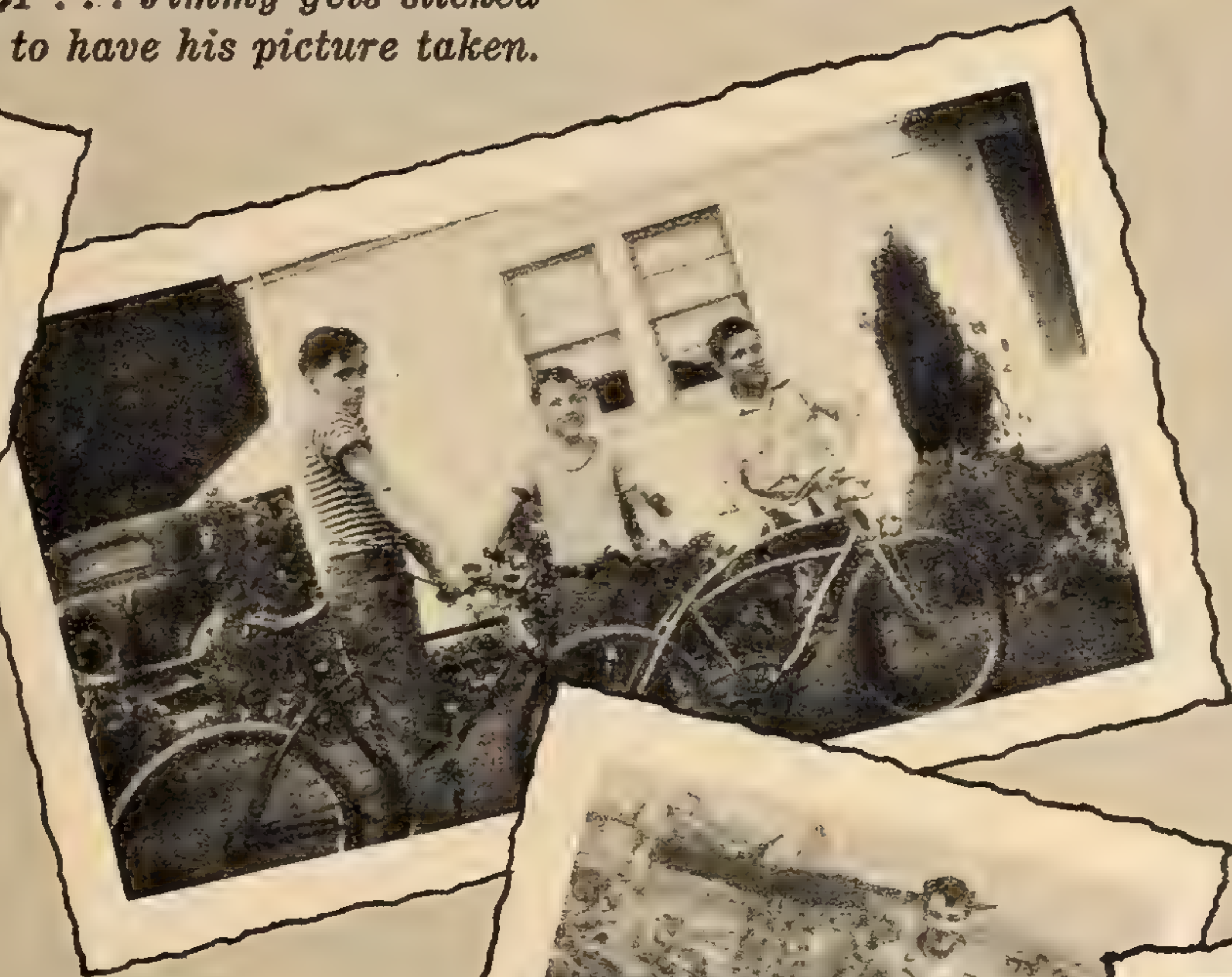
1934 . . . Jimmy, a year old, with his mom out in the garden in the back yard.

1937 . . . Jimmy on the sled, his older brother Archie ready to pull him.



RODGERS

1941 . . . Jimmy gets slicked up to have his picture taken.



Left 1941 . . . Archie, Jim and their friend Lee Purdy all got together and built this three-wheel bike. Below left The Air Force, Seoul, Korea . . . picture taken "right out in front of where I work." Below That's Jimmy, the tall one on the right, with some of his Air Force buddies, relaxing off duty.



1955 . . . Jimmy tours with Air Force talent.



One gray afternoon—barely a year ago—a slim, dark-eyed fellow named Jimmy Rodgers stopped his beat-up convertible before a dinky cottage in a run-down part of Hollywood. He switched off the radio, lit a cigarette and slumped down behind the wheel to think. He had some news for his wife Colleen inside, but he didn't know quite how to tell her.

Colleen was just out of the hospital and still too weak to walk. There wasn't any food in the house, unpaid bills cluttered the table (Continued on next page)

by Kirtley Baskette

next page:

THE WOMAN OF HIS LIFE

The
complete life
story of **JIMMY RODGERS**
(continued)



...a life which love built

and about everything Jimmy had, including his car, was hocked.

Six months had passed since he brought his bride and his guitar to Hollywood hunting a break as a singer. All Jimmy wanted to do was sing, but a married man had to face facts: he hadn't made it.

Jimmy braced his sagging shoulders, pushed back his rebellious black hair, pulled up the corners of his mouth and went inside.

"Well, honey," he began bravely, "Looks like I've finally got myself a job."

"Where, Jimmy?"

"Why—uh—," he stalled. "It's just for a while, understand—until we get on our feet. That Standard service station up the street. He says if I come in Monday—"

(Continued on page 75)





Colleen and Jimmy share just about everything . . . even the fan mail that Jimmy receives so much of. Colleen does the sorting while Jimmy practices his music. . . . And they both take a minute to relax with their poodles—Bivi and (of course) Honeycomb.



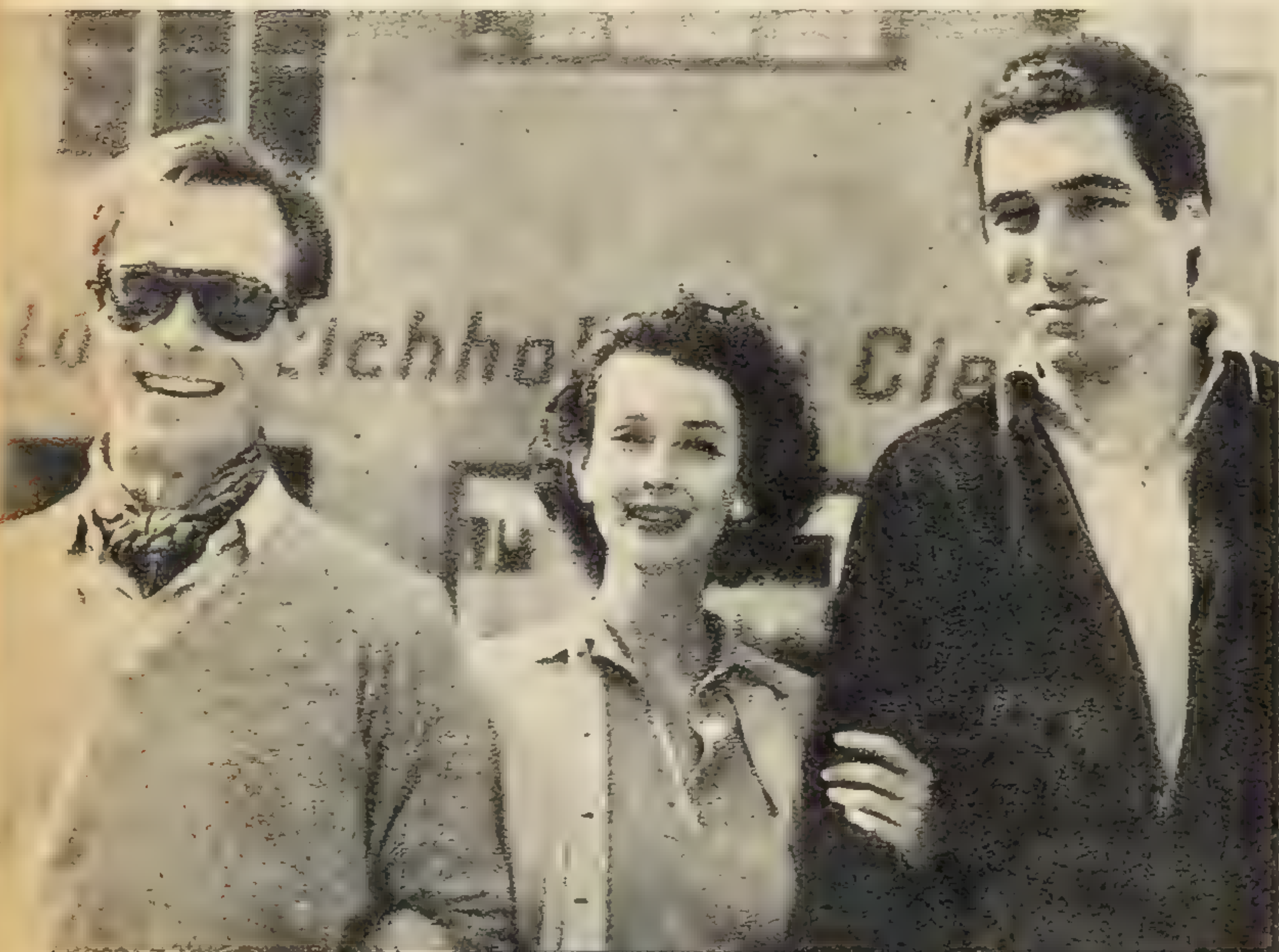
Jimmy thinks that Colleen's the best cook in the world . . . and he makes sure that he is the official family Taster.



That glamorous world without morals, it looked s



Whoever thought the beautiful young girl (seated in front of her sisters, Florian, Dorian, and Georgiebell) would become a femme fatale? Who needs marriage . . .? Or so Suzy led the world to think. Pierre (below, left) denied being married to Suzy . . . and Dorian (center) didn't marry the dashing Marquis de Portago (right) who was the father of her baby boy.



The nicest thing a man could say about me isn't that I'm beautiful or he's wild about me or something like that. The finest compliment he could give me is to say I'm his best friend. . . ."

That was Suzy Parker, talking to a reporter in Hollywood, giving out another of her explosive interviews. That was Suzy Parker, who didn't give a darn what she said or who heard it.

That was Suzy Parker, who didn't know that only a few weeks later she would be waiting in anguished uncertainty for a man to say a few short words about her—words on which her reputation, her career, her home, her life would hang.

Not the words she had so casually asked for: "She's my best friend." But simpler words by far: "She is my wife."

And the man wasn't going to say them.

Until it was almost too late, she was to lie helpless in a Florida hospital bed, both arms broken and useless, mind dazed by the horror of the auto accident in which she was injured and, worse, lost her beloved father—and hear her husband tell the newspapers: "We have been sharing an apartment for years, but we are not married. It is—a very big apartment."

She was to hear her sister Dorian say indifferently, "I really don't know if their marriage was ever solemnized—"

She was to see (Continued on page 51)

THE SECRET IN PLAY

d s attractive to Suzy Parker... From a distance...



LIFE OF AN INTERNATIONAL

RIRI

by Linda Matthews

by Louella Parsons



*Debbie and Eddie
call me "Mom"
-- and there's no family
I'd rather be part of....*

The afternoon was warm and soft and clear with just a motion of a breeze blowing in from the Pacific, and the young man in the swimming pool, plunging and turning over and cavorting like a fish, seemed to be putting on a private show for the sole enjoyment of a laughing little girl plunked in a nearby sandbox.

"OUR FAMILY"



Debbie and baby Todd Emanuel . . . Eddie and daughter Carrie Frances—here's one family I have a strong hunch will never be separated for any length of time.

Every time the flashing figure in the water jumped high, or sank out of sight under the water, the baby girl laughed in delight and patted her chubby hands together and when she said "Dad-dy" she showed two rows of tiny teeth like pearls.

In addition to "Dad-dy," the enthusiastic swimmer had another name, Eddie. And, the livin', breathin' doll so entranced in

watching him was named Carrie Frances Fisher.

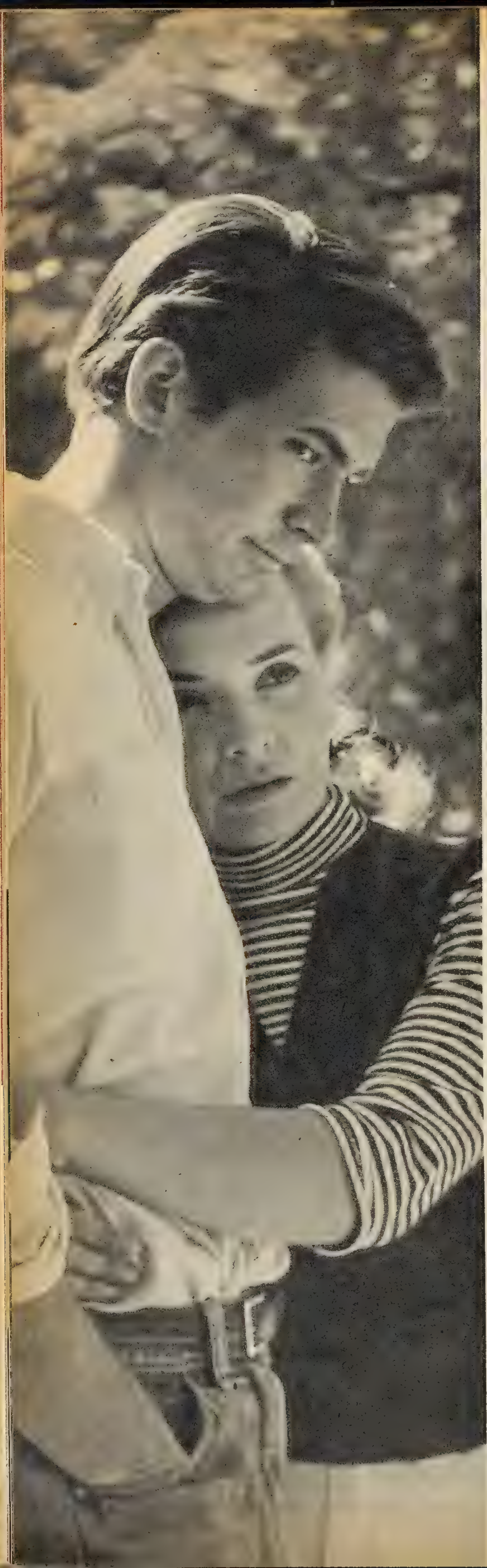
Before I went out to join them, I stood in the doorway unnoticed for a moment, loving this happy, relaxed scene between a young father and his adored daughter, the world well lost except for the two of them.

I was twenty minutes early for my appointment with Debbie and Eddie at their Holmby Hills home,

something rare for me as I have chronic trouble keeping appointments on time, much less ahead. But I was glad for this unheralded moment in the house of my adopted children Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher and their children Carrie Frances (now called just Carrie) and Todd Emanuel.

It's a two story modern house with a large living room of soft bisque- (Continued on page 67)





the day I discovered my heart *by*

Tony Perkins

as told to George Christy

It all started innocently enough.

It was just a studio-arranged date. Neither of us expected it to turn out the way it did. . . .

Elaine Aiken and I were in Lone Pine, California, on location for *The Lonely Man*. And on our first Sunday off from the movie cameras, we were asked by the studio to pose for a magazine layout near Mount Whitney.

So, like I say, it all started out innocently. It began as a picture date—more business than pleasure.

The photographer met us late that Sunday morning, and we drove to the Whitney Portal which (Continued on page 78)



first on

Anna and Marlon Brando live in one of California's most extraordinary houses—a modern Japanese style house, high on a hilltop. It's not large in comparison to mansions—three bedrooms, two baths—but it's one of the finest of its type in this country. From somewhere I recall reading about the house and the phrase *mystical beauty* was used in describing it. There is a very unusual bed in Anna and Marlon's bedroom. It's a huge double one, very low, just inches from the floor. It's a real gem of a house if one likes Oriental art, and Marlon does. This home is the perfect setting for him.

When they first moved to the house, Anna and Marlon hired a housekeeper. Since the baby's birth, a nurse has been added.

Because of the baby, and perhaps because of their own preference, their entertaining has been very informal. Most of the time they

just have their good friends Kathy and Lou L'Amour, the Joe Cantors and Phyllis Hudson over informally. Phyllis, Anna and Kathy spend a lot of time together in the daytimes. Shopping, etc. Phyllis calls Anna *Bones*. The nickname originated from a joke long ago and has hung on. Brando has no nickname for her, calls her Anna.

Marlon loves to play his bongo drums. Evenings home alone with Anna, he always has a go at them.

A typical leisure day at the Brandos' is spent around the pool with one of the above-mentioned friends dropping in, maybe staying for dinner, maybe not. Nothing planned.

If Anna and Marlon accept a dinner invitation, it's a toss-up whether Marlon will appear or not. Some say that Marlon is equally casual about his marriage, and that it's a toss-up whether or not he will keep it.

But certainly the baby has made

a very big difference in his life.

After Christian was born, Marlon was at the hospital every possible moment. Marlon is now described as a doting father. It goes beyond casual father pride. He's become one of these guys who is interested in every detail about his baby and takes an active part in his care.

He was tremendously elated at the birth. While Anna and the baby were at the hospital, Marlon would return again and again to look adoringly through the glass wall of the nursery to see his son.

He was terrifically buoyed up by fatherhood and in a fine-friendly mood. He made friends with all the hospital staff and other new parents on Anna's floor.

The (Continued on page 78)

report



as

a

father



*Paris...that first morning
as Philippe's bride...now
it was all a memory and
Christine Carere was*

THE LONELIEST BRIDE IN HOLLYWOOD

This is the first story we're running about Christine Carere. We think it will be the first of many. Christine is very French and very pretty and very much one of the most lovable young things to hit Hollywood in a long, long time. As we go to press, she has just completed her starring role in *A Certain Smile*, from the novel by another young French girl, Françoise Sagan of *Bonjour Tristesse* fame. Christine is now rehearsing for her second American picture, *Mardi Gras*—in which she plays opposite Pat Boone. But enough of the present for now! Let's go back a little instead to Chris-

tine and a certain night in her life not too long ago. . . .

It should have been one of the greatest nights in Christine's life—stepping off the plane from Paris and smack into Hollywood, the flashbulbs going off, the flowers, the fuss, the quick trip to the hotel to freshen up and then the quick trip to the party where all her favorite stars, Gary Cooper and Lauren Bacall and Van Johnson and dozens of others, had gathered to greet and welcome her and wish her well in her first American picture.

It should have been a great night for Christine. And it was,

in a way. At least, at the start.

Except that the moment finally came—a few hours after the party, after the laughter and toasts, the being surrounded by all that glamor and all that glitter—when Christine was alone, terribly, suddenly, frighteningly alone.

It came a little while after she'd fallen asleep, in the middle of the dream.

It had started out as a nice, sweet dream. . . . She was young, just a little girl, and she was in Paris. She and her mother were in the living room of their little apartment and her mother was opening a big be-ribboned box



and was about to show her daughter a party dress she'd bought her. Christine was excited. She laughed and she tugged at her mother's arm and she urged, "*Vite, Maman, hurry!*" But then the noise had come. It came from outside the window and over the tiny garden, very soft at first, like a baby's wail. They had both looked toward the window at the same moment. Then her mother put down the box and turned to Christine. She had been smiling before, but there was terror in her eyes now. "Come," her mother said, rising and taking her hand, "it is the Germans in the airplanes and we must go to the shelter!"

Christine half awoke now on the sound of the word "shelter."

But she did not awake completely, and still the dream was there. And as it continued she could hear the noise from out the window growing louder and louder, not like a baby crying anymore but like the stark announcement of death's approach. And she could see herself being dragged out of the apartment and down the street, she and her mother running crazily toward the sign that read *abri*—shelter, the other people pouring out of their houses and running too, the blood-red glare of the sky on the other side of Paris where the Germans had already dropped some of their bombs.

Finally, the wailing noise grew so loud that it woke Christine, really woke her.

"Philippe!" she shrieked, as her eyes snapped open.

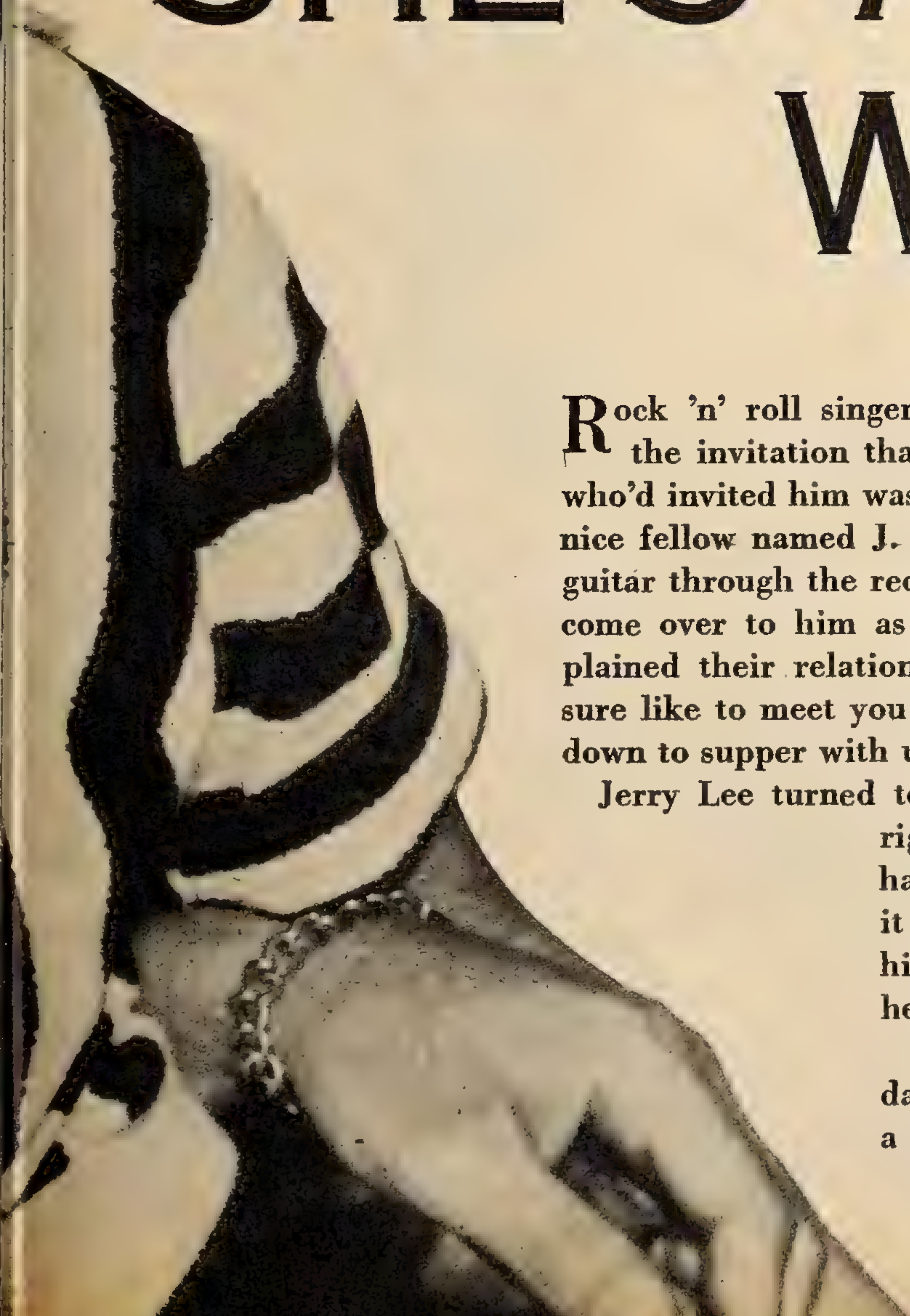
The room was pitch-black and she could see nothing. She reached out, desperate, to the other side of the bed.

"Philippe!" she said more softly. (Continued on page 61)



"SHE'S ONLY 13 BUT SHE'S ALL WOMAN"

*the
shocking
story
of
Jerry Lee Lewis
and
little
Myra*




Rock 'n' roll singer Jerry Lee Lewis was mighty happy to accept the invitation that night. And mighty happy, too, that the fellow who'd invited him was a cousin, a second cousin he'd never seen before, nice fellow named J. Brown who'd been sitting there playing rhythm guitar through the recording session Jerry Lee had just finished, who'd come over to him as he was about to leave, introduced himself, explained their relationship and then said, "The wife and kids would sure like to meet you and would sure be honored if you came and sat down to supper with us."

Jerry Lee turned to one of his managers to see if it would be all right. Couple of months earlier, Jerry Lee didn't have any managers. But now, all of a sudden, here it was December 1957 and Jerry Lee had two big hit records to his name and he had managers and he knew how they got if you didn't ask, so he asked.

"Guess it's all right tonight; you worked hard all day," the manager said. And Jerry Lee was off for a quiet evening with some kin.

On the way to the house, (Continued on page 73)



Good-bye to a Gentle Hero

*We are all a little poorer for
the loss of Ronald Colman*

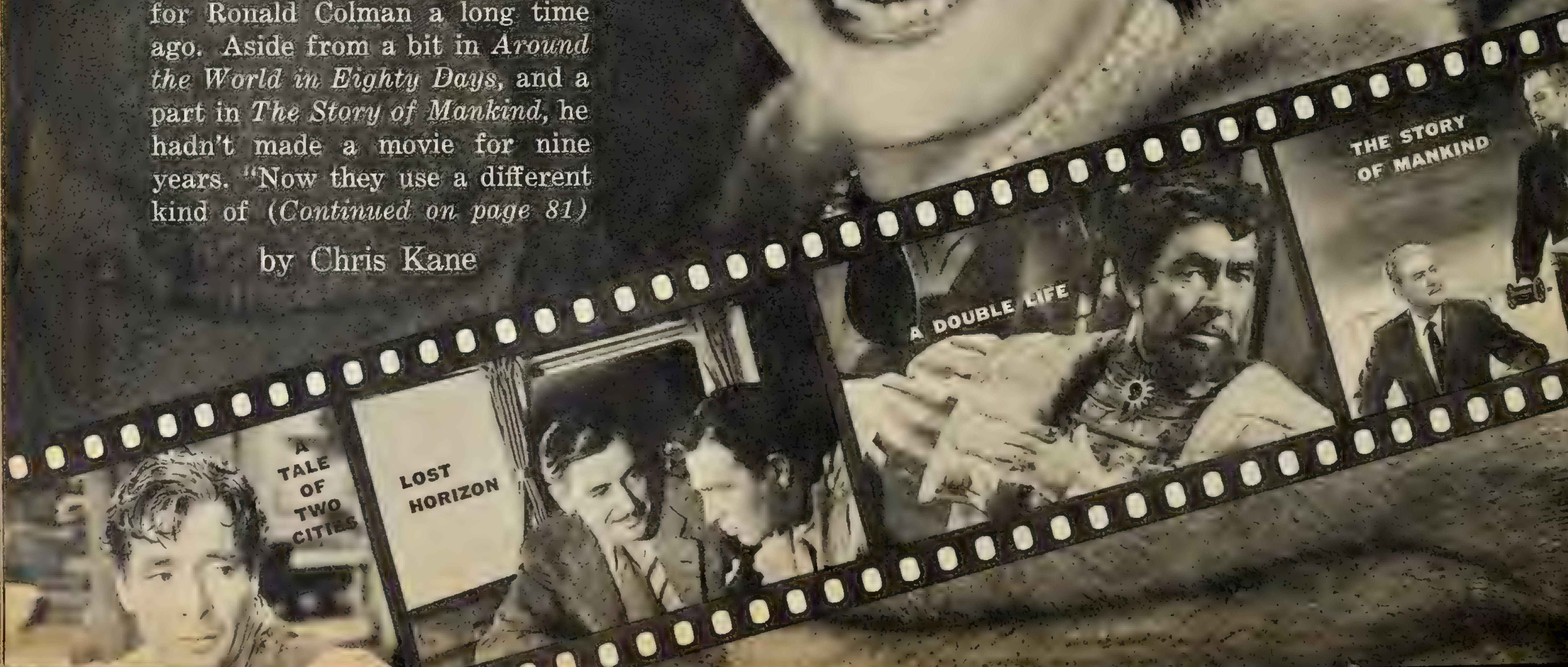
"Here is my journey's end—"
—Othello, Act 5, Scene 2.

In 1947, Ronald Colman spoke these words in his role as an actor, playing *Othello* in a movie called *A Double Life*. That role won him an Academy Award.

In 1958, Ronald Colman came to his own journey's end. At sixty-seven, in a Santa Barbara Hospital, he died of a lung infection and we are all a little poorer for his loss.

Professionally, the sun had set for Ronald Colman a long time ago. Aside from a bit in *Around the World in Eighty Days*, and a part in *The Story of Mankind*, he hadn't made a movie for nine years. "Now they use a different kind of (Continued on page 81)

by Chris Kane



the secret life of an international playgirl

(Continued from page 38) her life crumbling around her—and be helpless to save herself. She was to wait and to pray as she—Suzy Parker who made her own life, thank you—had never done, until finally Pierre de la Salle retracted his words, admitted their marriage, and attempted to explain his denial:

"I had been told it was better for Suzy's career if no one knew she was married. I am a Frenchman; I don't understand things like this."

We are Americans. Neither do we.

We don't understand the sort of world in which a girl, young, beautiful, even brilliant, can prefer to let her friends believe that she is sharing an apartment with a man not her husband—rather than admit the simple truth: that she loves him, is married to him, wants to bear his children.

Yet that world exists and until now, Suzy Parker was part of it.

How Suzy got here

We don't understand how a girl with so much can mess up her life so badly. We don't understand quite where she goes from here.

But we can understand how she got here—by looking back—back to the days before there was scandal and panic and death—the days that led, inevitably, to today.

Back, for example, to the days when George Parker packed up his wife and his four beautiful little girls and moved them, bag and baggage, from their home in New Jersey, to the Florida Everglades—for no apparent reason whatsoever.

Years later, a newspaper telling the story of the Parker girls came up with a reason: George Parker was a Republican, and he moved in protest against Franklin Roosevelt's third election to the Presidency. Why he should consider a move to be a protest, no one said. Even more, why under the circumstances he should leave Republican New Jersey for Democratic Florida, no one even guessed.

And no one tried. For they were 'those Parkers,' and that was all there was to it. George was an inventor; he didn't go to an office; he didn't go to the city; he puttered around in a white smock while the neighbors worried over explosions and told their children to stay away from his homemade lab. His family tree dated back to the Mayflower, and so did his wife's. Children who braved their parents to play in the Parker yard with Suzy or Georgiebell or Cissy (Florian) or the oldest girl, Dorian, heard wonderful tales about the Parkers' family, about their Texan grandma who once heard that some people she didn't like were moving in next door. Grandma didn't say a word. She just went out on the front porch and sat herself down in her rocker—and rocked—with her shotgun across her knees!! That was all. Sat there all day, rocking and cleaning her shiny black gun—and by nightfall they brought her word that the prospective neighbors had decided to go elsewhere, after all.

That was the kind of people the Parkers were, the children learned. Not afraid of anybody, not afraid of what anybody thought. Oldest family in the country. Proud. Independent.

It all seemed so romantic and brave.

Family life in Florida

Anyway, they moved to the Everglades. They were happy there. Mom joined the Church and the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters of the American Revolution and half a dozen other organizations, and in between meetings she still had plenty of time for her daughters. Dad set up another lab, and in the balmy

Florida weather, would disappear into it for days at a time. Dorian was growing up into the most stunning creature imaginable and talking about getting married, talking about going off to be a model, talking about New York and Paris. Her favorite little sister was Suzy, fifteen years younger than she, and already promising to be just as beautiful. There was an amazing closeness between them that seemed to utterly disregard the tremendous age difference.

And it was Suzy who cried hardest when Dorian finally left home and embarked on the first of her marriages, the beginning of her career. Suzy missed her desperately.

But you couldn't cry forever, not in Florida where there was so much to do, so many exciting things happening. Like the day Suzy looked up from her dolls to find two big men with fishing poles staring down at her.

"Hey, little girl—this where the Parkers live?"

"Yes."

"Well, run tell your mother we wanna talk to her."

Suzy's chin lifted defiantly. Nobody gave orders to Parkers, not even little ones. "She isn't home. What do you want?"

One of the men stooped down. "Listen, honey, is your mother the one who's been actually catchin' little fish to feed to the big ones in the river?"

Suzy's chin went up still higher. "Yes, she is, and I help her. I help her catch mosquitoes to feed the frogs, too."

The men stared at each other, then sighed. "Well, honey, we don't care if you feed the frogs prime sirloin, see? But tell your mother she's ruinin' the fishin' for miles around here. Them fish won't even look at our bait, after what your ma's been servin' 'em for weeks—"

Those Parkers!

"I like people. . . ."

And there was school. Not that Suzy was so crazy about school, though she liked to read and learn things. But the teachers were always telling you what to do and when to do it, and giving you lists of things you couldn't do, even when you wanted to—that she hated, that she hadn't been brought up to expect. But on the other hand, there were the kids—and Suzy loved kids. "I like people even when they don't like me," she was to say years later. "Sometimes I like them better when they don't!" It was true even then. She liked people, and usually they liked her.

Time went by. While other children lived in a round of school, home, parties, Suzy lived half in her own life, half in Dorian's, related to her by letter. To Suzy they seemed a ticket of admission to a grown-up, glittering world, incredibly gay and exciting.

Someday . . . someday . . .

And in the meantime, there were Dorian's visits to look forward to, the days when she would arrive, looking unbelievably sophisticated, wearing stunning clothes, smelling wonderful—to announce that she was getting divorced, or married, or bringing her children—she had three, a boy and two girls—home for a bit while she went to Paris for the winter. Even the divorces and the marriages that didn't last seemed glamorous when Dorian talked about them. People stayed good friends, it seemed. Life stayed exciting when you weren't tied down. Cissy and Georgiebell with their high school sweethearts in tow and their dreams of getting married and settling down in a house somewhere—they mightn't think so. But to Suzy, Dorian's life was perfection; Dorian was a

goddess. She'd like to be like that.

She saved all her problems for Dorian to solve. Like the time she greeted her with a magazine article in her hand.

"Dorian—you know that plastic stuff Daddy's been working on so long?"

Dorian nodded. "Sure, the stuff he's been at for years."

Suzy's face was troubled. "Well, listen—I read this article and—Dorian—I think somebody made the stuff Daddy's trying to make, years ago!"

Dorian threw back her head and laughed. "Why, sure, honey. Years ago! But why tell Papa? He's happy. We have enough to live on—so why hurt him?"

Mama's method

Mama, perhaps, was closest to reality. At least enough to see through Dorian's appearance, to reason that any girl who couldn't make a marriage last couldn't be as happy as she claimed. She would have done anything for Dorian, if she could—but Dorian wasn't home. When she was able, though, Mama protected her. There was the time the Hollywood agent, a Roumanian by birth, got hold of Dorian's photos and phoned her in Florida. Only Dorian wasn't living home, and Mama answered the phone, listened patiently to the man, inquired about his accent and finally got her chance to speak:

"Oh, you're a European, you poor man. Well, under the circumstances, you probably won't understand what I'm going to say. You see, we're a normal, average, happy, middle-class American family, and I want to keep us that way. My daughter Dorian is impossible already. If she goes to Hollywood, she'll be intolerable. Please don't try to find her." And she hung up.

Perhaps, after all, mama was not so close to reality. Not even the other Parkers would have called themselves average middle class.

Suzy, of course, informed Dorian. "Get in touch with him," she urged. "It sounds marvelous—you could be a star—"

But Dorian, embarking on her third divorce, wasn't interested. "Why should I? I'm making lots of money modeling, I'm happy—and I don't want to be tied down on the Coast. Mom was right about one thing—Europeans are different. I've met the most marvelous people in Paris. You'd love them! And they'd love you!"

To Suzy, it was almost an invitation. "Then let me come. Please, Dorian—I'm fifteen, I'm done with high school, I could be a model, too."

"You could," Dorian agreed, visualizing Suzy, already stunning, in the right clothes, the right setting. "You could. But didn't I hear you have a boyfriend in school?"

"Oh, him!" With a wave of her hand, Suzy dismissed him utterly.

"All right," her sister said. "But New York. Not Paris. Not yet."

So Suzy said good-bye to her father and mother, good-bye to the boy she'd been going steady with for months, and at sixteen she arrived in New York, to live with Dorian, to be a model. The life of Dorian's set swept her up instantly. As long as she didn't act sixteen, no one cared how old or young she was. She learned to smoke and to order the right drinks; she learned all the latest dances. She learned to be quick with a clever retort and not to notice if the conversation went on, riotously, for hours without anyone saying anything. She learned to flirt with men twenty years older than herself, married men, sophisticated men. It never got past a flirtation, because Dorian wouldn't let it, because she insisted on taking such care of Suzy that disgruntled admirers protested, "Honestly, you'd think you were her mother instead of her sister!"

The only thing it wasn't, was a profes-

sional success. Why, no one could say, but somehow as a model, Suzy didn't click. Maybe it was because she was too much Dorian's type, maybe because even under the layer of quickly applied sophistication, she was still only sixteen, and it showed—whatever the reason, she didn't make a go of it. When she realized finally that she was going to be living off Dorian for a long, long time, Suzy packed her bags. The Parkers might be dreamers, might be crazy, but they were proud. With resolution and misery, she turned her back on New York and went home.

But once there, she was lost. "Go to college," her parents urged. "Pick your school, we'll send you." Unhappily, she sent away for bulletins, thumbed through them. But she didn't want to go to college, didn't want to live in a dorm, keep hours, go to formals, take orders, study nights. What would she talk about with the other freshmen, she who a few months ago had mixed with millionaires, playboys, princes and actresses?

And then, her former steady asked her to marry him.

It was as simple as that. In one hectic hour, her problems could be solved. She would be independent of her parents, wouldn't have to go to school. She would get her husband to take her back to New York—if she couldn't live there as a model, she could as a married woman, a gay young married. They would have an apartment, a maid. . . .

It was all perfect. She married him without ever remembering that at home marriages were not contracted as easily as they were in Dorian's set, that they were meant to last forever, that they were supposed to be founded, not on an idea of an exciting life, but on love.

It took only months for her to realize that she would not get the life she wanted out of this marriage, for the boy to realize he had not found a real wife. At an age even younger than Dorian's at the time of her first divorce, Suzy Parker's marriage was annulled.

Dorian came to the rescue. "Come back with me. The whole trouble before was that the agency was wrong for you. I've found another that really wants young people, new faces. I've promised to switch to them, if they'll take good care of you."

In a very short time, she was earning even more money than Dorian.

And the next time Dorian went to Paris, Suzy went with her.

It was a strange trip. On board the ship it was just like New York, elegant people, stunning clothes, constant cocktails, much laughter, much money. Suzy was in the center of it all, living it up. But when they got to Paris, Dorian spoke up:

"This is a wicked city. Honestly, Suzy, you have to be really mature to get along in Paris!"

Little sister gets locked up

And Dorian proceeded—incredible as it may seem—to lock her sister in the hotel room every night before she went out.

It was an impossible situation, and it couldn't last. What was Dorian protecting Suzy from, but the life she herself was leading—the life to which she herself had introduced Suzy? How can you keep an adoring younger sister from following in your footsteps, how can you keep a girl earning almost \$100,000 a year locked up at night?

How can you keep her from finding out that you're in love with a married man? The answer is simple. You can't.

The locked doors had to open for Suzy, and they did.

She stepped into a world that made New York look like a hick town.

Here were people who didn't even both-

er to get a divorce before they swept off into passionate new loves. Here were men like her sister's boyfriend, the Marquis de Portago, wealthy, titled, clever—and married—who embarked on new romances knowing there was almost no chance of ending them in marriage—because they could not get a divorce. The Marquis' mother disapproved of divorce, would have cut off her son's allowance if he had permanently severed relations with his wife—who was herself a former American model. So the Marquis kept his wife in splendor and his new love in suspense—and it was regarded as perfectly natural. Sometimes he went home to see his children. Sometimes he lived in an apartment in Paris and saw Dorian.

The Marquis introduced Suzy to the fellow who shared his apartment—a freelance writer, named Pierre de la Salle.

Romance in that crowd

This time Dorian was too busy with her own problems to keep a firm eye on Suzy. This time she couldn't have done anything about it if she had tried.

For Suzy was falling in love.

It came like a revelation; she was utterly unprepared. She saw around her only people whose relationships existed on the surface of their lives, changed, ended, began anew with every impulse.

And she, to her astonishment, was becoming deeply involved, missed Pierre when he wasn't there with every ounce of herself, wanted him, loved him not for an interlude—but for life.

In Suzy's world, a pair of happily married people were misfits.

She and Pierre talked it over time and again. It wasn't that they were afraid of being laughed at. It was that for the first time, they were afraid of losing something precious. Could a marriage survive in their crowd, could a love?

In 1955, she and Pierre were married secretly in New York. Secretly because they were afraid of anyone's knowing, of anyone's ripping them apart. Secretly because in their crowd it was much easier to pretend to be merely lovers than husband and wife.

And at this time, Dorian told her that she was going to bear the Marquis' child, that perhaps when she had done so his mother would be forced to recognize their love, agree to Portago's divorce and remarriage.

She didn't mention what the future would be for her innocent child if the plan didn't work.

Suzy was too much accustomed to the ways of this world to be anything but blasé now. She took the news calmly, went shopping for a baby gift, went on loving Dorian as much as she ever had. But inside, the conviction grew that, much as she enjoyed it, this life was not entirely for her. . . .

Suzy was in Paris with Pierre when the invitation arrived for her to appear in *Kiss Them For Me* opposite Cary Grant. She accepted it, knowing she would have to go alone. Pierre, her husband, was one of the crowd of laughing, cheering friends who waved good-bye to her at the Paris airport.

She had taken the offer to make a movie not only because it offered money—she had plenty of that—and fame—that she didn't need—but because it seemed to extend the promise of a different life. But once in Hollywood she learned that a new star was better off single than married, that her bosses would prefer her that way.

"A little longer," she wrote to Pierre. "We'll keep it a secret a little longer. . . ."

Dorian's child was born, in a hospital in Switzerland. The existence of the baby was a closely guarded secret, until a

reporter who had wind of it got to Suzy in Hollywood. "Is it true?" he demanded.

Without Pierre to help, Suzy had to make up her own mind, and fast. On the one hand there was her mother to be thought of, her mother, who on hearing rumors about Dorian and the Marquis had said proudly:

"We must pray for those who have nothing better to do than spend their time spreading lies."

On the other hand there was Dorian whose baby was supposed to enable her to marry the Marquis. If Suzy denied the baby, might that mean to Portago's mother that the child was not his?

She came to a conclusion.

"It's true," she said finally. And added softly, "But it will be a death blow to my mother."

Having told that one great secret, she felt free to say anything she liked—and she did. Things like—

I always give different interviews to different people.

I spend money so fast it hurts my conscience.

My mother regards Dorian and me as her punishment for being on earth.

And in Hollywood, New York, Paris, she let people go on thinking that she and Pierre, sharing apartments, going off together on vacations, going home together at night, were not married.

Even Dorian didn't know for sure.

If it had not been for the tragedy of the car crash, on one of her visits home, killing her father, breaking her arms,—no one might ever have known for sure.

But when they carried Suzy Parker into the hospital, she was not, in that moment, the glamorous model, the new movie star. She was then what she basically had been for a long, long time: a frightened, helpless girl.

And she said then the words she had waited so long to say:

"I'm Mrs. Pierre de la Salle. Somebody tell my husband."

What Suzy can do

She didn't know, saying those words, that the worst tragedy was yet to come, that somehow Pierre, flying to be with her, could imagine that the game was still on, the secret still to be kept. She didn't know that with the story that she wasn't married spread across every newspaper in the country, her reputation would suddenly seem a precious thing, that she would suddenly need to justify herself and her life in the eyes of a million people—and find that they did matter.

She didn't know that her scandal would fling its dirt into her father's funeral, torture her mother in her bereavement, come near to wrecking her own life.

She only knew that the accident somehow brought an end to the old world.

It now remains to be seen what becomes of the new. Whether this marriage—that wasn't-a-marriage can be made, after all, into something wholesome and satisfactory, a marriage in which life can be shared, children born, without misunderstanding and fear.

Suzy's face was unscarred. Her arms will heal. The memory of terror will disappear, as it always does, with time.

But time alone cannot put her marriage back together, cannot give her those first years of love she should have had. Only Suzy can do that for herself.

Only she can make something good and lasting out of the Parker independence, the Parker pride—and her own life. Only she can turn the international playgirl into a real wife. . . .

END

Suzy is now in TEN NORTH FREDERICK for 20th-Fox.

the most beautiful wedding

(Continued from page 20) to have his beloved brother perform the ceremony. It took months, because the Church deliberates lengthily before it permits any of its age-old Laws to be broken. And permission was finally granted. . . .

I had known Rich from his beginnings in Hollywood, when he got his first break in *Wicked Woman*. A few weeks before the wedding I had the honor of hosting the wedding announcement party for the couple. Then I had to leave the next day for a quick jaunt through Europe—to look in on Hollywood's overseas production in these cities and to write some stories. I had to take an eighteen-hour flight over the Pole from London to Los Angeles to get back for the wedding. I was weary but I wouldn't have missed this wedding for all the sleep from here to the Land of Nod. This was one story that couldn't wait!

Pat was staying at the Olympia Hotel in San Francisco before the ceremony. She was so 'shook up' that she had absent-mindedly brushed her teeth with the soap powder she had brought along to wash out her stockings, instead of with her tooth powder. And Rich, half-way across town, at the Fairmont Hotel, had reached for a cough drop, thinking it was a cigarette, and tried to light it! As for myself, I had forgotten to bring my wedding invitation.

But I managed to fight my way into the church anyway, through the crowd of 2,000 friends and fans. One thing I never forget is my press card. It turned the trick. I got in.

It had rained for days before the wedding. The sun came smiling through on the morning of the wedding, for one of the loveliest spring days San Francisco has known in years. And yet the next morning after the wedding, Sunday, the rain came pouring down again! *Happy the bride, they say, that the sun shines on.*

Happy the bride, indeed—from that first night, three years ago, at *Ciro's*, when their eyes met across the crowded nightclub while the orchestra was playing *Hey, There (you with the stars in your eyes)*. * Richard was with a group that included Beverly Michaels, his co-star in *Wicked Woman*.

"Who is that pretty girl?" he asked Beverly.

"Which one?"

"The one with the beautiful smile and the dimples and the stars in her eyes."

"She's Pat Hardy. Cute, huh?"

"That's an understatement, Beverly. What does she do?"

"She's an actress. From New York. Wanna meet her?"

"My gosh, Bev—you know that angel?"

"Sure. Come on, I'll introduce you."

And so they met, and so the courtship began, and Rich asked the orchestra to play a few more choruses of *Hey, There* while they danced. . . .

Next scene

Dissolve, again, to International Airport, Los Angeles, the day before the wedding. Jane Russell and I are taking the same United Airlines flight to San Francisco.

JANE: Why are you going up so early?
CONNOLLY: I'm tossing a bachelor party for Rich at the Palace Hotel tonight.

JANE: Poor Rich. The guy's been working so hard, and tonight they'll be rehearsing for the wedding, and tomorrow morning they've got to get up bright and early for the wedding Mass—what are you trying to do to the poor guy, kill him?
CONNOLLY: It wasn't my idea. They've

had three bridal showers for Pat and nothing for Rich, so somebody said tonight's the night for Rich—his last night on earth as a free soul.

JANE: But a stag party—how dull! Hey, I just got an idea—

CONNOLLY: Don't you dare—Jane, if you do—

JANE: Do what? I'll be doing him a favor, that's what! You guys will keep him up half the night, but if I bust in on it. . . .

So anyway, here we are in San Francisco. It's Friday evening, the night before the wedding. Rich checked in at the Fairmont yesterday, Thursday. Pat and the entire bridal party arrived at the Olympic today. They include May Wynn, Pat's maid of honor, and her husband, Jack Kelly; the bridesmaids—Maureen Lennon and Kathleen Davidson, Pat's sisters, and Leslie White, Richard's cousin; Kathleen Lennon, the seven-year-old flower girl, Pat's niece and daughter of Maureen; Pat's mother, Mary, and the stepfather of the bride-to-be, William Washington, both out from New York for the wedding. (Pat's own father died years ago.)

The rehearsal

I checked into my suite at the Palace. I grabbed a quick dinner and took a cab to Star-of-the-Sea for the wedding rehearsal.

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Everyone at the church was nervous and tired from all the pre-wedding preparation.

I ran into Stan Musgrove, Rich's press agent.

"Where's Rich?" I asked.

"I dunno," grinned Stan. "I think he just took a slow boat to Hong Kong!"

I finally found Rich in the darkness of the church. In the tradition of all grooms-to-be, he had left all the details to the last minute. But, tired as he was, he managed a smile. "Got an aspirin?" he asked.

The rehearsal took no more than a half hour. Then the bride and groom and the bridal party took off in a fleet of cars—Rich for the Fairmont, Pat for the Olympic. "I'm beat," Rich sighed. An usher grabbed his arm and joked as they walked down the steps of the church, "You've still got time to get out of it, Rich!"

The boys all showed up for the bachelor party on schedule at 9:00.

Rich headed for the hors d'oeuvres table. He hadn't eaten a thing all day. He'd been too busy and too harried. The champagne started popping. Rich and his usher wolfed down the hors d'oeuvres.

A very special guest arrived late—Lou Lurie, San Francisco's top theatre owner and one of the richest men in town.

Rich went over to him and greeted him with, "Mr. Lurie, I used to work for you. I was an usher here in town at one of your theatres, the Alexandria."

The party rolled on. It was mostly baseball talk: the Los Angeles Dodgers, the San Francisco Giants.

And then, at 11:00 Jane Russell 'busted in' on us, as threatened. But we were all glad she came. She had Pat with her, and the rest of the girls in the wedding party.

The bride and groom aren't supposed to see each other after the wedding rehearsal, until they meet at the foot of the altar for the marriage ceremony next day. But Pat and Rich aren't superstitious.

The arrival of the girls broke up the party early, and high time. We were all pretty well beat.

The next morning I got to Rich's hotel a few hours before the wedding. The photographer was already there.

Rich was smiling happily. Too happily, it seemed to me—after all, his last few hours as a free soul. . . . But he was also very nervous.

He reached for that cough drop I told you about, started to light it, realized his mistake and grinned sheepishly. "I'll be all right," he said. "Anybody got a strait-jacket?"

"Had coffee?" he asked. "Go ahead, order some."

Richard's city

He walked to the balcony of his suite and looked out over the city—the city where he was born.

"Golly," he said, pointing, "there's Alcatraz." Sure enough, there was Alcatraz, forbidding, forlorn, in the bright morning sunlight. "The condemned man," said Rich, "ate a hearty breakfast." Then he laughed.

The waiter arrived with our coffee. "Want a cup?" I asked. "Sure," said Rich, "black!" I poured some for him. But Rich forgot to drink it. Wow, he was nervous!

"Oh." He started putting on his shirt. "Do you like this suit? Pat wanted me to wear one of those fancy-pantsy cutaway outfits but I wouldn't go for it. The ushers are all different sizes. I told her we'd look like a circus act. So here we go—blue worsted suit, white shirt, black shoes. Now about a tie—white or light blue?"

I thought the light blue went better with the suit and told him so. Rich put on the white tie. (Continued on page 55)

modern screen fashions



GOING STEADY

Seldom have sports togs been so happily accessorized as they are with the new fall shoes by Jills—from now on you'll want your sports clothes to be *going steady* with Jills, too. Natalie Trundy (you saw her last in *The Careless Years*, a Bryna production released through United Artists) poses with the Jills skimmer style trimmed with a detachable bow. The two styles shown above and below left are new easy hook-tye sneakers; the style below right is the muchly desired 2-face saddle oxford, also with easy hook-tye closing. Jills feature double wear *Stratcrepe* or *Karak* (also crepe) soles which are cushioned for easy walking. All these shoes are the new lighter weight types; all come in a wide range of widths, sizes and leathers. Jills by Bristol are priced from \$6.95 to \$7.95.



MORE FASHIONS
ON PAGE 58

(Continued from page 53) Fred Pratt, Richard's cousin and best man, arrived at 10:00 on the button with the ring and the license, wearing the same kind of blue suit and shaking like a leaf. "I don't like that tie," said Rich. "Here, wear this one." He handed over the light blue tie. Fred, dazed, took it without a word, shed his own tie and donned the blue one.

I left Rich's suite at 10:30 and got to Star-of-the-Sea at 10:45. A cordon of police was holding back the crowd in front of the church. In the playground between the church and the school some youngsters were playing softball, as nonchalantly as though movie stars get married at Star-of-the-Sea every day in the week. It was Saturday, their day off, and they didn't have to be there, but there they were. Richard had played there too, when he was a boy.

The fans outside the church were extremely well-behaved. The limousine carrying May Wynn arrived. The Matron of Honor was with her husband and the fans crowded in on them—but politely—for autographs. May and Jack Kelly obliged graciously, signing as many as they could.

Pat and Rich, arriving in separate cars, were supposed to have stopped at Penelli's florist shop, a block away from the church, to pick up her bouquet and his boutonniere. No soap. The hour was drawing nigh. The florist brought the flowers to the church.

I walked through the church, down the main aisle. The church was almost filled now. Four urns of white stock and gladioli lined the aisles, and the altar and the rest of the church were decorated with bouquets of white carnations and more gladioli and stock—all white. The organ was playing softly.

In the Sacristy, back of the main altar, Father Willis was pacing up and down nervously. "Say, where's Rich?" he demanded. "Will somebody tell him to get himself in here—it's getting late."

The bride wore—

The bride's car was five minutes late. The police made the fans form a path. Pat walked through it, a vision of loveliness in a peau de soie gown embroidered with Chantilly lace, topped by a Swedish crown in pearls with a two-tiered illusion veil. She carried a Rosary from her aunt who had had it blessed by Pope Pius XII. She also carried a white Missal and the white Chantilly lace handkerchief that her great-grandmother had worn at another wedding many years ago. She carried a bouquet, too, of white gardenias and stephinotis, to match Rich's boutonniere. She wore a gold cross around her neck. Rich had sent it to her a year ago, when he was on a tour. She has never taken it off.

She wore—

Something old: Her great grandmother's handkerchief.

Something new: Her wedding gown, from the Bride's Shop in Beverly Hills.

Something borrowed: A pair of stockings, from Barbara Tobias.

Something blue: A garter, from her niece, Kathleen Lennon.

The bridesmaids wore bouffant gowns—pink dotted Swiss nylon—with sweetheart necklines—and pearl headpieces and necklaces. May Wynn and little Kathleen wore bouffant dresses too—green dotted Swiss nylon. May and the bridesmaids carried pink carnations and stephinotis. The little flower girl carried pink carnations and forget-me-nots.

The organ struck up *The Wedding March*. The procession started down the aisle. I could see Rich and his best man coming out of (Continued on page 57)

\$100 for you!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then (on a separate sheet of paper) name the story you liked *best* or *least* and tell us in 25 words or less why you picked it. Mail it to us right away because the 10 best entries will be selected for prizes of \$10 each. Entries will be judged by how good your reasons are for liking or disliking the story you chose. Remember—name only your first choice or your last choice—not both. Entries must be postmarked no later than September 9.

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Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE DEBORAH KERR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE BOB EVANS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE JIMMY RODGERS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE SUZY PARKER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE CHRISTINE CARERE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE JERRY LEE LEWIS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE RONALD COLMAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE NAME

ADDRESS STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

Here are the poll prize winners for September: Linda Latimer, Ontario, Canada; Mrs. Freddy Nihart, Babbitt, Minn.; Judi Anderson, Carona del Mar, Calif.; Mrs. Barbara Quinn, Kansas City, Mo.; Ollie June Rush, Selma, Ala.; Minnie L. Coxe, Lake City, Florida; Betty Campbell, Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia; Ada Berge, San Clemente, Calif.; Martha Stewart, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Stefanic, Girard, Ohio.

A home perm will add one hundred per cent to any hair style

Hollywood news for fall hair styles is mixed between the "Tumble" cut, "Ripple" cut, and the sleek well-groomed long-line cut—choose the most becoming to you. The long-line cut surely becomes the fragile features of lovely Lee Remick, whom you will next see in 20th's forthcoming *Mardi Gras*. No matter which hair cut you choose for yourself be assured that your hair will have much more manageable beauty and style if you give yourself (Continued on page 66)

TOP
THEM
ALL



(Continued from page 55) the Sacristy and approaching the foot of the altar, where Rich would meet his bride. Pat was on the arm of her stepfather, her eyes glistening brightly.

The suspicious glistening in Pat's eyes turned to real tears that rolled unchecked down her cheeks when she reached the foot of the altar and took Rich's arm. They walked up the altar steps, past the altar rail, and knelt directly in front of the altar, on the two prie-dieus placed there.

Pat's voice cracked when it came time for her to recite the solemn marriage vows after Father Willis: "I, Patricia Hardy, take you, Richard Egan, for my lawful wedded husband . . . to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part." But she made it. She made it beautifully! Toward the end, as a matter of fact, she was practically singing the words.

Rich, repeating it all after Father Willis—"I, Richard Egan, take you, Patricia Hardy, etc."—created quite a problem—because he and Father Willis sound almost exactly alike! Their voices have the same timbre, the same quality. I looked over at his parents, and I don't think I've ever seen happier parents in my life: one son, a movie star, being married by another, a priest. A man of God and a man of the world, the worldliest of all worlds—show business. It was quite an occasion.

A special blessing

Father Willis pulled the biggest surprise of the day—a special Papal Blessing for the happy couple, cabled to them from Vatican City on their wedding day by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. Father Willis read the cable, which will be reproduced for the Eigans on a special scroll:

HIS HOLINESS CORDIALLY IMPARTS TO RICHARD EGAN AND PATRICIA HARDY ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR WEDDING HIS PATERNAL AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

Father Willis spoke about true Christian marriage: "Like all the Sacraments, the primary purpose is the sanctification of the individual. It is intended to make holy the soul, to make you intimately united with Almighty God. Dedicate yourselves to each other. In becoming united with each other, you are becoming united with Almighty God.

"I call upon all present," Father Willis continued, "to be witness to this holy union which I have now blessed. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Fred Pratt handed over the ring. Father Willis said, "Now that you have been joined in Holy Matrimony, take this ring in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit as a pledge of your fidelity.

"O Lord, watch over them," he prayed. Then, to Pat and Rich, "May He unite your hearts in true love, and may you be blessed in your children and may the love you lavish upon them return to you a hundredfold. May the Lord grant you fullness of years so that you may reap the harvest of a rich life."

Rich kissed the bride at the foot of the altar. The bridal procession started up the aisle. The fans outside the church cheered the happy couple. Flashbulbs popped, reporters pounced on the couple, autograph hunters shoved pieces of paper and notebooks at Pat and Rich. Pat signed a few of them, as many as she could, *Pat Egan*.

On the way to the reception in Atherton, the car—a rented chauffeured Cadillac—stalled. Some kind of mechanical trouble. "We're sunk," said Rich.

The chauffeur was fiddling with something under the hood.

"Wouldn't it be funny," Pat giggled, "if

we had to hitchhike—me in my wedding gown—in the middle of the highway!"

"Good movie title," said Hal, "The Bride Had to Hitchhike Home!"

The chauffeur got the car started. Off they roared again.

"What's your advice to prospective bridegrooms?" Hal asked Rich.

The groom kissed the bride, grinned happily, and said, "My advice to all prospective bridegrooms is, 'Do it!'"

The garden of the French chateau-type home where the reception was held was filled now with guests. The reception committee, headed by Pat and Rich, their parents and the rest of the bridal party, lined up on the terrace, overlooking some huge oak trees under which more canopies and candy-stripe-umbrella'd tables and chairs were set. The guests were served champagne while Cerruti's combo played softly.

After the reception, the party moved to the huge playhouse facing the swimming pool, in back to the main house.

Two large hearts made of gardenias floated in the pool. "Pat" was spelled out on one of the hearts, "Rich" on the other. Red, pink and yellow roses, carnations and lilies floated in the pool too.

And the honeymoon?

"I've got to report to Fox next Monday for my next picture, *These Thousand Hills*," Rich said. "So we'll just motor leisurely down to Los Angeles. Then to Durango, Colorado, for location shots."

The wedding party, which started at 12:30 noon, broke up at 8:00. Pat and Rich had left long before that hour, and everyone's good wishes went with them. And everyone agreed they'd had a wonderful time at the wedding of the year. **END**

Richard will be in 20th's *THE HUNTER* and in U-I's *THE VOICE IN THE MIRROR*.

Now!

Cuticura helps teen-age skin faster than ever

*"Full Treatment" Usually Relieves Pimples
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Cuticura

Cuticura has said for years—

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From every angle this is one of the most flattering, comfortable convertible bras of the season. "Inside Secret" elastic bands prevent slipping—foam rubber lined underwired cups are firmed with embroidery and V-stitching. This Maidenform bra, called Much-Ado Six-Way, was styled both for the chemise-look silhouette and your favorite, feminine fitted-waist fashions. The straps adjust to every neckline—worn strapless, it will also assure you of being beautifully *and confidently* groomed. Fine cotton broadcloth, white only. \$3.95. Much-Ado is another tribute to you—and to Maidenform's figure-genius.

"much-ado"
about
your figure



I'll never fall in love again

(Continued from page 24) cination grew. Finally, after what must have been half an hour, when for a moment she was alone, he walked over to her and said, "Excuse me, but I'm Robert Evans. And I've been watching you."

Bob had expected her to say *Oh, really?* or *Why? Is there a smudge on my face?* or *Do you think you saw me in Cannes, maybe, last Spring?* or any of a hundred empty nothings a girl who came to this type of New York cocktail party might ordinarily have said.

But instead the girl looked him in the eye and, frankly said, "I know. Because I've been watching you, too."

"I didn't notice," Bob said.

"That's good," the girl replied. "My sex has to be careful about being too obvious when it comes to things like that."

Bob smiled.

So did the girl.

And anybody else who might have been standing around at that point, watching them as they'd been watching each other, could have told you that the most beautiful and important chemicals in the world were beginning to brew up a storm right now between these two—a very subtle, complicated, crazy, wonderful, exasperating, incomprehensible kind of storm that is commonly known as love.

The meeting took place five or six years ago and we don't know too much about this girl today. As Bob told us recently, "I can't tell you her name. I wouldn't want to do that. But she's an actress. And you've probably seen her a few times, though she hasn't been doing very much work lately."

His mother's view

In an interview a couple of days later his mother said, "She was a fine girl and very talented and we all wished her well in her career. For a time, when it looked as if everything was serious with her and Bob, we wished them well, too, even though she was of a different religious faith."

Said a friend of Bob's, "I liked her because Bob did. But I could never get over the feeling that no good would ever come of this match. She was a swell girl in many ways. She was smart and she was good-natured and she was fun. But like lots of girls who want to become actresses, she was as aggressive as a Russian in Budapest. She didn't show it much. But she showed it at times. And this I didn't like."

At the time they met, Bob was as ready to fall in love as any man has ever been. Unfortunately, as we will see, he fell too hard.

Why was he so ready? Simple. He'd been very sick for the last couple of years and he'd undergone a slow recuperation and at a time other fellows his age were going out on dates and flings, Bob had been getting to bed at nine and nine-thirty every night. As he now jokes about this period, "You can dream about girls that way, but you sure don't get to meet them!"

Joking aside, though, the illness was a bad one and it nearly cost Bob his life.

"It came suddenly," his mother says. "Bobby and his father and I were driving down to Florida for a three-week vacation. We were in a little town, a little more than halfway there, when he began to complain about a pain in his chest. We rushed him to a local doctor. The doctor examined him and smiled and said there was nothing to worry about, that Bobby had a case of indigestion. He gave us some pills and said everything would be all cleared up by the time we got to Florida."

Now a Special Hygienic Powder

Destroys odor on Sanitary Napkins

—during those "self conscious" days each month when ordinary deodorants can't protect you



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Use QUEST especially at this time when sweat glands are over-active. Get QUEST at all drug counters.

"But when we got there, Bobby's condition was worse. We took him up to the hotel room first, thinking that maybe if he lay down for a while he'd feel better. But after a very little while we could see this was no good. Thank God there was a hospital right across the street from the hotel. We took Bobby there. A doctor examined him while we waited in an office next door. I thought the examination would never end. Finally, the doctor came out. He asked us to stay seated and be calm while he told us what was wrong. He said that one of Bobby's lungs had collapsed, that it was pushing against his heart—and that Bobby would be dead in another couple of hours if he wasn't taken care of right away.

"Bobby's father and I stayed up all that night, right there in the office. We prayed. And the next morning when the doctor came back in and told us that our boy had pulled through the crisis, that he'd have to stay in the hospital a couple of months and rest for at least a year after that, we were so glad he was going to live and we weren't going to lose him, that we couldn't do anything else but take each other's hands and cry."

So ends Bob Evans' medical history.

And it had lots to do with his later, romantic history.

Especially the night at the crowded New York cocktail party when he met the first girl he'd fallen for since his teens—this very pretty, sweet-faced blonde, this girl he'd first seen only a little while earlier and had suddenly wanted so much to get to know.

That night was wonderful

They left the party and had dinner together. The girl explained that the two men she'd arrived with were theatrical agents

who were so drunk that they could hardly remember each other, let alone her.

Dinner that night was wonderful.

The girl told Bob about herself: that she wanted more than anything in the world to be an actress; that things seemed to be moving along pretty well; that she expected she might be in Hollywood and in pictures by the end of a year or two.

Then Bob told her something about himself. He'd been an actor once, way back—when he was eleven, "Here I was, just a kid," he said, "with this ambition to perform burning inside me. Even at that age, though, I knew the theater was tough to crack. But our family used to listen to the radio a lot. And one day I realized there were lots of stories being told on the radio and that more than one of them had parts for boys about my age. So the next day I got on the subway and went to downtown New York, to CBS. By luck I got to see a director and I guess he liked the way I talked, the tone of my voice, because he said, 'Okay, young man, we can use you.' I remember it was later that day when Eleanor Kilgallen, Dorothy Kilgallen's sister, was signing me up, that she looked at me and said, 'This is the sorriest move you could make, my boy. You know, it's not going to be an easy life after this.'"

"It might not have been easy," Bob went on. "But it sure was fun." He continued with the kid radio stuff for a few years, then stopped a while, and again went back to radio in Florida where, for about a year, he worked as the youngest disc-jockey in the state.

"But now that's all behind me, I think," Bob told her. "A little while back, when I was recuperating, I decided maybe acting wasn't for me. So I came to New York again to get a job, a steady job. I thought I'd like to get into the garment business. 59

Nobody would hire me at first. They didn't think anybody with an acting background was stable enough. But finally this one place said they'd give me a try. They took me on as a messenger boy for forty-five whole dollars a week. Right after work, I'd go to school for a course in marketing and selling. I figured that in this business it's important to know what adjectives to use—because if you don't use the right ones at the right time, you might as well give up."

He ordered another cup of coffee for himself and the girl as he went on.

Bob continues his story

"The study paid off," he said. "I was a salesman in less than a year. And now, well, my brother, Charles, and Joe Picone, a friend, have started their own business in women's sportswear—it's called Evan-Picone—and they've invited me to join them as a partner. It's not a big business yet, but I think someday it will be, and. . . ."

The young man who was soon to become a millionaire through this very business, stopped now and shrugged. "Well, I guess you've heard enough about me for one night," he said.

"Why?" the girl asked, stirring her coffee but not looking down at it. "Will there be other nights?"

"There could be tomorrow night," Bob said.

"There could." She looked at him, very seriously for a moment.

And then she burst into a big, happy smile.

"I'll be ready at six-thirty," she said. "Or six, if that's not too early for you."

Bob made it at five to six that next night, secretly glad that he would be able to see this girl for five minutes more than the fates of time-arranging had planned.

And the girl was glad, too. After their first meeting, she'd thought about Bob all that night—as she was to tell him later—and all that morning and afternoon. And now he was there and they were going out on a date and there'd be no stopping the great time they would have that night.

And it wasn't many dates later that they both stopped long enough to tell each other they were in love and that there were no two luckier people in the whole wide world than they.

Two of the nicest

Their love lasted for two happy years.

"They were probably the most in-love young couple I've ever seen," a friend of Bob's has said. "And why shouldn't they have been? They were two of the most attractive young people in New York. They were two of the nicest. Her career was beginning to do better and better. And on Bob's side, Evan-Picone was becoming what it is today—one of the finest and most successful women's fashion houses in the world. Yes, things were really going great guns and there was talk of marriage.

"And then came a little phone call from Hollywood and it was like a love story in a magazine where the type-setters had made a mistake and suddenly it became a different story. Because the love element wasn't there any more—at least, not on the part of one of them."

The phone call, of course, was for the girl. It was from a producer who was offering her a part in a picture. The picture, he said, was due to roll within a couple of weeks and she would have to come out to the Coast, pronto.

The good-byes between Bob and his girl had to be brief. But somewhere along the line—at the airport, in fact—the girl made

Bob promise that he'd be out to California to see her.

"It won't be easy re-arranging the business schedule," Bob said. "And you won't be out there very long, anyway. And—"

The girl interrupted him, frantically. "But you will be out, won't you?" she asked. "Please?"

It made Bob feel very good to know that this girl loved him this much, so much.

"Yes," he said, nodding, "I'll be out in a couple of weeks, just as soon as I can get away."

Then he kissed her long and hard.

And he watched her as she rushed off to board the plane for that fabulous town in the West that has a tendency to change most people who come in contact with it—some for the better, some for the worse. . . .

It was a few weeks later when Bob phoned his girl from New York. "Everything's set," he said. "I'm leaving on a morning flight tomorrow and I'll see you for dinner."

The girl sounded overjoyed. She explained that production on the picture was being held up for a while and so they'd have at least a week together, just the two of them.

"Hurry darling," she said, as if she were about to break down and cry. "Hurry."

And that was all Bob needed.

"I love you. I love you. . . ." he said over and over, till the operator interrupted and told him his time was up. "I love you," he said once again before hanging up, meaning those words as he never knew they could be meant before. . . .

Then in Hollywood . . .

When Bob got to the Hollywood hotel where his girl was staying, he knocked on her door and then looked down at his watch.

It was exactly five minutes to six.

He smiled. This was a very sentimental hour in his book, and it seemed to him to be one of those perfect coincidences that could only lead to more perfect things.

When the girl opened the door, she was in her robe.

"Oh, Bob!" she said, looking terribly confused. "I'd almost forgotten you were coming!"

And if ever a heart has dropped, low, to the pit of the stomach, Bob's did then.

"Bobby," she said, after kissing him quickly and leading him into the room, "last night I got a call from the studio. They want me to go to Boston for about a week to do some public appearances for them."

"When do you have to go?" Bob asked.

"Tonight," the girl said.

At that moment, the telephone rang.

"Oh, hello," she said, beginning to laugh. "Yes, isn't it marvelous? Not that Boston is New York or Chicago, but I'll be doing publicity work before I've ever even been in a picture!"

She shot a quick glance over at a stunned Bob and indicated to him that she'd be off the phone in a minute.

"Yes, yes," she continued, "and I spent all day buying some new dresses and getting a hat and bag and. . . ."

She went on, for lots more than a minute.

And when she hung up, she barely had time to explain things to Bob. "It all happened so quickly," she said. "And I meant to phone you back last night, but then I forgot—"

"You forgot?"

"Well, I kind of put it off and then I got sleepy and—well, yes, I forgot," she admitted.

In this business . . .

Bob stared at her as she talked. It was as if, after two years, he were looking at

another girl. Her voice sounded different—shrill, tense, excited. And her face while still pretty was different too. Her eyes, especially her eyes, were different—the softness in them Bob had loved so much was suddenly gone—all the warmth gone, all the love gone.

"I had thought that maybe you could fly back East with me tonight—that is, if you wanted to," the girl went on, "but then you're probably tired and would like to hang around here for a few days."

"Sure," Bob said. "Sure."

The girl patted him on the cheek. "I hope you're not hurt, darling," she said, this different voice spewing out the string of quick sympathy. "But if a girl's going to get anywhere in this business, she's got to go where they tell her."

With that she rushed into the bedroom to change.

And in less than an hour she was gone. . . .

"It took me a long time to get over that," Bob said the other day, "but after a while you get over anything, I guess, especially something that you learn probably wasn't worth having anyway. And still, though I got over it, it left me with the feeling that I would never fall in love again. . . . I still have this feeling."

Bob paused as if he were thinking about another trip he made to Hollywood a couple of years later, the business trip on which he was discovered by Norma Shearer and given a part in *Man of a Thousand Faces*, a bigger part next in *The Sun Also Rises*, and most recently the big hunk of part in a picture that is already, months before its release, being called a Western Classic by the inside movie crowd, *Quick Draw*.

"I guess I feel I may never fall in love again because, honestly, I don't seem to meet many girls," he went on. "Oh sure, I'm out in Hollywood, the business being what it is, I see a lot of glamor-type girls and date them from time to time. And when I'm in New York, at the office, there are models around all the time, beautiful girls, very beautiful girls. But, I don't know—for some reason I can't seem to get too worked up over them. I guess what I really want is a girl who's not in these professions and in a position like mine. It's hard to meet this kind of girl."

"So what do I do? Well, I turn down approximately one party invitation a night, maybe going to one a week. Maybe one or two other nights a week I'll go to a nightclub or to the theater. But the rest of the nights I go home and I just stay put. I have a big apartment in New York—a beauty, overlooking the East River. And on the quiet nights I make a bite to eat and sit around and read."

Again he paused. And then he asked, "It all sounds kind of sad, doesn't it? Well, I don't know if it's sad or not. But that's the way it is. Sure, maybe someday I'll be at the right place at the right time and the right girl will happen to walk into the room and I'll take a look at her and I'll know. But then again, maybe that time will never be. So if sad's the word you want—well then yes, it is sad."

As Bob was speaking this time, of that right girl just happening to walk in, we couldn't help thinking of another girl—a pretty, sweet-faced blonde, who'd walked into a certain room on a certain night a few years back.

And we couldn't help but wonder if maybe she—this girl who was going to become a big movie star and who gave the heave to a very nice guy who's on his way now to becoming a really big movie star—if maybe she feels things worked out pretty sad, too.

END

Look for Bob in 20th-Fox's QUICK DRAW.

loneliest bride in hollywood

(Continued from page 47) For an instant, everything was confusion. Half her mind knew that this had all been a dream—that she was a big girl now; that the war with the Germans was long over; that she was in Hollywood, California, far from France; that Philippe was not there in bed beside her.

But the noise, the wailing noise. That was not part of any dream. That was real. The noise, the terrible noise. Where was *that* coming from? And why did *that* not stop?

She jumped out of the bed and groped through the darkness to a window. It was open slightly. She pushed it open all the way and listened.

Slowly, very slowly, she realized that the noise was coming from a fire engine that had since passed the hotel and was now miles away, its siren still piercing the still night air.

Her first instinct was to laugh.

Except that she couldn't laugh, and so instead she began to cry.

"Philippe," she said again, whispering the name this time through her sobs as she stood there, staring out the window. "Oh, Philippe—" she said, as if she were calling for someone to come be with her and comfort her and, with his arm around her waist and his lips against her hair, dissolve the ache that filled her young lonely body.

But no one came.

"It is silly to cry like this, is it not, Philippe?" she said anyway, just pretending. "I remember my mother used to say to me when I was very little that if you cried about anything at night, alone in your room, you should immediately think of something happy that has happened to you. 'And puff!' she told me, 'the tears will vanish!'"

Christine nodded at the memory of that advice.

And then, still standing there, she searched back in her mind, way back, for some of those happier moments.

They came to her in flashes.

Boys, I like

Like the day, when she was six or seven, at her uncle's farm in Burgundy. . . . Her uncle had a beet-sugar farm. He also had a young son and two daughters. When Christine arrived on the farm for a short vacation—a vacation from school and from the war that raged in the north of France—she was introduced to her cousins and then told to run off and play with the girls.

"There are two things I do not like," Christine told her amazed uncle on the spot. "One is arithmetic. And the other is girls."

And so Christine galloped off with her boy cousin, out to the fields to meet some other friends who were playing there.

For the next three hours they all played a farm version of soccer, using the big, heavy sugar beets as the ball.

When the game was just about over, Christine's uncle came out from the barn where he'd been working to see how his niece was enjoying herself.

"But my child—" he said, stunned, when he saw her. She'd just taken what must have been her fiftieth fall and was covered with blood and bruises. "You must not play like *this*!"

"Uncle," Christine said, taking his hand and smiling a strange smile, "always in Paris I have gone to school with girls. As I said, I did not like them. And always I wondered about boys, whom I did not know. 'Would I at least like *them*?' I asked myself. Well, uncle—I do, I do. So please let me play on with them."

The man had no choice but to laugh and say *all right*.

He had stayed around, Christine remembered, long enough to see her score three more goals and get herself two more cuts. . . .

Another happy memory

And—Christine remembered, too, now—there was another happy time on another day, years later, and with another boy. Actually, the boy was approaching young manhood, being about nineteen years old to Christine's fifteen. Actually, too, Christine had no use for this particular boy because he was known in the neighborhood as the young handsome Don Juan and Christine, still a tomboy at heart, didn't like anything or anyone romantic.

But she had just had an appendectomy and she was in the hospital and this boy had come to visit her and she knew she must try her best to be pleasant.

So, whatever he would say, she would answer, "Oh, yes?" And, "Oh, is that so?" And, "Really—well, how interesting."

She was, in truth, not really interested in anything about him, so suave, so slick, so much the type all the other girls—silly things—were always mooning over.

But then, just before he left, he leaned over her bed and kissed Christine lightly on the forehead and he said, "You know, you are a very pretty girl."

For the first time in her life, Christine blushed.

"No," she said, trying to cover the blush with her words—true words, she thought. "I am quite ugly. Look, my face is chubby and there is nothing distinctive about it and—"

The boy shook his head. "You are so pretty," he said, "that if you were older, I would come call on you—often."

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With that, he kissed her again and left. And with that, Christine reached for a mirror and began to study her face.

When her mother came to visit her a little while later, the woman was amazed.

"What have you done to your hair?" she asked, coming toward the bed.

"I have pinned it back a little," Christine said, "like the true *Parisiennes* are wearing theirs."

"And what is that on your lips?" the woman asked, coming closer and closer.

"I know, Maman," Christine said, "I must not wear lipstick until I am seventeen years. But the nurse had some in her purse and I asked her if I could try it, just to see how I will look when the time comes."

Her mother shrugged.

"Maman," Christine said seriously, in the tone she always used when she was about to confess something. "Maman, I am beginning to grow old."

"Old?" her mother asked.

"Well, older," Christine said. "And I think—I think I now like boys."

"But you always liked boys," her mother said, very matter-of-factly. "The soccer, the water polo—"

"Yes, Maman," Christine said, nodding, interrupting her, "but now—I like them in a different way."

The woman looked at her, stunned for a moment.

And then, suddenly, she began to laugh.

The garden party

How we both laughed then, Christine remembered now, this first night in Hollywood, standing by the open window, thinking back. "But how Maman didn't laugh that afternoon the next year when I came home and told her about the charity garden party and the movie stars and the 61

producers and what they had all said to me. . . ."

The party was held in a movie producer's garden in the heart of residential Paris. Every top movie personality in France was invited. Not invited was a young wide-eyed girl, by this time one of the top movie fans in France. Her name was Christine. And to get into the party, she just kind of walked in.

Her reason for doing this was two-fold: she wanted to see her favorites in person and she wanted autographs.

She'd been sneaking around the place for almost an hour and had already seen most everybody there and gotten a padful of autographs when two men and a woman, sitting sipping champagne at the far end of the garden, signaled her over.

Christine recognized one of the men as Noel-Noel, the great comedian. She'd already gotten his autograph, a long time back. She was confused. "You want me?" she called out.

The three nodded.

Praying suddenly that one of the other two people was not the host or hostess, ready to boot her out of the garden, Christine walked toward them.

"You see what I mean?" Noel-Noel asked, taking Christine's hand in his. "You see?"

"Yes," said the other man, who turned out to be producer Jean-Paul Paulin.

"She is lovely," agreed the woman—Jacqueline Audry, another producer.

"What are your measurements, Made-moiselle?" Noel-Noel asked.

"I don't know," Christine said nervously.

"Whatever they are," said Paulin, watching her, "they are good."

"And what is your name?" Mme. Audry asked.

"Christine de Borde," the girl said, methodically, as if she were answering a job questionnaire. "My father is the Count Ivan de Borde. He is a gentleman farmer and long separated from my mother. I live with my mother."

"And you would like to be a actress?" Mme. Audry asked.

"No At least—I never thought about it."

"You are a student?" she was asked.

"Yes," Christine said. "I go to the secretarial school."

"You like it?"

"I do not like it at all," Christine said. "But since the war we have been poor. My mother must work and I realize I must help her, so I am studying to be a secretary. It is an obligation and I realize I must be happy at it. It is something I must do."

At the very moment she said that, a quality in Christine—a warm, sad, bitter-sweet quality—came shining through.

"You see?" Noel-Noel said triumphantly, turning again to the others.

And again the others nodded. . . .

Mama is skeptical

A few hours later Christine was excitedly telling her mother, "The woman producer said to me that I should come tomorrow to the studio for a film test and that if it was good she would put me into a movie."

"You are sure this was a woman producer?" her mother asked, skeptically.

Christine described Mme. Audry and what she had been wearing, from her beautiful hat right down to her beautiful shoes.

"Well," her mother said—and then she thought for a moment. And then, with great finality, she said, "No, you may not be an actress. The cinema is not a good business and too many young girls like you are led into it with promises and then let out with nothing but a broken heart!"

And that should have been the end of that. Except that for three days running, Christine—suddenly intrigued with the idea of visiting a real movie studio and making a real test—bothered her mother so much that she finally gave in.

It was on a Friday that Christine phoned the producer saying that she could come for the test. The following Monday she made the test, and by Wednesday she was called back to the producer's office.

"This is fantastic, I know, Christine," the woman told her, "but I think you are an actress."

She handed the girl a script.

It was for a picture called *Olivia*.

In it was a part for Christine, a small part, but the kind that can do wonders for a young actress.

As it turned out, this particular young actress ended up doing wonders for the part.

And so began a beautiful career for the newly-named Christine Carere.

And so also began the strange chain of events that would eventually lead to her meeting the young man named Philippe.

She didn't like him at all at first.

*On the cover
of next month's
**MODERN SCREEN—
ELIZABETH TAYLOR**
and the little men
who kiss her goodnight*

As she explained it in a letter to a friend, one of Christine's very few close friends:

This morning I started work on a picture called SPRINGTIME IN PARIS. My co-star is Philippe Nicaud. You remember how I used to idolize him on the screen? Well, he is terrible to meet. He is good-looking, yes; but not really so great-looking. And he is so self-assured, so certain of himself—unlike myself, who is more quiet, and a little insecure. And yes, he is a good actor—but that, too, he knows. Honestly, my only reaction to him is: "Here is a man who is very happy with himself!" Well, you know how I feel about that type—

In her next letter, written about two weeks later, Christine wrote all about the progress of the picture and the fun she was having making it. There was only one reference to Philippe Nicaud this time. It read:

Oh yes, about him—we'll be working together soon. And I can't say I look forward to it.

Not long after, in her third letter, Christine wrote:

I have always liked and respected you, my good friend, but I think you are very silly to say that I have some sort of "feeling"—as you put it—about Monsieur Philippe Nicaud. I feel absolutely nothing.

And then, almost immediately after that, followed the fourth letter:

It was a difficult scene I was working on all day today with Philippe, our second scene together. Both of us were having a little trouble with it. And then, do you know what happened? He asked me if I would have lunch with him, so we could talk about the scene, he said. At lunch we talked about the scene and then we began to talk about ourselves. And do you know what? He was so nice to me and so helpful. After a while I realized that though he is a strong person he is not that strong—and that some of his attitudes which I didn't like are really used by him to cover up the feelings inside him about not being so sure of himself. Anyway, he asked me to have dinner with him tonight. And this will surprise you—or will it?—but I said yes!

That evening with Philippe turned out to be the most wonderful Christine had ever spent.

And that evening led to another, and another.

Finally came the evening a few months later when—sitting together in a small Left Bank restaurant, their dinner over, sipping the remains of a small bottle of sparkling red wine—Philippe asked Christine to marry him.

"But there are things about me you should know," Christine said, suddenly flustered.

"Oh?" said Philippe.

"I don't like the color green," Christine said.

"Neither do I," said Philippe.

"And I hate to travel on airplanes."

"I have always preferred the train myself," said Philippe.

"And in my spare time sometimes I like to write novelettes. Only—until I write one I like very much—I will never let you read it," Christine said.

"I promise not to ask," said Philippe.

"And about my cooking," she continued, "I know all French girls are supposed to be good cooks. I am, too. But I don't like it. I give too much of myself. Then if it's no good I want to cry—and, believe me, sometimes it is no good."

"I have a very simple appetite," said Philippe.

He looked into her eyes and took her hand in his.

"Will you marry me, Christine?" he asked again.

"Yes," Christine said, radiating happiness. "Yes. . . ."

Hollywood beckons

But word from Hollywood interrupted their wedding plans. The word was simple: Twentieth Century-Fox wanted to test Christine in their London studios for the lead in Françoise Sagan's *A Certain Smile*.

It was marvelous news in a way. It would mean Hollywood. It would mean co-starring opposite someone like Rossano Brazzi. It would mean everything a young actress could ever hope for.

Yet it was sad news, too—news that could mean not only putting off the wedding, but being separated from Philippe for month upon month upon month.

Christine didn't know what to do.

Philippe persuaded her to make the test.

Somewhat reluctantly, Christine flew to London. In the back of her mind was the strong belief that she wouldn't make it. After all, she knew no English—and hadn't that held her back once before, the time

she'd been considered to play opposite Kirk Douglas in *Act of Love*? And if you only half heartedly wanted something, weren't the chances pretty slim that you would get it?

But when Christine arrived in London, she really worked on the part. For days, she worked on two scenes. She learned her lines phonetically because although she couldn't read the English spelling, she could learn the sounds. Then she took her test and the prints were rushed to Hollywood.

And, a few days later, a contract was rushed from Hollywood back to Paris.

"Sign it," said Philippe, who had just been notified that he too had landed a plum part—the romantic lead in a stage play called *The Pretender*. "Sign it, and we will be married anyway. And what will happen after that, will happen. . . ."

The wedding, a few months later—after Christine had gone to Hollywood to perfect her English and prepare for the picture—was small and lovely. So was the bride. She wore a dress, with a bolero top and short tulip skirt designed by Dior, a veiled hat with a pony-tail of white satin roses, and carried a tiny bouquet of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

The church ceremony was held at Notre Dame Auteuil, with one near-mishap: when it came time for Philippe to reach into his pocket for Christine's ring—in France it is the bridegroom who carries the ring, not the best man—it wasn't there. Philippe was sure he'd put it in his pocket and he searched and searched. Finally, hopefully, he tried the other pocket and everybody present—especially Philippe—breathed a long sigh of relief when he came up with the tiny gold band.

Then Christine and Philippe and their forty guests drove to a small inn outside Paris for a champagne reception.

It was a beautiful party. And everything went beautifully, too, until it came time for one of the guests to make a toast. Lifting his glass, he spoke about this fine young couple, so much in love, embarking on their great voyage through life together. Then he reminded one and all that they should be proud that the play Philippe had just opened in was the hit of Paris, and that they should be proud that Christine would be leaving in just four days for the United States of America to play the lead in a great motion picture.

"It is a shame," he started to say, "that they will be separated—"

Never let go

Christine never heard the rest. She was too busy now fighting back the tears. She managed to smile when the speech was over, as everyone applauded and drank to their health. But then she reached under the table and clutched her husband's hand hard and she swore to herself that she wouldn't let go of it until that night, so few nights away, when she would have to board the plane and leave him.

Their honeymoon was as wonderful as it was short. They spent it in their new five-room apartment, right there in Paris. They had no furniture yet—nothing but a couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a few dishes and kitchen utensils. But who cared? They had each other. And they had their big terrace overlooking the city below. And on the two evenings when the weather was nice Christine prepared dinner—simple, as she had warned Philippe, just steak, potatoes, pastry and coffee—and they ate on the terrace. And then, as night fell, they continued to sit there, just the two of them, watching the lights of the city go on, then looking up at the stars as they too went on. And they whispered to one another the things that people in love will whisper, trying to fill

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into those few days and nights what they knew would soon be only a memory. . . .

The morning after her arrival in Hollywood—and exactly five mornings after her wedding—Christine got down to the business at hand—namely, to begin to work on her role for *A Certain Smile* and to try to wipe out the loneliness she was already feeling for Philippe.

For those next few months Christine was the loneliest bride in Hollywood.

Except that it would have been hard to tell if you didn't know her very well.

"At night, Christine was always alone," someone who does know her has said. "After a week she moved from the hotel to a small apartment. And after she got home for the day and made her dinner, she would either sit and study her script or her English, or go out for a walk, or turn on the little television set in her bedroom, and lie down and watch until she fell asleep. . . . But then day would come again and Christine would come to the studio. And so anxious was she to learn and be friendly, and so delightful a girl is she, anyway, that you would never know what she really felt about being separated from her Philippe. Of course, there were times when she'd be smiling a little more glowingly than other times. And if you pressed a little, she would tell you, 'Oh, I spoke to my husband on the telephone last night!' or 'Tonight, Philippe will call me and we will be able to talk for a while!' But other than those times, as I said, it was always a little hard to tell how she felt.

That smile

"And then," the friend went on, "came the day, midway through *A Certain Smile*, when the studio decided to shoot part of the picture on location—in France. I was with Christine when she was told this.

And to try to describe her expression would be like my telling you about my first trip to the moon. Let me just say that it was a combination of everything wonderful and happy and thankful in life, all put together in one pretty little face.

"The trip back to Europe must have been a dream come true. I don't know exactly how much time Christine and Philippe had together in their new apartment. It was no more than a couple of weeks, tops.

"But in those couple of weeks they lived, the way some people never live, no matter how much time they spend together.

"And when Christine came back to Hollywood, finally, to finish the picture and begin work on another, she was in all truth a different person.

"Yes, she still spent her nights alone.

"And she was, no doubt, still lonely for her husband.

"But I think she learned something from that happy, though short trip back home.

"She and I got to talking about it. Philippe was still in Paris with his play; Christine was here for another few months with her new picture, *Mardi Gras*—a big bang-up musical with Pat Boone, Tommy Sands, Gary Crosby and June Blair.

"At one point she smiled and said, 'You learn that the miles mean nothing when there is love at both ends of those miles.'

"Then, quickly, she changed the subject.

"But that smile she'd been smiling, that certain smile of Christine Carere's—that remained.

"And it was good to see that, at last, everything was *très* okay!" **END**

Christine will soon be in 20th Century-Fox's *A CERTAIN SMILE* and *MARDI GRAS*. 63

please don't let me lose my children

(Continued from page 23) would remain in England with him, and so that he could later get custody of the children.

When she had kissed eleven-year old Melanie and seven-year-old Francesca good-bye in London a month earlier, leaving them with their father, she had done it because she believed it would be better for them to be with him. She would have loved having them with her in Vienna, but she knew that her days would be crowded with work. She had felt that it would be selfish of her to keep them in Vienna, lonely all day, just so that when the day's shooting on *The Journey* was over she would have a chance to look at their bright, eager faces across the dinner table from her.

The words on the sheet of legal-sized paper seemed to mock her: *Because Peter Viertel has enticed the defendant (Deborah) away from her husband, we are asking. . . .*

She knew that there had been gossip about her and the handsome, thirty-seven-year-old writer who was working on the script of *The Journey* in which she was starring. There had been many late afternoon and evening conferences with the brilliant, sophisticated writer. Peter had been attentive. She had found him charming. But she had tried to be circumspect in her behavior. She had always been shocked at mothers who were so openly loose in their behavior that their actions brought scandal on their family.

Now she thought, her mind whirling with the impact of the news, *What will the children think when the newspapers in London headline this kind of story? Tony's always been popular in England—everyone remembers him as a war hero. What will they say about me when this accusation is aired?*

I wouldn't care so much what they said about me—if it weren't for the children. But how can they stand up to such scandal?

Unbidden tears—the first she'd wept in many years—came to her eyes. And her mind flashed back to the time when she was a child in England, when her father had died and her mother had said good-bye to her at the boarding school where she was to be enrolled.

No heavy weather

"Don't cry," her mother had told her. "You must have strength and self-control and never cry just because you're lonely or unhappy. Remember, never make heavy weather of things."

Since then she had gone through many heartbreaks, many lonely moments. She had suffered as a child at boarding school, feeling bitterly lonely. Many times when she had crawled between the cold sheets at night, she had wanted to sob—but held back her sobs, remembering her mother's warning: *Don't make heavy weather of things.*

When she had borne her two children, she had faced her pains remembering the joys to come. When she and Tony—back in the early years of their marriage when love was strong—had been separated by work, she had repressed all tears.

And when she had had to kiss little Melanie good-bye and leave her with her grandmother and her nanny for four months, because you just don't take a child into the heart of Africa on location—even then she hadn't cried.

But now, at the thought of her two precious daughters being taken from her, these lovely children for whom she had endured years of married unhappiness . . . at the thought of the battle she would have to put up to keep them, the gossip they

might hear about her—the tears she had never known before came freely now.

For several years, Tony Bartley and Deborah Kerr have not been happy together. Years ago Deborah fell out of love with Tony. She sadly admitted only recently, "Ours was not an ideal marriage as people thought. For some time it has been no more than a prosaic one."

That was putting it mildly. For years it has been a highly disturbing marriage to Deborah, an ardently lovely woman who had ceased to feel ardently about her husband. They had been separated many times, too many times perhaps, and the marriage that had begun with such high hopes had become a mockery.

Walter Slezak's young son told his father he'd like to study higher mathematics. And he wanted to start with a bigger allowance.

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

In the meantime, Deborah—who when she married had been reserved, almost prim—had become more beautiful with maturity, more exciting and lovable than ever. But the dreams she had dreamed had died in marriage. A friend said, commenting on the frequent separations of Deborah and Tony, "When a wife and husband are often separated by so many thousands of miles, it's a miracle that the marriage survives at all."

Deborah's marriage has survived for twelve years, though it has been losing its meaning to her for the last few years, because from the day her first daughter was born she decided, "Nothing will ever come between Tony and me now. Our marriage is more important than ever now because we both adore our little daughter."

Thirteen years ago, Deborah was a young actress in Europe. To entertain the troops, she joined a company of *Gaslight* playing opposite Stewart Granger.

It was in Brussels that she first met the great English war ace, Squadron Leader Anthony Bartley, eldest son of Sir Charles and Lady Bartley. From the day she met him, she was attracted by this blond, handsome, brilliant man. How handsome he looked in his uniform!

But this romance turned out to be far more mature than her earlier heart-throbs. She was fascinated not only by Tony's good looks and his reputation as a great hero, but by his inner qualities as well. And he found her not only one of the most beautiful girls he'd ever known, but a gay, stimulating companion. They saw a lot of each other in London, and later, when he was ordered to the South Pacific their letters to each other carried such a world of meaning that they fell in love.

When Tony realized that he loved Deborah he was worried for fear his conservative parents would object to his marrying an actress. He asked Sir Laurence Olivier, one of his close friends, what he thought. "Marry her," said the charming Laurence. "She's a wonderful girl—even though she is unreasonably chaste!"

His doubts dissolved, Tony proposed to Deborah by cable. He was by this time back in England, but he was about to be sent to Australia. WILL YOU MARRY ME? he wired.

Confident that this was a love that would last a lifetime, Deborah wired back: YES, WHEN?

And so they were married in November 1945, at a very fashionable church in London.

And all happiness was theirs.

How madly in love they were in the beginning! Deborah worshipped Tony. She was so quiet in those days—a bit of an introvert—afraid to go to parties.

When they'd get an invitation, she'd turn her troubled face to Tony. "I'd rather not go," she said. "I'm afraid of strangers."

His happy laugh rang out. "Afraid of strangers? With your beauty and charm, darling, you won't be a stranger to anyone for more than five minutes."

And Tony proved to be right. With this smiling, handsome man at her side, she was sought out by everyone at every party, and as long as Tony, beaming, was there, she felt sure of herself. It was obvious during these early years that Tony always wanted to be beside her—that he was not interested in any other girls, not even for the briefest moment. As for Deborah, in those days, she was interested only in Tony.

The magic of happiness continued to hover over their heads. Deborah attracted attention by her fine acting and her beauty and received such a fabulous offer from Hollywood that Tony agreed they had no choice but to accept it.

Their lives were beginning to revolve around Deborah's career, but Tony and she loved each other so much that they were almost blind to what was happening.

Deborah became an important star almost instantly in Hollywood. But nothing that had happened before was as exciting as the bewitching moment when her baby, Melanie, was placed in the circle of her arms, as she lay in her hospital bed. And when Tony said, a little later, looking with awe at Melanie, "I thought all new-born babies were homely, but darling, she is probably this beautiful only because you are," Deborah thought her heart would swell until it burst.

A wonderful father

Francesca's birth four years later seemed to cement her happiness all the more.

Afterwards, there were many times when Deborah would awaken in the morning and think, *Things aren't going as well with Tony and me as they used to. I wonder why?* Then she would shut the unwelcome thought out of her mind.

He was wonderful with the children. . . . Why should she feel a strange little hurt inside? Why should she feel as though some part of her wanted something out of marriage she wasn't getting?

No woman got everything, and if her heart didn't feel like bursting at the sight of Tony any more, this was the way it was with good friends and lovers as the years went by. Marriage was a grown-up affair, and she and Tony were real grown-ups, not just romantic children playing at marriage.

Grown-up problems were beginning to appear, too. While Deborah became one of the busiest stars in Hollywood, Tony had little to do. He became irritated with the realization that though he was a hero in his own country, here he was regarded merely as *Deborah Kerr's husband*.

Deborah's studio, anxious to keep one of their most valuable stars happy, gave Tony a job as a TV producer. It was a fairly good job, but his salary couldn't begin to compare with hers. If there were times when she wished that she and Tony were not so dependent financially on her earnings, she stifled the treacherous thought. After all, as a sensible girl she realized that stars usually make more money than all but the most successful producers.

Even though she began to realize that her own marriage was beginning to be bogged down by this big problem, she hated the thought of divorce because of its consequences on the children.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by

special glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this kind of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

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"I don't want to criticize anyone," Deborah once told me as we had tea in the living room of her lovely Pacific Palisades home, with its warm English chintzes and glistening mahogany pieces, "but I've been surprised at the number of mothers whose names have made ugly headlines. I don't see how any mother can ever do anything to bring discredit on her child. All married people have their ups and downs, but I would never leave Tony because he loves Melanie and Francesca as much as I do."

If she had been as madly in love with Tony as she wanted to believe she was, she wouldn't have dreamed of making such a statement. But to Deborah there was just one big reason why nothing and no one could ever come between them. Her desire to keep her children happy and secure meant too much to her to take the easy way out of her growing dissatisfaction with her marriage by divorce.

Her own childhood

She could remember her own loneliness as a child, and she decided that even though she had to be away from home on location for months, she would make it up to her children in other ways. She bought her little girls all kinds of gifts and showered them with every visible and invisible symbol of love.

Even so, she used to worry about whether being an actress was interfering with her being a good mother until Melanie said one day, "Mother, it's always wonderful to know that whenever I really need you, you're always here."

Her personal happiness or lack of happiness with Tony became very secondary in Deborah's life. She lived only for her two little girls and her work. She loved and respected Tony—but it was mostly because he was Melanie's and Francesca's father. The old magic was gone.

But a very special magic entered into Debbie's life as a mother. Francesca was only four years old when she hugged her mother and said, "Mummy, I love you ten times." Then, not satisfied with that number she said, "I mean twelve times." Then she corrected herself, "I love you a hundred times."

Deborah beamed, but Francesca had still another contribution to make. "Mummy, nobody can count how many times I love you. It's more times than there are numbers."

Deborah held her little daughter close and said, "And I can't count the ways I love you, darling."

Then the stranger within herself said: "Yes, you cannot measure the love you feel for your two little girls. But what is happening between you and Tony? Why is that love becoming so much less important in your life?"

What an adult is

Deborah shut out the disturbing thought, as she had so many times before. This was what being an adult was: finding out that Prince Charming was just a character in a fairy tale. But even so, you kept a marriage alive for the sake of the children. It would be ugly to expose them to the kind of bickering she sometimes saw among husbands and wives who hurled accusations at each other in divorce cases.

Because of his personal popularity in England, and his contacts there, Tony opened offices for tv production in London; Deborah, as an international star, had to travel all over the world. The many separations forced upon Tony and herself were both a curse and a blessing. It was a relief in a way. They had so little in common these days—would they have had more if there had been fewer separations?

"We're adults, Tony and I," she'd say.

"We have a very good understanding,

even though we sometimes have to be separated. Ours was never a roaring passion."

(Never, Deborah? Never really? Have you really forgotten those early years? Have you fooled yourself that much?)

There was always her wonderful life with the children to compensate for many heartaches. Deborah was a great celebrity now, and when she went to London, the Queen herself wanted to meet her.

Deborah sent word to the Queen's representative: "I'm greatly honored, but would it be possible to bring my two children to the presentation?"

And Her Majesty said that she would love to meet Deborah's little girls.

So it wasn't so bad being an actress. You might not be able to spend quite as much time with your children, but when you were with them, your heart was filled to overflowing, and you were able to give them momentous experiences like meeting a Queen.

Later that night, when Deborah tucked them into bed, Melanie said solemnly: "Dear God, bless Mother and Daddy and Francesca, and mother's queen."

Deborah said, "My queen, darling? Why do you call her my queen?"

"Because I can't have a queen of my own, because I was born in America."

"Well," laughed Deborah, "let's all bless America."

She was proud of her children and their great sense of humor. How she chuckled when Melanie said once, after being scolded for being noisy, "Mother, dear, how can you make such a fuss about a little noise? What would you do if there were a war on?"

Looking back at this now in her suite in Vienna, Deborah's lips curved in a sad, small smile.

How could Tony, who said he loved the

children, subject them to such disgrace? How could he have so little thought for the children as to allege in this legal paper—that she had been "enticed" by Peter Viertel?

Even if such an allegation were true, how could he deliver such a damaging blow to her and the children?

Her mind went back into the years, back to the days when she had been living a lonely life in a boarding school. Her father had been dead; her mother absent, she had felt like a rejected orphan at times.

How much worse for her children if their father made them feel their mother had disgraced herself, had ignored them and their welfare for a lover in Vienna?

Her hand reached for the phone. She would fight. She would call her lawyer, Isaac Pacht, in California—tell him to enter suit in Los Angeles and a counter suit in Europe.

She would be free of this man who had thrown this charge against her and Peter. Above all, she would fight to get her children back.

She went down on her knees, trembling. "Dear God," she whispered. "You are my final Judge. Let whatever judge hears our case on earth decide truly and honestly: Is Deborah Kerr a fit mother for her children?"

"Only You, God, know the final answer. But, please God, if I have ever done anything wrong, don't punish these innocent little girls by tearing them away from me."

"Dear God, please don't let me lose my children."

END

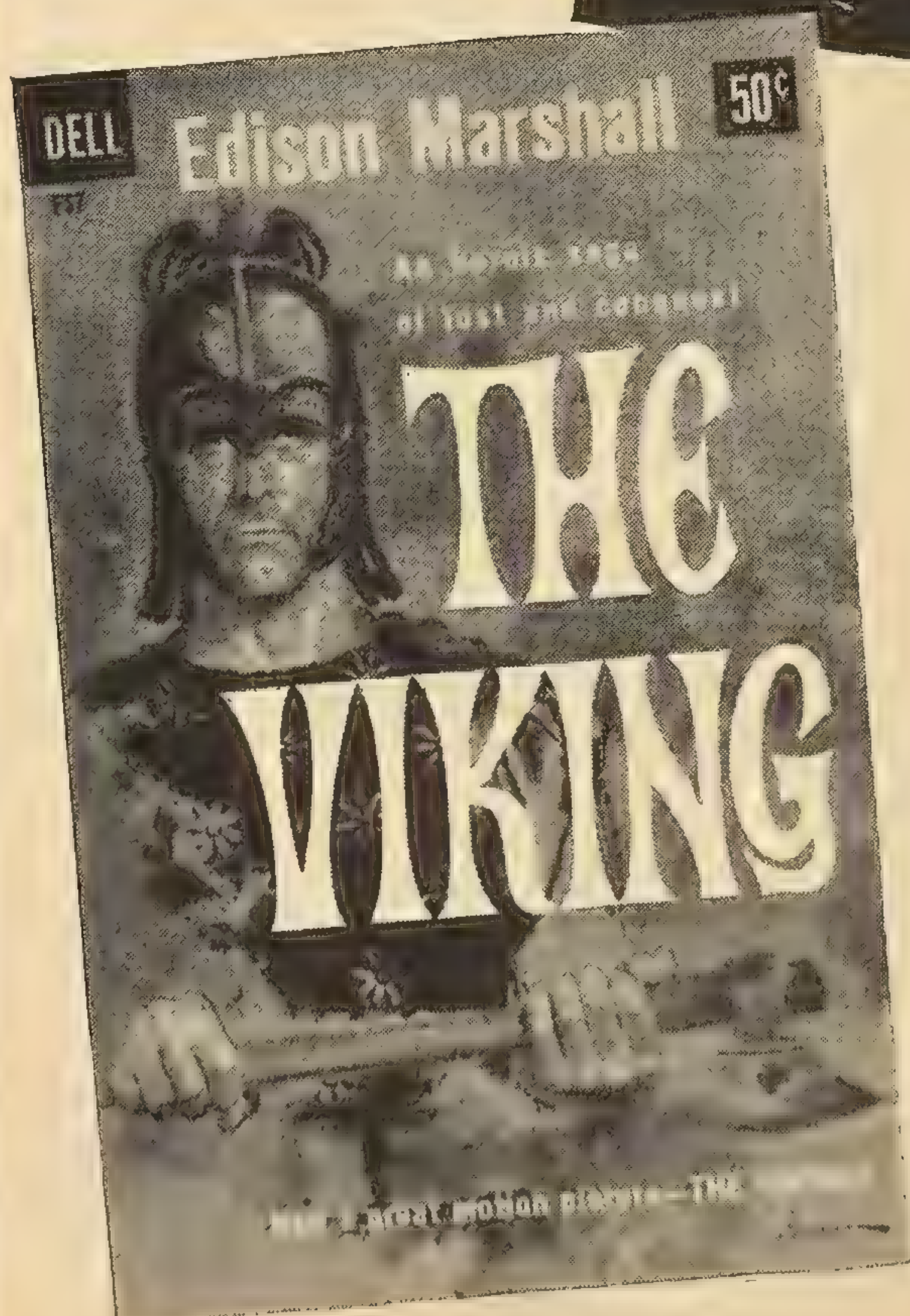
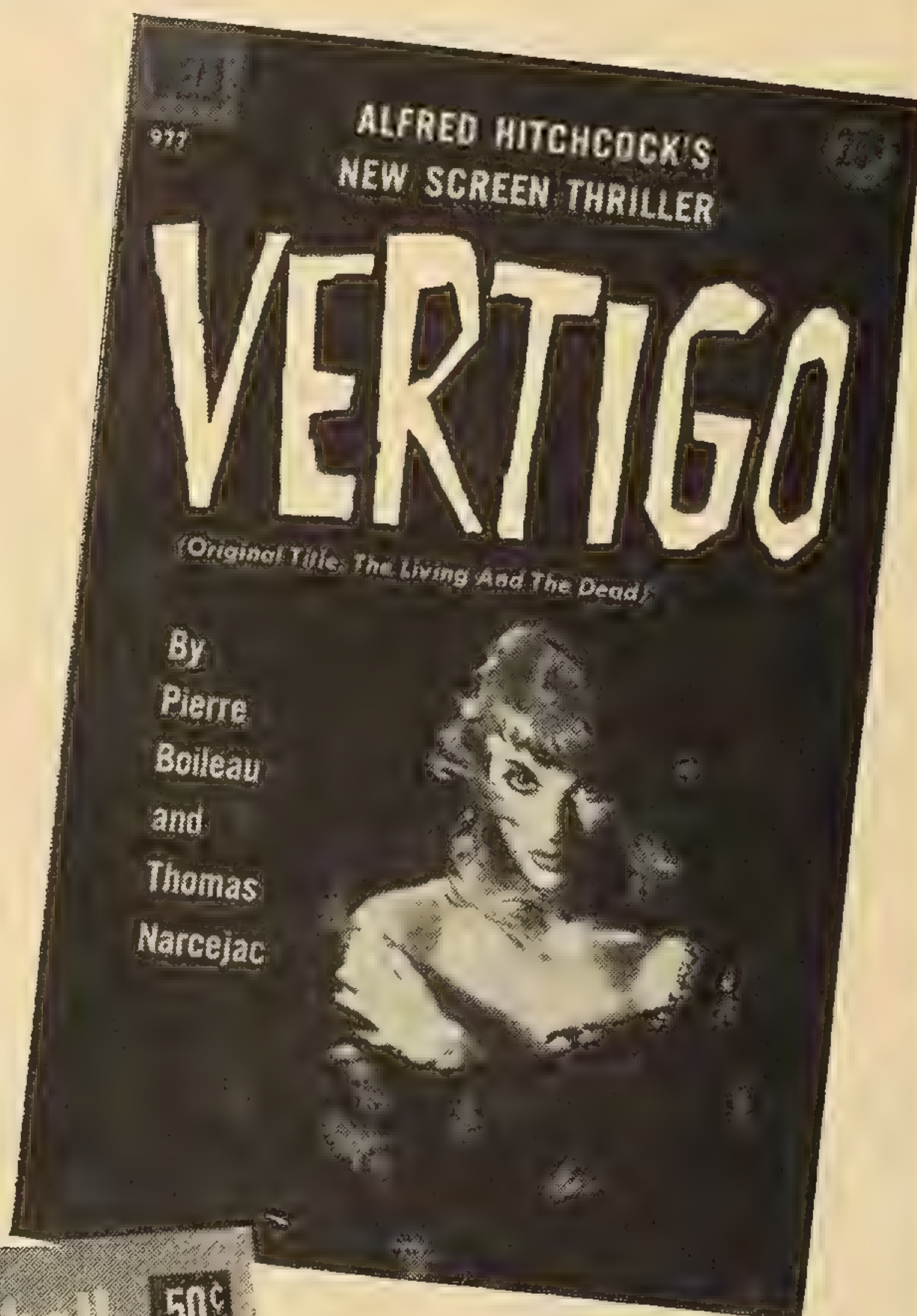
..Deborah is now appearing in *United Artist's SEPARATE TABLES*; and she will soon appear in *THE SUNDOWNERS* for Warners; and *THE JOURNEY* and *THE BLESSING*, both for MGM.

The Best Movies are DELL Books

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Now a spectacular, multimillion dollar motion picture starring Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh.

tops them all

(Continued from page 56) a home perm regularly.

For the new hair cuts choose a home perm that gives the hair *body* as well as curl for top results. With the home perm your hairstyle will never droop or let down in rainy weather—it will withstand heat and humidity.

Once you have given yourself your home perm regularly don't miss up on the use of hair sprays. Select those that condition your hair, that condition and hold your hairstyle, and those that particularly aid you with setting and styling tricks. If you decide on the new "wear your hair short—and wear it tumbled" edict you will need home perms and hair sprays just as much as the gal whose choice is the sleek long-line cut—for short hairstyles require much hair care and conditioning if they are to have the *groomed* look of studied carelessness. Also, remember that the new short hairstyles need expert and skillful cutting—and, you do need to set them carefully.

The "Tumble" cut (cut all-over the head to a length of about two and one-half inches) can be worn *windblown*, brushed down and forward in delicate strands to touch the eyebrows and cheeks; or, it can be *hoydenish*, arranged atop the head in a mad froth of open curls and wisps; or, it can be *elegantly sophisticated* (shown below, C).

The "Ripple" cut (shown below, D) with its fount of curls, short and close, springs forth as a fashion leader, too. And, "Ripple" is really a warm-weather darling. It also needs an expert and skilled hair cut. Ruel, style director of Coiffures Americana Salons, explains that "Ripple" is really the shortest hair cut since the "poodle" cut. It starts at the back of the neck, a bare one-half inch in length, and progresses to a maximum of two and one-half inches. Razoring is a *must* with this hair cut—a finely tapered strand molds perfectly into its lines.

If you've never worn a short cut—try it. It's a flattering easy-to-handle hair-do—it's perfect with the new silhouettes.

If you prefer the sleek long-line cut—have this cut expertly done, too. It isn't smart to cut your own hair. You will find your home perm and setting jobs are easier after you have had a professional cut.

Right now decide to adopt a new hairstyle. Your choice decided—the next step is your home perm—then your hair will be *ready* for the new sprays and novel settings.

All the hairstyles featured in this article are smart and new. Some are frothy—all are flattering and flirty. (Hairstyles below, courtesy Coiffures Americana.)

C



Wear "Tumble" cut for the short open-curl hairstyle with tousle-look. Add a "headache band" for fun.

D

The "Ripple" cut is short, close and curly. It combs up in back, forward and over the temples and forehead.



our family

(Continued from page 41) colored walls and tangerine-colored chairs. There is a small piano near the window and across the room, a tv set. There are three pianos in all, two visible in adjacent rooms.

Comfortable and airy, this pleasant living room might belong to any successful American family rather than two movie and tv stars, many of whom have to have a special room or guest house by a pool for every conceivable activity. (One star I know has a room for just playing records.)

But this room in the Fisher house has the feeling of being lived in. On one wall hangs a clown painting of Eddie Cantor, bearing a remarkable resemblance to the comic who discovered Eddie. In a smaller space hangs an adorable painting of Carrie. On a coffee table is a large silver-framed photograph of Elizabeth Taylor, Mike Todd and their baby, affectionately autographed. (Of these prized possessions, more later).

Now I stepped through the door saying, "Hi."

The young man hand-sprung himself out of the water, brushing his eyes, shaking his head like a poodle. "Hi, Louella," called Eddie. "Debbie isn't back yet, but come on out and meet Carrie who's learned to talk since you saw her last. I'll just dry myself if you'll excuse me. You're early," the words tumbled out of him.

Carrie talks to Louella

Wrapping a large towel about himself, he kissed me on the cheek and pulled me by the hand over to the curious Carrie who had stopped pouring sand over her head to regard me.

"Say 'Hi, Lollie,'" he prompted the twenty-two-month-old debutante.

Carrie considered this a moment. "Lollie," she said suddenly, so plainly both her father and I jumped. That did it as far as I was concerned!

"Say 'Lollypops!'" I cried. "That's what all the little boys and girls call me."

Again Miss Carrie mulled the possibilities. "Lollypops," piped the baby, and I was lost, sunk, gone!

"A genius!" laughed Eddie. "A lovable genius. My daughter is not yet two years old and—talking. And, she crinkles up her nose just like Debbie." He picked up the chubby little girl and handed her to me.

A cheerful voice called from the doorway, "What's going on out here?"—and we all turned to see the laughing face of Debbie who had come in without our hearing her from a charity luncheon.

I thought how smart she looked in a pale gray dress, matching shoes and a white hat, bag and gloves. Yet there is something so innately youthful about her that she still looked a bit like a teenager dressed up as a young matron.

"How are the charity club ladies?" kidded Eddie who may joke about it but who is secretly proud of the enormous efforts Debbie makes for many worthy causes, particularly those for emotionally disturbed children, her favorite work. Just the previous night she had won the Heart of Gold award for her outstanding work in connection with Mt. Sinai Hospital fund for children.

"Come on inside and I may tell you," threatened Debbie, leading me back into the house and taking Carrie who had been squealing with delight ever since the appearance of her mother.

She plunked Carrie on the floor, herself on the big divan, kicked her shoes off and pushed back her hat. "That's my girl," laughed Eddie, leaning over and kissing

her. He had slipped into slacks and shirt.

Eddie's emergency

For the first time I noticed that he looked thin and a little tired. And why not? He was just out of the hospital after an emergency siege of appendicitis in which an operation was postponed, not avoided—and this coming on top of his strenuous tv season had taken a lot out of him. Debbie must have caught my train of thought for she said, "It's awful that Eddie has to be sick to get a rest." But she added, "I'm so proud of him and his wonderful rating—it's a real accomplishment."

We're all proud of Eddie. In a season that has seen top tv headliners chopped off right and left, Eddie Fisher has emerged a greater star than he's ever been, that greatness made all the more intense by his charming humility in front of the cameras. Someone said his graciousness made him 'a male Dinah Shore.' Certainly he has the same warm appeal of Dinah and also Perry Como.

"You gals are prejudiced," said Eddie. Then turning serious he added, "Naturally, I'm happy."

"But it's not my ratings alone. It's the guest stars who have made my show. I couldn't have done it alone." And then he told us of his plans to use big stars on his new series coming up in the fall—"the biggest of which shall be my talented wife, Debbie Reynolds," he smiled.

"Tell me about all your plans, professional and private," I put in. "This is an official interview, you know. Not just a visit from your adopted 'mother' as it used to be when I'd drop in your house near mine on Maple Drive."

"And, you're the only person we'd give an interview to in our home," said Debbie. "This is the very first, because you are our friend."

She's such an honest little person; I was touched. And proud.

New York vs. Hollywood

"Well, getting back to our plans, there are a few things that should be cleared up, corrected," Eddie said. "Our moving back to New York next season, for instance. That isn't true any longer."

"I guess it started because Debbie and I had such a wonderful time our last trip back. We were in a whirl all the time. We fell so much in love with New York I thought, 'Why shouldn't I do at least half of my shows in the big town?' It would be a wonderful change."

Debbie, smiling, said, "Now tell her why we changed our minds."

Eddie whistled, "Do you know what it costs to live in New York for a family with two children? Ouch! Besides, it costs twice as much to put on a tv show in New York. I get \$100,000 a show and foot all the bills for guest stars, music, etc. But there are more good guest stars available in Hollywood and a show can be produced with far less cost if it emanates from the West Coast."

"So, we're keeping New York for a vacation spot," laughed Debbie, "on an expense account, preferably."

And now, Eddie spoke very softly when he said, "New York always reminds me of Mike, too. Mike Todd. Whenever I'm there, I can't believe he isn't."

The beautiful photo of Mike and Liz and the baby, the one which had appeared on the cover of *Life* magazine before the tragic air crash snuffed out Mike's life, again caught my eye. We all looked at it—at the pride and happiness reflected in Mike's strong face.

"He was like a father to me," said Eddie. "There's not another guy like him. He never saw little Todd, our son, but he was so delighted that we named the baby for him. He telephoned Debbie to thank her and to say he would make young Todd proud to be named after him."

Debbie, with her quick sympathy of all 67



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Eddie's moods, patted his hand. She, better than anyone else, knows how deeply he took the death of his pal.

Eddie went on, "Mike was so eager to see the baby. We made a date for him to meet his namesake—then something came up, a business appointment. The next day he wanted to come over—and I had to work. And then—" he could hardly go on for the choke in his voice, "—the terrible, terrible accident."

I've known Eddie a long time, and I believe that the shock of Mike's death has had a marked effect on his personality. He isn't the old carefree, sometimes thoughtless boy he used to be, loving night life, jam sessions and being out with the boys so much he sometimes forgot to go home until the wee small hours.

His grief in the loss of a valued friend has matured him; he has truly grown up. He is sweeter, more gentle, more appreciative and much more of a family man. Debbie and the children are his life these days and nights. His booming TV career is his 'job,' and between his family and his work he has little time for anything else.

Debbie, who had left the room with Carrie Frances, returned with Todd.

"Here's my fella," Eddie called, taking the heavy baby (he weighs 16 pounds) from Debbie—and he handled him most expertly I noticed. And, after that we all had eyes for no one but the youngest addition.

If you ever saw a beautiful baby, this is it! He gurgles; he laughs; he's such a good-natured darling he lets everyone hold him. His eyes are big and black with long sweeping lashes. He looks like a picture of a baby on a magazine cover, only cuter and prettier.

"He's another reason we aren't going to New York," Debbie kidded, "Todd likes California."

"He's never seen any place else—not much choice," Eddie laughed.

"Then with New York out of your plans, you'll just stay right here in this house," I continued after we'd temporarily stopped oh-ing and ah-ing over the baby.

"No, we'll build a new house," Eddie replied.

Cake and potato chips

Debbie, who was again curled up on the couch and eating potato chips (she's so thin she doesn't have to worry about diet) and sipping a Coca Cola, explained, "We like this house and architecturally it's good. When we bought it—there was just Carrie Frances then—it seemed all right. There are two bedrooms with connecting bath for the children and our own large suite, but the arrival of Todd makes a difference. We have to have more help—and we need more grounds, for little boys take a lot more room to burst around in than little girls."

"Where will you build next time?" I asked.

"In Beverly Hills," she said.

I told Debbie, "Eddie and I have been doing a lot of talking about his plans—how about yours, young lady?"

"I'll work," she replied, "as long as it doesn't take me away from Eddie and the children. I've just had a wonderful offer to make a picture in London, the best role of my career. I would tell you what it is, only it isn't fair to the star and producer because it would make the girl who accepts the part look like second choice. But anyway, I turned it down without a qualm because," she said, "I won't leave either of these boys or my girl." She smiled at them.

She took another potato chip and remarked as a simple matter of unargued fact, "Eddie's career is more important than mine."

He interrupted quickly, "I don't want it

to be, Debbie. Maybe we could arrange things so I could get away to go to Europe with you if you really want to do that picture."

"I don't, and I won't—and nothing you can say will make me, sir," and now she was really laughing. "I have to have some excuses!" He sat down beside her and they held hands.

I have a strong hunch the Fishers will never be separated for any length of time. They are determined to make a success of their marriage and if you ask me, they're doing a very good job of it.

"More than I want to go London, I want to go with Eddie to Las Vegas for his eight-week engagement at the Tropicana," Debbie went on. "When he finishes there, which will be about the middle of August, he's due to start conferences and rehearsals on his new TV series. This is enough to keep one family busy. And, when he goes back to work on television, I'll probably start a new picture at MGM."

Eddie's club woman

I complimented her on still finding so much time to work so enthusiastically for charity. "I'm a member of the Thalias, a group of young players dedicated to helping emotionally disturbed and handicapped children," she said. Without mentioning that she had won a personal award for her own efforts, she explained, "Recently we've been putting out a special effort for Mt. Sinai Hospital which has a special fund for children, and we work hard for SHARE, too, because it's another fine organization."

"I told you I was married to a club woman," Eddie laughed.

"Well, it's better than all the effort you put in trying to get another dog in this house," his wife opined.

"We already have the poodle Eddie gave me," Debbie explained. "The poodle's name is Rocky Marciano and right now he's getting married. So I guess we'll have another baby around the place."

Before I could get into the dog argument, Gloria Luckenbill, Eddie's efficient secretary came in bringing with her some beautiful pictures she had taken of Debbie, Eddie and the baby, Todd. Gloria's really an expert with her camera and we all admired the photos—one of which I had every intention of stealing, of course the one of baby Todd—

"I love pictures and photos of people I love," Eddie said. "Maybe you notice we've got them all over the place." He pointed to the clown painting of Eddie Cantor and the one of Carrie Frances which I had noticed when I came in.

"That picture of Cantor is the best clown painting I've ever seen," he went on. "It catches perfectly the appeal of Eddie's comedy. And, the one of Carrie Frances was painted by Gali, who taught President Eisenhower to paint. I like these things around me, like to look at them. Makes me remember *who* to be grateful to—and for." I liked Eddie's saying that. When a young man is on top as he is, it isn't often he thinks of being grateful.

The afternoon shadows were growing shorter in the happy living room and it was about time for me to go when suddenly Miss Carrie Frances bounced back in.

Debbie hailed her daughter, "Do you want to see Gregg?" Carrie jumped up and down and clapped her hands.

"Who's Gregg?" I asked.

"Gregg is Carrie's boyfriend, Marg and Gower Champion's son," said Debbie. "She loves him and he loves her. Looks like everybody around here's in love."

That's the way it looks, I thought—and what could be grander?

END

Debbie is starring in THIS HAPPY FEELING for U-I, and will be in MGM's SNOB HILL.



IMITATION GENERAL
an adventure of World War II
Glenn Ford
Red Buttons
Taina Elg
Dean Jones
Kent Smith

■ The funniest things happened during World War II. Like Glenn Ford and Red Buttons got hold of some hand grenades and tossed them into some German tanks (while sitting on the hatch so nobody could come out). And nobody did come out. This is the crazy, but maybe very true, humor that runs through *Imitation General*. Kent Smith was the real general, who surprised everybody by coming up to the front lines. He came up because a lot of American soldiers were stranded and surrounded in the French countryside and had lost their will to fight. Glenn Ford was the general's aide (and just a master sergeant) until machine gun fire changed all that. With Smith dead, Ford figures somebody has to take his place, or all is lost. Buddy, Red Buttons, thinks maybe it's wiser to let all be lost, but he goes along with Ford's idea. The fact that they're headquartered in Taina Elg's farmhouse makes things pleasant. Ford rallies the men to magnificent action; his only worry is that a private named Tighe Andrews is in the area and would like nothing better than to expose him. —MGM.

INDISCREET
sparkling romance
Cary Grant
Ingrid Bergman
Cecil Parker
Phyllis Calvert
David Kossoff

■ London has some beautiful flats and in one of the most beautiful flats of all lives one of the most beautiful actresses of all—Ingrid Bergman. But she's lonely. Her older sister (Phyllis Calvert) worries about her. Phyllis is comfortably married to NATO official Cecil Parker. It's Parker who produces American Cary Grant. What a production! Suave, important, rich—and unmarried? Well, no. But he can't get a divorce. Ingrid falls for him, anyway, and they have a wonderful romance. Then Grant drops the bomb—NATO wants to assign him to New York. They plan a sentimental farewell. Ingrid's being very brave; so is Cary. Too bad he's a liar. Ingrid's reliable

brother-in-law has discovered that Grant was never married in his life. Don't think Ingrid takes that news lying down. She explodes, and the effect is comical and tender. The movie as a whole will charm you to pieces.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING:
VERTIGO (Technicolor, Paramount): Detective James Stewart quits the force when he discovers that he's got vertigo, that terrible feeling of dizziness. But he agrees to follow old friend Tom Helmore's wife (Kim Novak) because she seems to lose her memory at the strangest moments and forget who she is. Barbara Bel Geddes tries to keep Jimmy from falling for lovely Kim, but she's not too successful. For thrills and chills don't miss this one.

THE VIKINGS (Technicolor, United Artists): Ernest Borgnine, king of the Vikings, and his son Kirk Douglas think Tony Curtis is a slave, but he's really a prince in disguise—the son of their greatest enemy. Tony and Kirk stage a major hassle over princess Janet Leigh. And there are some pretty fantastic battle scenes that hold you at the edge of your seat.

THE MATCHMAKER (Paramount): Matchmaker Shirley Booth takes client Paul Ford to New York to meet lovely Shirley MacLaine. But things get mixed up and Ford ends up by dating a fictional charmer named Ernestine, while his chief clerk, Tony Perkins, takes out Shirley MacLaine. The mix-up leads to lots of laughs and a terrific movie!

VOICE IN THE MIRROR (U-I): Richard Egan, a long-time alcoholic, meets Arthur O'Connell, a drinking ex-schoolteacher. Egan, whose wife (Julie London) has tried to commit him to an institution, has run away from her and tries to help O'Connell. With each other's aid they make it on the long road to recovery. It's a tough struggle with lots of slips.

GUNMAN'S WALK (Columbia): Tab Hunter really gets himself into a jam when he pushes Kathryn Grant's brother off a cliff, then shoots his way out of jail. Brother (James Darren) is a good guy and thinks maybe something's wrong with Tab, but it takes Dad a while to agree with him. There are many moving scenes in this rip-roaring Western drama.

TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS (CinemaScope, U-I): Rock Hudson's a captain of a leaky ship en route to Mexico with lovely Cyd Charisse for a passenger. She doesn't tell Rock that she's got to get to Mexico fast to escape from the police and a murder charge. He's got some pretty hot secrets too. They fall in love and jealous Arthur Kennedy tries to break up their romance.

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private presley answers

(Continued from page 27)

Hi, BUDDY:

I'M IN SERVICE TOO AND FIND GIRLS GIVE ME A REAL TOUGH TIME. DON'T KNOW HOW TO COPE WITH IT. WONDERED IF A BABE EVER GAVE YOU THE BUSINESS AND WHAT YOU DID.

Elmer Paterson, USCG
Key West, Florida

Yup. A girl can give me a pretty bad time, but I'm not begging. I've learned the hard way. A girl doesn't want a man she can lead by the ears. If there is an understanding from the beginning . . . "Look, I'm in love with you—but I'm not so in love I can't live without you,"—then it's right. Once a girl knows how much I care—she can make it rough. I know. So today I'll call a girl for a date and if she hesitates or kind of starts off with some excuse, I forget her. I don't call again. I learned not to go out of my way or break my neck to make a date. The more you try, the less they like you. So it's not going to do any good anyway. A girl seems to get the idea that if you run after her you're weak and she takes advantage of it. Sometimes, however, a girl wants the feeling that she's being run after. If a girl can't take a hint—well!

DEAR ELVIS:

DO YOU MIND IF GIRLS CALL YOU? DO YOU EXPECT TO DATE MUCH WHILE YOU'RE IN THE ARMY? WHERE DO YOU LIKE TO TAKE YOUR GIRLS AND DO YOU SEND THEM FLOWERS?

Dusty Towers
Washington, D. C.

I'm pleased when girls call me . . . and flattered. Yes, I hope to meet lots of new girls while I'm in service. It will be a long, long time before I'm a civilian again—and naturally I love all pretty girls. When they come running at me, I want to run to them—not away from them. I'm a great movie fan. I like to go to the movies with my dates. The flower bit? No, I don't send flowers to a girl unless she dies. I'm kidding. I send flowers if they are sick or if it's their birthday. But if I want a date I don't send flowers first.

ELVIS:

I'M HEARTBROKEN. I HEARD YOU'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO BEING SHIPPED OVERSEAS BECAUSE FOREIGN GIRLS TREAT THEIR MEN MUCH BETTER THAN AMERICAN GIRLS DO!

Jenny Lincoln
Lordsburg, New Mexico

Honey, you heard wrong. American girls suit me just fine.

DEAR ELVIS:

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS TAKE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS TO MEMPHIS TO MEET YOUR FOLKS WHEN YOU HAVE NO INTENTION OF MARRYING THESE GIRLS?

N. W.
San Francisco

My folks always like to know my friends and the girls I date . . . and I like them to.

About the Army

DEAR PRIVATE PRESLEY:

MY DADDY TELLS ME THE ARMY IS GOING TO MAKE IT REAL HARD FOR YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE FAMOUS. DADDY SERVED WITH GLENN FORD IN THE MARINES AND SAYS MR. FORD WAS KEPT ON LATRINE DUTY AND ASSIGNED OTHER DIFFICULT JOBS TO PROVE HE WAS NOT PRIVILEGED? ARE THEY TREATING YOU BAD? IF THEY ARE, I'LL FIX THEM GOOD.

Elinore Stevens
Los Angeles, California

In the Army, I'm just another trainee, just another guy. Sure I did KP, stood guard, went through combat training in the field, made the fifteen-mile hike with sixty-five pounds on my back—but so did all the other fellows. The officers are strict but fair. They have a job to do and won't stand for nonsense. And I'm flexible. I expected to conform. I've never been accustomed to things real easy. If I make it hard, the only one it's going to be hard on is me. I certainly don't mind hard work. I've done plenty of it before this. I worked as a laborer, up at three every morning working in a defense plant. When I was in high school I'd get out at 3:30 and be on the job at 6:30 for \$12.50 a week ushering. And I'd be up at dawn every morning to complete my homework. This is nothing to me. I can always make out.

DEAR ELVIS:

PLEASE TELL ME—ARE YOU HAPPY, REALLY HAPPY IN THE ARMY? ARE THE REST OF THE FELLOWS FRIENDLY? DO YOU GET HOMESICK MUCH?

Cynthia Goldstein
New York City

I like the Army and I like the fellows just fine. Nope—the guys haven't needed me about my career. Only time they seem conscious of it is in the evenings when they drop into the barracks to get autographs for their sisters or friends. About getting homesick—there's been so much to learn and do that few of us have had the time to get homesick after a day filled with climbing mountains, hopping fences, shooting at targets, etc. I had looked forward to going into the Army as a new experience. And it sure has been. I miss my buddies back home and my friends, but you can't go through life depending on friends. You have to depend on yourself. And you learn to do that in the Army.

EL DEAR:

WHAT DO YOU MISS MOST WHILE YOU'RE IN THE ARMY? WHAT DO YOU ENJOY MOST?

Suzannah Ballin
Mobile, Alabama

You can say I miss my Mama's cooking. Like her pork chops, brown gravy, apple pie and her vegetable soup. And it's nice to be home and lounge around in slacks and sweaters. I enjoy my freedom most. That might sound strange but it is true. I have more freedom in the Army. Of course I obey the rules and regulations—but off duty I'm left alone. As a civilian everyone feels they must "protect" me: security police are hired and elevator operators aren't allowed to take anyone they don't recognize to my floor. Such protection can be isolating . . . and confining. That's why I feel more free now.

His Plans, His Future, His Career

DEAR ELVIS:

HOW DO YOU PLAN TO SPEND YOUR FURLONGS? ARE YOU GOING TO HOLLYWOOD OR NEW YORK TO WHOOP IT UP, LIVE IT UP, BE WILD AND GAY?

J. D.
Memphis, Tenn.

You make it sound like I'm leaving life. I haven't any plans. I never do. I like to be in Memphis with my folks. I just take things as they come.

DEAR ELVIS:

I PROMISE I WON'T—BUT DO YOU FEAR THAT MOST OF YOUR FANS WILL FORGET YOU OR FIND NEW FAVORITES DURING YOUR LONG SOJOURN IN THE ARMY? DO YOU FEAR YOUR CAREER WILL END?

Mary Rogers
Salt Lake City, Utah

I hope not. But if they do, I hope I can start all over again when I get out as an actor. I want to be a good actor. My role in my last picture, KING CREOLE, is the best one I've ever had. I'm not a polished actor yet, but I'm trying to be efficient. I can't do anything I don't feel and I did feel these lines. I hope my fans will like me in it enough to remember me.

DEAR ELVIS:

I MET YOU WHEN YOU WERE DOWN HERE MAKING King Creole AND YOU TOLD ME TO WRITE YOU WHEN YOU WENT INTO THE ARMY. I DID. FIVE TIMES. BUT I NEVER GOT AN ANSWER. DON'T THEY GIVE YOU YOUR MAIL THERE OR IS IT JUST THAT YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR FANS ANYMORE?

Liliayne Dunne
New Orleans, Louisiana

Hon, I love my fans—and I miss them. I just hope they won't blame me for the Army regulations which at times force me

to ignore them. About my mail—several thousand letters arrive here each week. Getting those letters were really great . . . and I did try to acknowledge some of the mail and packages. Only it's impossible to write or call everyone. The other fellows wait on long lines here to speak for a few minutes to their mothers and sisters and wives—and I don't want any special privileges. But getting all those letters are great for the morale. I'd be miserable if they stopped coming. That's why I humbly hope that although I can't promise answers—you, and the rest of my fans will understand that I'm not deliberately neglecting you, nor appreciating your loyalty any the less.

Luv ya. . . .

Elvis Presley

Elvis can be seen in KING CREOLE for Paramount.

how god saved our marriage

(Continued from page 29) steps in the house. "Here I am darling," he calls. Instead of greeting him with a kiss, I am so mad I begin to cry and shout at him. I have an Italian temper. So does he. I feel like a mess by this time. It is late; I do not feel we can go any more. I feel that he has forced us, by his lateness, to disappoint our dear friends.

Vic cannot understand why I am so upset merely because he is late. But I feel there is no reason for him to be so late. I begin to blabber in Italian. For me it is very important to keep a promise to be on time. He says, "Let's go. I can dress in a jiffy."

I say, "No. I cannot go out any more. You have ruined my evening. You have ruined their evening. You have ruined everything. How can you do such a thing?"

One word leads to another. He says, "Calm down." But by this time I am hysterical and cannot control my feelings.

This time he does not go to his study. I do not go to my room. We do not calm down, think things over and cool off.

We are both too upset. Finally, Vic looks at me and in a tired voice says, "We cannot be together tonight. It will only bring more words, more quarrels. I will go to a hotel. We will think better that way."

So he packs a bag and leaves. And there is no Vic in the study, no door to knock on, no lips to kiss mine. When I hear him close the front door, I fall on my bed and cry my eyes out.

I cannot sleep. I call my mother and she says, "You are being very foolish," and she gives me comforting words encouraging me to make up. Poor Vic, he has no one to go to. He stays in the hotel room alone.

The next day Vic calls. He says, "Darling, I could not sleep all night."

I say, "I could not sleep either."

He says, "I am coming home."

When he comes home, I call my mother to come over to help us settle our disagreement. When she arrives, we all go to our bedroom and sit and talk. We straighten it out—the three of us. All together. She makes a lot of sense. Vic likes to talk to her. He calls her *Mama*. She told us what she felt. We all opened up to one another. Italian people can't keep things to themselves, and in some ways that is very good. There are no tensions after we are through talking.

How it is with us

People do not understand about my mother and Vic and me. There are so many things that they do not understand, and that is why some horrible stories have been printed.

It is true, my mother was unhappy when Vic wrote a story in a national magazine which said that my mother had brought me up to be a creation—a big movie star and not a happily married woman. My mother was very upset about what was said about her. And she is very direct. She never goes through two bends, but comes out straight with what she wants to say. So she came to our house very hurt and talked frankly to Vic. He explained that he did not mean it the way she took it. He had been reminiscing about a time when they did not understand each other—but now they do.

In the beginning it was very hard for Vic to understand my mother's attitude toward me.

You must understand what it is between my mother and me. For my mother it was an adjustment hard to make when I got married. All the years before that, it was she who had lived with me, traveled with me, been part of my life and my work.

Every mother, when her daughter gets married, is lonely for a while. Mine was more so than the rest because she had been with me all the time. And she was in a new country.

You see, we are a European family; she is a European mother. In Europe, the family is very close, even after marriage. Here a child is apt to be independent at the age of fourteen or fifteen. At sixteen many children go off on their own. Although his parents are Italian, Vic was raised in New York, and Vic was on his own since he was a boy.

In Italy it is not like that. It is hard for a mother to make her own life after her daughter marries. My mother still calls me *my little girl* and *my little Anna*.

People say Vic dislikes my mother and my mother dislikes him. That is not true. They do like each other, but it was hard for my mother to accept the fact that once I got married, my husband came first in my life.

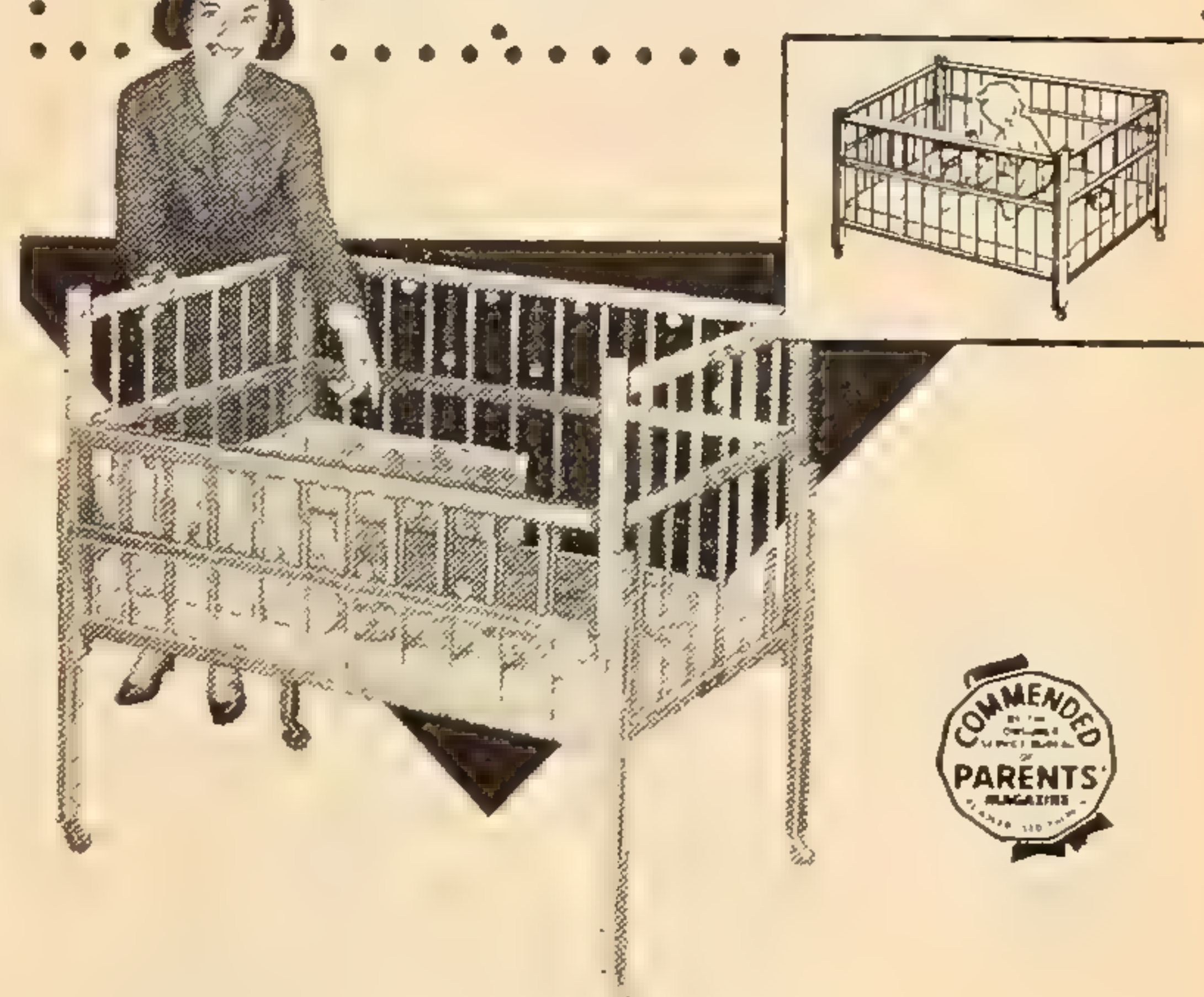
I told Vic, "We must have a heart, try to understand my mother, see her side."

The Italian mother

In the beginning of our marriage, when Vic and I lived in our former home, my mother lived close by and came to the house or phoned every day. It was hard for Vic to see my mother this way—how

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would you say it in English?—*possessive*. He did not understand. My mother does not understand either. In Italy, the mother is still very important in the household, even when the daughter gets married.

But Vic understands her much better now. And she understands him much better. She understands now that we should have some privacy, because we have so little time to be together.

When we bought the new home we live in now, my mother bought one fairly close to us. When Vic is away, she is with me all the time. But when Vic is here, she stays away so we can be together—alone with each other and our little boy Perry, who is now three.

The outside world does not know how we live. It breaks my heart that people should think there is anything seriously wrong. We live quietly. We stay home most nights; we want to be together.

And so when we have disagreements, like most married people do, they say *Pier and Vic are getting a divorce!*

This shocks me terribly. Out here in Hollywood there is so much divorce. Divorce to many people is as casual as smoking a cigarette.

But in our religion, marriage is a sacrament. To Vic and me there are three people in every marriage—the two who marry and God. So when two people decide on a divorce they are separating themselves from what God wants. Vic and I hate the very thought of divorce. We would not even think of it. As long as you believe in God, you will work things out.

When you have a religion, as Vic and I have, you work at solving your difficulties and problems. Vic and I always pray to God for help.

The phone call

This is what happened when Vic and I came back together after that night when he was at the hotel.

A reporter called the house. Vic answered the phone. The reporter was surprised to hear Vic's voice.

The reporter said: "What are you doing here?"

Vic said, "What do you mean what am I doing here? This is my home. This is where I want to be."

The reporter asked, "Aren't you getting a divorce?"

Vic said, "Of course not. Here is Anna." (He calls me by my real name.) "Do you want to talk to her?"

I got on the phone and said, "It's terrible to have so many people talk about us. We had only an argument. How many people have arguments? Vic does not have a mother or a sister to go to out here so he went to a hotel to cool off. Is that so terrible? Why do people try to break us up?"

Even though the rest of the town was still repeating the rumors that Vic and I were separated, we knew in our hearts how much our marriage really meant to us.

After the telephone call, Vic says to me, "Darling, let's do something special tonight. Let's dress up and go out, just the two of us, and celebrate. Where do you want to go?"

Almost as of one mind, we both said, "Romanoff's!"

You see, it was at Romanoff's that Vic first proposed to me. What better place could there be in which to rejoice in our getting together again?

I wanted to look my most glamorous for my husband. I get all dressed up, in a beautiful dress with the new trapeze line, an elegant black satin with electric-blue roses painted on it.

As we walked to our table at Romanoff's I could see the people turn around

and stare. They must have been surprised. It was so funny to see their expression when we walked in together, the happiness just shining from our faces. They had read so much about how unhappy we were!

The next afternoon, I went to a shower which our good friends, Jean and Paul Trousdale, were giving for their daughter. When Vic came to pick me up afterwards we sat around talking. Suddenly, Paul said, "You two have been through a lot of strain this week. Why don't you go to Palm Springs and forget everything. We would love you to stay in our home there and relax."

Second honeymoon

That night, Vic and I are in our station wagon on our way to Palm Springs. I felt exhilarated, as though it were our second honeymoon. We were able to be away for only a few days—Vic had to leave for New York in a week—but I packed like for five months.

It was so wonderful. Jean and Paul have a beautiful modern home in the middle of the desert, and there is a Chinese couple to take care of the house and of us.

Vic and I got up early and played golf; then we'd come home and swim and have lunch by the pool. Then we golfed again. Vic is a wonderful golfer, but I am not. It seems to take me three hours to make one hole, but Vic is patient and waits for me and we laugh at the way I swing my club.

That afternoon I found a wild baby blackbird on the golf course. I picked it up; it was half dead and I talked soothingly to it. He is now my pet at home, no longer sick, no longer wild, but a darling pet who likes to perch on my finger.

When I picked him up that afternoon, so weak, he was like a symbol to me of how we can take the things that are weak in ourselves and build them into strength.

That is what Vic and I must do—take our faults, win God's blessing on them—and turn them into strength. I try all the time to work on my faults so that I can be a better wife and better also in the eyes of God.

When we were in Palm Springs some good friends of ours, Abe and Muriel Lipsey, called and said, "We are having a big party and we want you to come. You will have a wonderful time and see good friends. Frank Sinatra will be there and many other people you know."

We like the Lipseys. We like Frankie. But Vic and I wanted to be alone. This was indeed our second honeymoon. So we said, "Thank you very much. We would like to go to your party, but we have so little time to be alone together. The time is so precious. Vic must go to New York soon. Tonight we want to be alone with each other. Please do not mind. It means so much to us."

They understood.

The sky and the stars

So we spent the night alone. I dressed up for the evening—just for Vic, no one else. We sat in the patio in swing chairs very close together and swung back and forth. We looked up at the sky and tried to count the stars. We almost fell asleep in our chairs.

Then Vic touched me gently on the shoulders and said, "Are you asleep, Anna?"

I roused myself and said, "No, darling. But on such a night as this, asleep or awake, it is like being in a dream."

And then he put his arm around my waist and we walked into the house.

And we knew again an excitement and happiness such as had touched our mar-

riage on our first honeymoon. We knew the wondrous peace you can feel in the desert, when the stars and God seem very close.

We thought at first we would stay till Vic was ready to leave for New York. But the third night I looked at Vic and he looked at me and again we had the same thought.

"I miss Perry so much," I said.

"Isn't it funny? I was thinking the same thing just now."

It wasn't long before we were in our station wagon and on our way home.

The next morning, Vic and I and our little son went to church to pray. It was not on a Sunday—just a regular day in the middle of the week. We dressed the baby up and the three of us went to St. Victor's Church near our house. We kneeled in adoration of God—all three of us together.

We were very still—and sensed the presence of God in the great stillness. Vic and I were praying to the third Partner in our marriage.

We were a family together, praying that we would never be broken up.

Vic and I know so well what our closeness to God has done to bring us together.

A wonderful Retreat

The other night, just before Vic left for New York, we went to a dinner at Danny Thomas' house and Jane Wyman was there. We talked about our experience and Jane Wyman (who has embraced the Catholic faith) told us about a wonderful Retreat she has gone to. When Vic and I drove home from Danny's house we talked about it. We decided that we would go to this Retreat together for a week, where we would pray all day and think of our lives together, of how we want to make our life as perfect and blessed and happy as possible.

When Vic comes back from his singing engagement we will go to the Retreat. It is something for the soul. We will even leave the baby for a week—it is that important to us. When you are at a Retreat you hear the nuns singing, listen to the priest talk. It is purifying and wonderful. Everybody in life should have some retreat—if not a Catholic Retreat then a retreat to find peace of mind, to discover yourself again.

Life is short. We want to make every moment of it important. We know many young couples who must be on the go every night. We don't do that. When Vic and I are together there is so much for us to discover about each other.

Vic must go to London this summer to do some tv shows there, and I am going to Italy to be at the christening of my sister Marisa's (Pavan) baby, Jean Claud. I will join Vic in London and take the baby with me. We will all be together.

Soon after this, a separation faces us. I expect to make two, perhaps three pictures in Europe. Vic will probably have singing dates in Europe—in Rome and Paris—so that we can get together week-ends. But then he leaves again to sing in Australia and back to America. Maybe this will make for more talk.

But we are determined to keep our marriage a holy sacrament, blessed by God. We pray to God for help. All things will work for the good of our marriage, and for our good, as good is reckoned in the eyes of God.

We have to live our own lives and not care what people say. We have to close our eyes and ears to gossip. The main thing is to believe in each other and in God. And we do.

END

Watch for Pier in MGM's MERRY ANDREW, and in THE SHORT WEEKEND for United Artists.

she's only 13 but all woman

(Continued from page 49) Jerry Lee and J. Brown talked. J. Brown was talking about some of the things he'd done during his lifetime and Jerry Lee interrupted him at one point to ask, "How old you be, Cousin J.?"

"I'm thirty-one," J. said.

"Man, you look younger than that," Jerry Lee said.

J. Brown laughed. Then he asked, "How old you be, Cousin Jer?"

"Twenty-two," said Jerry Lee.

"Almost time you were married, I'd say," J. Brown said.

Now it was Jerry Lee's turn to laugh. "Man," he said, "I've already been married twice."

"Son of a gun," J. Brown said, joining in the laughter as they pulled up to the house.

J. Brown's wife, Lois, a pretty young woman in her late twenties, met them at the door. Her husband had telephoned her from the recording studio about who was coming and she was obviously excited. "It's an honor to meet a member of the family who's becoming such a great success," she said, as she shook his hand.

She led him into the simply-furnished house.

"I'm sorry," she said, pulling up a chair for Jerry Lee, "that we don't drink and that we have nothing to offer you in the way of hard beverage."

"That's all right, Cousin Lois, I don't drink either, and I don't smoke," Jerry Lee said, and winking, he added, "and I never kiss a girl who wears lipstick or face-rouge or any of that stuff."

"Are you Assembly of God, Pentecostal, too?" Lois Brown asked, seriously.

"That's my church," Jerry Lee said.

"Well!" Lois Brown said, looking over at her husband, approvingly. "That sure makes it seem like real family."

At that moment, in another room, a baby began to cry. It was the Browns' second and youngest child, a boy, a little more than two years old. Lois Brown excused herself to go see what was wrong with him.

Enter Myra

At that moment, too, the Browns' first and oldest child, a girl, walked into the living room. She was a pretty little thing, in her earliest teens, small, frail, extremely serene-looking, with a pale face and big brown eyes.

The girl's mother had surely told her a little while back about who was coming to supper that night because the girl had surely just washed her face and combed her tawny pony-tail to perfection and put on her best dress, a white dress with little red rosebuds scattered here and there on its starched collar.

"And who's this cute little ole thing?" Jerry Lee asked when he saw her.

"That's my daughter, Myra," J. Brown said, proud at how nice she looked tonight.

"Hello," Jerry Lee said, standing up and shaking her hand.

"Hello," Myra said, taking in his face with her big eyes and then nodding and saying, "It's just like what Grandma told me."

"What is?" asked Jerry Lee.

"Your beautiful hair," Myra said, pointing up to the wavy blond mat atop Jerry Lee's head. "My grandma used to talk about you as a little boy and she said you had the most beautiful hair and that it was just like hers when she was a young girl and single and out a-stepping with young men friends."

"Maybe I should take that as an insult," Jerry Lee said, smiling.

"Oh, no," Myra Lee assured him.

All through supper a little while later,

Myra kept looking at Jerry Lee and talking to him, wanting to know all about him, barely touching her food so she could concentrate on him and his answers—until, at one point, her surprised mother turned to Jerry Lee and said, "Myra must certainly like you, Cousin Jer", because normally she's so shy with people, males especially, that I was beginning to think there was something wrong with her."

"Well," Jerry Lee said, gallantly, "the feeling is mutual, Cousin Lois, because I like Myra, too. In fact, if she wasn't my cousin I might even end up marrying her someday."

Everybody at the table laughed heartily at that one—except Myra. Myra was blushing now, suddenly and hard.

"How old you be, anyway, little gal?" Jerry Lee asked.

"I'm thirteen," Myra said, her voice suddenly trembling.

"Mmmm," Jerry Lee said.

And then someone said something about something else.

And that was that.

At least, lots of people think that should have been that.

First date

But, a couple of nights later, Jerry Lee phoned the Brown house and asked to speak to Cousin Myra.

"How about a date?" he asked.

"I never been out on one before," the girl said.

"Wanna see what it's like?" Jerry Lee asked.

"Yes," the girl said, quickly, adding, "I mean, I would with you. . . ."

They were in the ice cream parlor about half an hour later, Jerry Lee drinking soda, Myra eating a sundae, when Myra said, "I know something about you I bet you don't think I know."

"You do?" Jerry Lee asked.

Myra nodded. "I heard my daddy tell my ma that you been married—twice," the girl said.

"Yep," Jerry Lee said.

Myra waited for him to go on and tell her a little about his wives or something. But all Jerry Lee seemed to be doing tonight was staring at her, in a kind of funny way, a funny way that made her uncomfortable but that made her feel good, too, at the same time.

"Were they pretty?" Myra asked, breaking the silence.

"Yep," Jerry said again.

"Did you love them?" Myra asked.

"At first I did," Jerry said. "But Dorothy—she was the first—I was only fourteen when I married her and she was seventeen, and she turned out to be too old for me. So I divorced her after a year. And the next year I married this gal Jane. She was okay, too, but after three years we didn't love each other no more so we said we'd get divorced and share the baby, six months for one and—"

"You got a little baby?" Myra asked, dropping her spoon in delight.

"Sure," Jerry Lee said. "He's named after me, his daddy, and he's cuter'n a passel of monkeys."

"He must be adorable if he looks like his daddy," Myra said, suddenly dropping her eyes and retrieving her spoon and digging into the sundae again. She shook her head. "You, a Daddy—and married two times," she said. "This must be right boring for a man like you, sitting here with me instead of being in a more interesting place."

"I don't like night clubs, if that's what you mean," Jerry Lee said. "Only when I was a kid, then I liked them. I used to sneak out of the house at night when I was small and go into town and stand near the night club doors and listen to them piano players playing their boogie-woogie."

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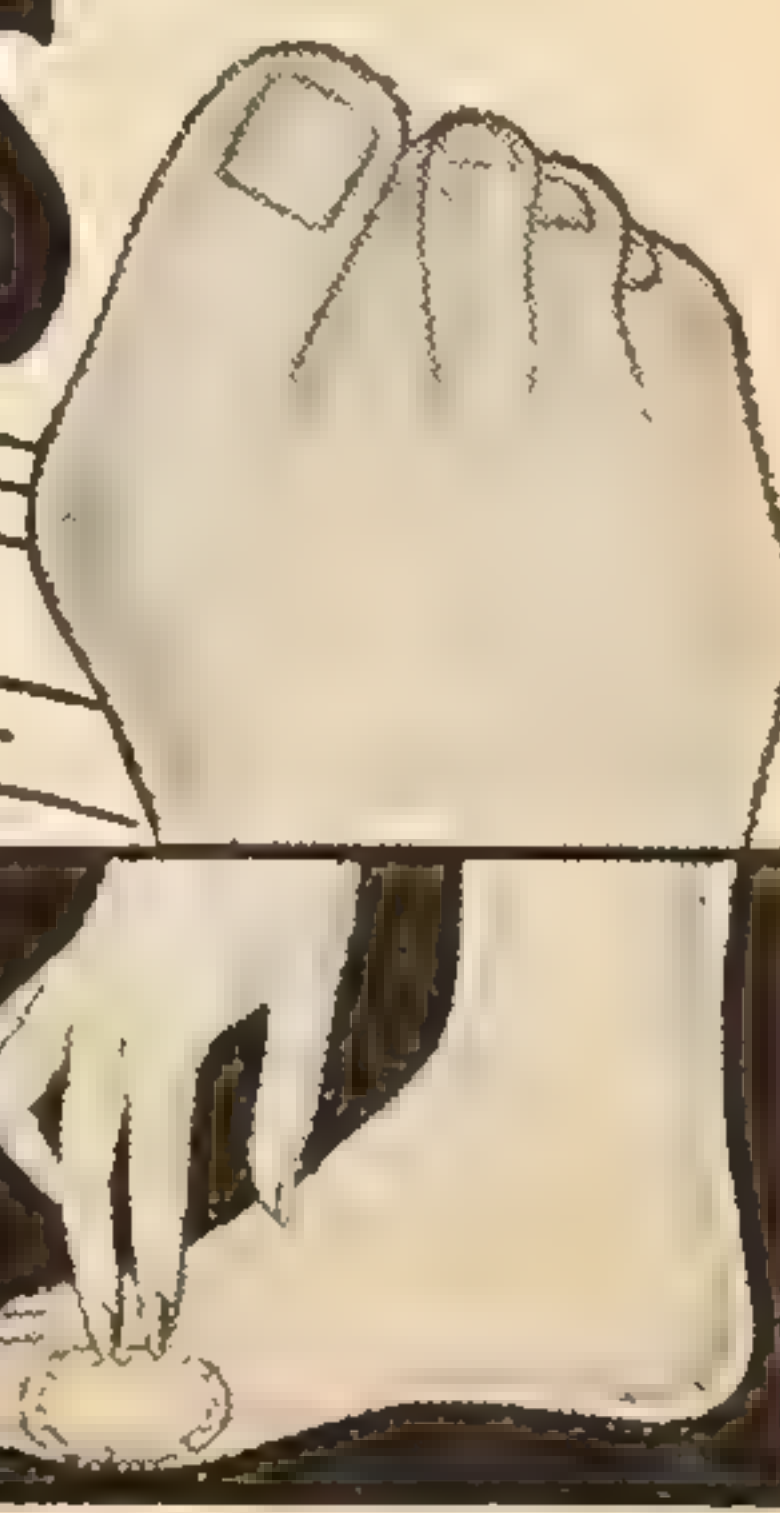
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That's how I got started in music. I got near a piano once and began imitating what I heard and I was pretty good. Then, after a while, I started to sing and I found out I was pretty good at that, too."

"You're wonderful at singing, I think," Myra said.

A real woman

Jerry Lee was staring at her again, hard and deep, and he was in the middle of saying, "Thank you for that nice compliment," when he noticed Myra turn and wave to a girl at another table.

"She's a friend from school," Myra explained.

"You still going to school?" Jerry Lee asked.

"Of course," Myra said, "I'm in eighth grade." Then, as if to make herself older-seeming and more sophisticated, she added, "That's nearly high school."

Jerry Lee smiled and sighed.

"I know," Myra said, "you must be thinking, 'She's a terrible young one, terrible young.'"

"No," Jerry Lee said, still smiling, "I'm just thinking how much a woman you really are."

Myra didn't know what to say now. So she said nothing and just sat there, eating her sundae, letting Jerry Lee continue staring at her in that nice, uncomfortable way. . . .

Two weeks later, to the night, Jerry Lee Lewis and Myra Brown were married. The wedding took place in a little town nearby. It was a simple wedding. Jerry Lee had asked Myra suddenly if she'd hitch up with him, Myra had said yes, and now they were here, in the office of a Justice of the Peace, the Justice not blinking an eyelash when he heard Myra's age, not wondering why no friends or relatives of the couple were there. All he knew was that this young man wanted to marry this little girl, that the young man had the two dollars to marry her with and that, in this particular State, it was all as legal as if the nine old men of the United States Supreme Court had flown down from Washington, D.C., to stand by as smiling, approving witnesses.

And so, alone in this quiet, gray-walled room, he married them. And the only thing that surprised him was the fact that the groom had neglected to buy his child-bride a wedding ring; that the groom, instead of saying, "With this ring, I thee wed," said instead, "Don't worry, in a few days I'm gonna buy this little doll a white Cadillac convertible car and that's more than a lot of gals can say they got from their husbands. . . ."

Man and wife—almost

Jerry Lee got Myra back to her family's house just a little before midnight that night. Myra had said she'd marry Jerry Lee, and she had. But she didn't think it was right, she said, that they live together as man and wife till her folks knew about what had happened.

"Can't you go in and tell them now?" Jerry Lee asked.

Myra noticed how impatient Jerry Lee looked now, how he stood there at the front door, perspiring a little, his legs wiggling a little inside his trousers, looking a lot like he looked that time she'd heard him sing that wild song on television.

Myra still said no, she'd rather do it in her own way. "But by tomorrow night—" she promised. "By tomorrow night."

The first thing Myra did the next morning was to tell her mother that she wasn't feeling well and wasn't going to school. Then, after her mother had left the room, saying she'd go to the kitchen to fetch her a cup of cocoa, Myra jumped out of bed, grabbed her purse, reached for the marriage license she and Jerry had gotten the

night before and placed it in full-view on the nighttable alongside her bed.

Her mother, back with the cocoa a few minutes later, didn't see it.

At lunchtime, the same thing happened. Then again at about two o'clock.

At about four, Myra—too nervous to tell her ma, yet nervous too lest her ma wouldn't ever see the papers—got up out of bed again, placed them square in the middle of the bureau, went into the living room, turned on a children's tv show—one of her favorites, watched for a few minutes, then called for her mother.

"Ma," she said, "if you go near my room, would you please get me a box of cough drops I left on the bureau?"

Mrs. Brown came rushing out of the bedroom a few seconds later. "Myra!" her mother called. She was holding up the marriage certificate. "What in the world is this all about?"

~~~~~  
**Gregory Peck, narrating *Small World*, a documentary about insect life, says it's the first time he has been emcee for a beetle.**

*Sidney Skolsky  
in the New York Post*

~~~~~  
"It means what it says, Ma," the girl told her. "It means I'm married, just like you."

"But Myra darling—" her mother started to say.

"But Cousin Jer—" her mother said a little while later, after Myra had phoned for her husband to come pick her up and take her away, "Cousin Jer," this little girl is still in school, only eighth grade—"

"I can't go to school anymore, Ma," Myra corrected her. "Tennessee don't allow married ladies in school, not even if they're thirteen years old."

Her mother brought her hands up to her face. "And your pa," she said, worried. She turned to Jerry Lee. "She's her pa's little girl," she said. "He'll be so angry."

Jerry Lee shrugged. "He shouldn't be," he said. "Myra here is young in years, maybe, but she's a grown-up in her heart. Besides, she told me she's been driving a car since she was ten years old and that makes her pretty grown up, don't it? And she told me she can cook real good, and that ain't what kids do, is it?"

He looked at Myra as he said that, and she looked at him, noticing that look in his face and his body again, that look like he had last night, like he was ready to break out and start singing some wild song.

"I'm gonna make you spaghetti first thing," the little girl said to her husband.

"See?" Jerry Lee said. "And besides you don't have to worry about her future none, Cousin Lois, because I'm already starting to make over a thousand dollars a week sometimes and soon I'll be making more and that ain't the kind of money you worry about, is it?"

"But—" Lois Brown tried again.

"Besides," Jerry Lee said, "we're in love."

For awhile, it seemed as if their life together might be happy. Myra's Pa reportedly became reconciled to the fact, once he realized it was a fact. Jerry Lee's parents didn't seem to mind. Nor did his managers—though they didn't exactly publicize the news. Nor did Jerry Lee and Myra's small group of friends seem to think there was anything very unusual or wrong about it at all.

But then, suddenly, the world found out. And all hell broke out for the newlyweds.

The reservations mix-up

The news came to light five months after the wedding, in May 1958. Jerry Lee had

just signed a contract to sing throughout England and Scotland on a long and money-making personal appearance tour. Just before he left the States, he cabled the London booking agents that he was bringing his wife, his mother-in-law and his sister along and to please make hotel reservations accordingly.

They all arrived in London late at night a few nights later and the comedy of errors began. The manager of the plush Westbury Hotel greeted Myra's mother as Mrs. Lewis and assumed that Jerry Lee had left his mother-in-law at home and brought along two sisters instead. But he was more than a little surprised, once the formalities were over, to see young 'sister' Myra walk into Jerry Lee's room and remain there the night.

Someone at the hotel tipped off reporters about this mix-up the next morning, just before a mass interview.

It has been said in journalistic circles that there are no more hard-working or hard-asking reporters than the ladies and gentlemen of the London press.

They outdid themselves this time.

"Just who are you, young lady?" one of the reporters asked Myra.

"Why, I'm Jerry Lee's wife," Myra said honestly, nervously.

"And how old are you?"

Myra thought that if she told the truth these people facing her might not be quite so understanding as some of the folks back home. So she lied. "I'm fifteen," she said.

The reporters looked at one another and shook their heads.

And that night, at Jerry Lee's opening, an audience who'd read the news in the late afternoon papers applauded the singing of the newest rock 'n' roll sensation from the States as mildly as if he'd been lecturing on the planting and care of nasturtiums.

The next morning, while Jerry Lee was having breakfast with his frankly-worried booking agents, a couple of reporters who had a hunch about something decided to have another talk with Myra.

They found her in the lobby of the Westbury, looking happily through some comic books she'd just found stacked on the lobby's newsstand.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, one of the reporters asked, "How old are you really, my dear?"

"Thirteen," Myra said, figuring they somehow knew.

The reporters raced for the phones.

Baby snatcher

And at that night's performance, an even quieter audience greeted Jerry Lee, so quiet that at one point Jerry Lee stopped in the middle of a number and said, "You all seem mighty silent out there. I'm alive and I sure hope you all ain't half as dead as you sound."

This was all the audience needed—an insult from Mr. Jerry Lee Lewis.

"Go home, baby snatcher," someone yelled from the gallery.

"Kiddy thief," someone else yelled.

"Go home," everybody joined in, finally, breaking up the performance, "baby snatcher . . . kiddy thief . . . go home . . . go home!"

It was during this second and last performance Jerry Lee was to play in Britain that those never-say-die British reporters were busy uncovering some more interesting news. A phone call by one of them to the police chief of Jerry Lee's home town revealed that "this makes twice Lewis has remarried before he's been divorced."

Now it was up to Jerry Lee to do some explaining.

"It's true," he said, wearily, in his hotel room late that night. "I married Myra before my divorce went through, and we haven't been remarried since. But I con-

sider that Myra is morally my wife and she will stay with me, here in this room."

A sleepy-eyed Myra—"up way past her bedtime," as one of the reporters noted—added, "I know my own mind, even though I am only thirteen. I don't regret marrying Jerry Lee and I'd marry him a million times if necessary. Jerry Lee's a wonderful husband and I love married life." As if to prove her devotion, she further added, "I'm going to have my first baby—"

A woman present gasped.

"—when I'm seventeen or eighteen," Myra finished. . . .

The next day, several things happened.

The management of the Westbury asked the Lewis party to please leave the premises.

The English booking agents cancelled the rest of the tour.

The next plane out

Jerry Lee's own agents—despite the fact that they said they now had proof 'from six lawyers' that the marriage was legal—bought a batch of airplane tickets for the States on the next plane out.

At the airport, there was a delay due to mechanical difficulty and Jerry Lee, Myra and the others spent an uncomfortable eight hours waiting.

To a cordon of reporters who wouldn't be moved, Jerry Lee said at one point, "People think I'm a ladies' man, a bad boy. I'm not. I'm religious and I love my wife."

Back in the States the next day, the Lewis party transferred planes at Idlewild Airport, New York, and flew straight home for Tennessee.

Then, a few days later, learning that all their marital troubles would be straightened out if they got married again, Jerry Lee and Myra went to the home of Jerry Lee's folks, summoned a minister and went through the wedding ceremony again.

After the wedding, a few people had gathered, among them a very old lady who'd very nicely thought of bringing a box of rice along.

"Good luck, Jerry Lee," she said, wobbly-voiced, as she flung a handful of rice at him.

"Thankee, Ma'am," Jerry Lee said.

"And good luck to you, little girl," the old lady said, doing the same for Myra.

"It's not little girl," she said, almost beseechingly; "it's Mrs. Lewis."

The old woman didn't seem to understand. "Yes, yes," she cackled, "good luck to both of you."

Myra watched her for a moment. And then, as the tears began to rush to her eyes, she got into the car alongside Jerry Lee and he began to drive away.

"Bye, little girl," the old lady started up again, smiling and waving and emptying her box of rice, as the car moved faster and faster and faster away. . . . **END**

Look for Jerry Lee in MGM's *HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL*.

life story of jimmie rodgers

(Continued from page 36) "No," she checked him.

"Look, Colleen," he blurted desperately. "It's either that or the papermill back home!"

"Never! Jimmie, I married a singer and a good singer. That's what you're going to do. We'll just hang on," she stated firmly. "Something's going to happen. . . ."

That same week something did. Jimmie Rodgers was called to New York to make a trial record. It was *Honeycomb*. Before a month was out he was famous and on his way. Today Jimmie has three more hits and a best-selling album. His bookings stretch from here to eternity. He's been on every big tv show that counts. He has a movie contract at MGM. This year, Jimmie will make over \$200,000—and that's just the beginning.

Jimmie and Colleen's story is one of true love, faith and plain, old fashioned devotion.

Because, when Colleen courageously bolstered the belief in himself that was beginning to waver in Jimmie Rodgers, she was only paying him back in kind. Two years before, when Colleen desperately needed reassurance, hope and love, Jimmie was there.

That was after the foggy night when Washington state patrolmen lifted her out of a smoking wreck on a highway. In the broadside crash, Colleen's ribs were broken, her spine twisted and some internal organs ruptured. Worst of all was her face. It was smashed almost beyond recognition.

Unwanted

The highway tragedy was especially sickening. Colleen was the prettiest girl in Camas. In fact, she was so beautiful that Hollywood had already discovered and made her a starlet with a bright future. She was on a visit home when the accident occurred and, ironically, was to return to Hollywood the next morning. Hollywood would never want her again.

But Jimmie Rodgers did. He wanted

her more than ever. And forever.

Jimmie wasn't with Colleen that tragic night. But he had been two nights before. He'd taken her into Portland, Oregon, sung to her until dawn and confided his hopes and dreams. When he took her home he had given her his heart—and Jimmie doesn't give that lightly. Although he was past twenty-one, Colleen was the first girl, and, from then on, the only one. To Jimmie, her beauty wasn't only skin deep.

For a year, as surgeons worked to restore Colleen's health and her face, Jimmie courted her in the hospital. Most of that time she was wrapped in bandages, with a plastic mask covering her shattered features. Seldom could she even walk. But in her pain and in her shock, Colleen could still give what Jimmie Rodgers had to have—encouragement and inspiration. In that year, with her urging, Jimmie made his start as a singer, developed his style and won his spurs. When Colleen was strong enough, he married her and they came to Hollywood.

By now, the miracle of modern plastic surgery had brought back much of Colleen's beauty, just as the success Colleen inspired has restored Jimmie's belief in himself and his future.

When Jimmie Rodgers sings, *I'm Just A Country Boy*, it's no mere lyric. The country is bred in his bone, blood and fibre. It comes out in Jimmie's clear, unpretentious voice, his raw-boned good looks, gentle, soft spoken manner and his uncomplicated values and virtues. Right is right with Jimmie, and wrong is wrong. Anger is anger, love is love and loyalty, loyalty. No sophisticated frills clutter him or his thinking—and he's not likely to collect them. Jimmie has been just himself from the time he was born in the timber country of Washington, September 18, 1933. His folks came from pioneer stock.

Jimmie's granddad, on his mother's side, fought with Teddy Roosevelt in the Rough Riders and, after that, drove cattle in Texas. Jimmie's mother, Mary Elizabeth Shick, was born on a ranch and is part Cherokee Indian. Brought to a Washing-



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ton farm as a little girl, she sat in a one-room schoolhouse next to a sturdy boy named Archie Rodgers, whose forefathers had hit the Oregon Trail West. When she turned eighteen she married him. James Frederick was their second son, although they'd hoped for a girl to balance the family. Maybe it was just as well that he was another boy.

Depression days

Because things were rough with Mary and Archie Rodgers then. The Depression was bumping rock bottom, and Archie eked out a living working for the CCC. Later when things picked up, he hired on at the big Crown-Zellerbach plant in Camas. He still works there, and so do Jimmie's mother and his big brother, Archie, Jr., four years older. When he was big enough Jimmie worked there, too. It was back to that mill that his thoughts turned in desperation a year ago in Hollywood.

The first home Jimmie Rodgers remembers is a dingy paint-flaked shack in Tidland Heights, out towards the woods from Camas. He had to toddle outside in the freezing winters to the privy and, on Saturday nights, his mom heated kettles on a pot-bellied stove, then poured hissing streams into a galvanized tub on the kitchen floor. She scrubbed Archie and Jimmie together, once a week, whether they needed it or not. Jimmie was a fat little guy until the big ice storm when he was four. Then he contracted double pneumonia and almost died.

That night the doctor couldn't walk up the steep, slick path to their lonesome house. He crawled up on hands and knees, and Jimmie remembers the ice-crusted bag he opened before bending over his tight, wheezing chest with the stethoscope. The doctor stayed all that night and all the next day until the crisis passed. He couldn't take Jimmie to the hospital; there wasn't any, anyway.

After that, Jimmie Rodgers dropped his baby fat and seemed to stop growing. All his boyhood he stayed runty. Jimmie weighed only 99 pounds as a sophomore in High School and today, although he pushes six feet, he fights to keep 140, gulping malteds with raw eggs almost every time he turns around. It's just a fix with him now, but back then it was a real problem. "I hated being a runt," remembers Jimmie. "So I did everything I could to prove I was as good as any other kid." Mostly, where he lived, that meant a scrap.

Little tough guy

Jimmie's long, string-pickin' fingers are still crooked from the times he busted them flailing out for his honor. He had his head split open four times. His cheeks were chronically striped with cuts and his eyes framed with purple shiners. He didn't always fight fair and didn't feel bound to. "If a big kid—even Archie—was beating me up, I grabbed a club or a rock and let him have it," admits Jimmie. "I wasn't fighting for fun."

By now he can control the flash temper, but as a kid what he chronically saw was red.

Jimmie's mortal enemy was a German boy named Alvin—bigger, of course—who lived across a field. They were constantly engaged in bloody combat. "I guess I developed my voice," allows Jimmie, "yelling insults at Alvin from my back porch. He cussed me back in German, and I never figured that was exactly fair." Stealthily at night he'd raid Alvin's yard for his toys. Next day, he'd find his mother's flower garden stomped. And that really hurt.

His mom's gladioli were the only dependable asset the Rodgers boys had until

they became men. Glads were Mary Rodgers' specialty. In the rich soil and moist Northwest climate she grew giant stalks of every variety. Archie and Jimmie worked the year round in the beds. In the fall they'd dig the precious bulbs, husk and divide, tag and store them and then replant that winter. When summer brought the crop of gorgeous blossoms, they'd pack them in a wagon and pull it to Camas. On street corners the flowers went fast at fifty cents a bunch. Sometimes between them Jimmie and Archie would collect \$100 a summer—and that meant their clothes for school.

Money was always scarce, it seemed, around the Rodgers' house, even though everybody worked. When Jimmie's dad came home from the paper mill, his mother left for the night shift in the bag factory. "I wish I had a penny for every

"We live in an age where the money is all over the place except in your pocket," said Alfred Hitchcock. "It's called being Rich."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

meal I've cooked and dishes I've washed," smiles Jimmie. "I'd be rich."

Still, it wasn't all drudgery and Jimmie looks back on his boyhood with a special fondness. His country was a kid's paradise. All around him tall pines pierced the sky, deer bounded, rabbits scurried and quail whirled away with heart-stopping surprise. Jimmie could hike in the summer days to Lacamas Lake or Dead Lake to fish for trout, bass and perch. The swimming was great in Sandy River.

You ask Jimmie Rodgers when he first began singing and he can't rightly remember. "Why, I guess I've been singing all my life," he says, a little surprised at the question. It's almost the truth. Music and song were as much a part of the Rodgers family daily fare as food.

Mary Rodgers played the piano and sang with a silvery voice. Jimmie's father liked to sing, too, and even Archie. They gathered around the piano after dinner and on Sunday afternoons to sing the old songs that Western people love. In a way it was their only home entertainment. There was no TV then, of course, and half the time the battered radio was out of action. As soon as he could wobble to his feet, Jimmie joined the group, piping first a song his mother taught him:

There must be little Cupids in the briny.

There must be little Cupids in the sea. . . .

In first grade at Forest Home School, Miss Schimmelpfennig, the teacher, used to crook her finger. "Jimmie Rodgers," she'd say, "The kindergarten children are about ready for their naps. Come here and sing them to sleep."

Jimmie never had to be urged. He'd sit down by his wriggling wards and happily croon *Danny Boy* or *Let the Rest of the World Go By* until they fell asleep peacefully. Pretty soon Mrs. Inez Russell, the music teacher, was taking him over as her special project. It got so that every youth singing group in town had Jimmie Rodgers out front, leading with his cool, clear boy soprano. He was a regular in the Christian Church school choir every Sunday.

Oddly enough, the other guys never razed Jimmie about his singing. Because what Jimmie sang were the songs they'd heard from their fathers, mothers and grandparents, and when he sang them it was like waving a state flag.

Singing wasn't all he could do, of course. Jimmie was good in his studies. He caught

Archie—who'd been sick a year and flunked twice—in sixth grade. Later, they graduated from Camas High in the same class. Reed thin but wiry, Jimmie still was a fair country athlete, too. He played top basketball, football and starred on the tennis team.

Jimmy drew a blank

In romance, though, Jimmie Rodgers drew a blank. He never had a date all through high school. At dances he'd sing to the girls but he didn't dance with them. Why? "Well," explains Jim, "I didn't have a car, I didn't have any money, I didn't have time and I didn't have a girl I cared for." Funny part was, Jimmie had already met the girl who was to mean more in his life than anyone ever could. But he certainly didn't suspect it then.

He was playing one afternoon with the Pollack brothers, in their barn out in the country, riding the plough horses, when the little girl down the road came over and made herself a pest. Colleen McClatchey was her name, and she was as Irish as it was. "A blonde, blue-eyed, freckle-faced monster," was how Jimmie first remembers Colleen. They tried to shoo her away but she stuck like gum. Finally, to get rid of her, they tied her to a tree and told her they were going to burn her at the stake. All through Camas High Colleen McClatchey followed Jimmie three grades behind, and he never knew she existed. But there were plenty of things Jimmie Rodgers didn't know about then.

Even when he graduated, at seventeen, Jimmie was as vague as the average teenager about what he'd do for a living. If you'd have told him that strumming a guitar and singing those old time songs would make him rich and famous he'd have called you crazy.

After high school, most guys around Camas counted on the paper mill for a living. Some joined the service, as Archie did, three days after graduation. Jimmie Rodgers did both, as things turned out, with an unhappy crack at college thrown in.

It might have been the Aaron Music Award he won on graduation day that made him try to swing a classical music education. Clark Junior College in Vancouver, thirteen miles away, had a good music department. So Jimmie worked that summer as fifth hand at the mill, bought a \$200 Ford and that fall checked in at Clark. He left home at 7:00 in the morning, got out of school at 3:00 o'clock, drove home and took on his heavy mill chores from 5:00 to midnight. He lasted seven months before he was skin and bones and falling asleep in his classes. He thinks what made him finally figure *what's the use* was his voice teacher's verdict: "You're wasting your time—you'll never be a singer." How could anyone arrive at that conclusion? It's sort of funny—Jimmie's voice didn't change for keeps until late. In college, trying to sing exercises, he sounded like a mocking bird with the croup.

Jimmy joined the Air Force and was sent to Japan next with Supply, but it was so dull dishing out gear over a counter that he promoted a transfer to Korea. In Seoul, Combat Cargo Training kept him loading freight and passengers on planes, twelve hours a day. One GI passenger heading for home, proved to be a lucky passenger for Jimmie.

He spotted him lugging a guitar toward the plane and swearing as the clumsy box banged his other baggage. Jimmie saw opportunity and grabbed it. He bought it for ten bucks.

Until then, Jimmie Rodgers hadn't touched his pads to a string or sung a tune outside the shower. "I'd been too

busy," recalls Jimmie, "learning a thousand things—including how to control my temper." For hot-headed, independent Jimmie Rodgers, Service discipline wasn't easy. Right off, in basic, he bumped another trainee on a stairway, and got a name he wouldn't take. Jimmy knocked him headlong down the steps, bounded down after and stomped him—Indian fashion—right into the hospital. Don't think Jimmie got off easy for that. But he mellowed. "I finally learned to count ten," grins Jim.

Barracks jam

Now, with his ten-buck guitar he started fooling around with the old tunes again. Soon you couldn't jam your way around his bunk at the barracks. A band called *The Melodies* was swinging things around the Officers' Club, and rec halls, finally copping second prize in an all Korea barracks contest. Jimmie sang, of course, and tickled his guitar along with a piano, drums and fiddle.

Whenever he got lost in a song Jimmie Rodgers also got homesick. When Jimmie sings today, done out in a tux, at some big city spot like Hollywood's Moulin Rouge, he's really back in the timberlands of Washington. It was that way in Korea. And just about then he got a box of cookies and a note from a girl he knew at home, doing her bit for the boys overseas. "Hope you enjoy these, Jimmie," she wrote. "Colleen McClatchey helped bake them." As Jimmie remembers, he got just two cookies out of the box in the scramble. But as he munched them he mused, "Colleen McClatchey—wonder how that kid turned out?"

It took Jimmie Rodgers some time to find out. He came back stateside July 4, 1954, and dropped by Camas on leave. Colleen was out of town. Jimmie Rodgers wound up his service hitch in Nashville, Tennessee, as base dispatcher loaded with the responsibility of as many as forty planes in the air at once. But he still found time to win the talent show and, in a national service contest at Langley Air Field took second. A female impersonator—of all things—beat Jimmie out for first prize. Still, that showing told Jimmie Rodgers part of what he wanted to know.

"At last, I knew what I was going to try to do when I got outside." To prep himself he sang on week ends at the Club Unique in Nashville.

But then he went back home to Camas and started a ninety-day sweat. Inside that time he could take over his old job at the mill and not lose seniority. In the same period of grace, he could re-enlist in the Air Force without losing his rank. "I tell you, I chewed some on that one," says Jimmie. "I had just \$200 saved up and I was past twenty-one. I guess I still didn't believe that singing was really a man's work." Very soon he found out it surely was.

Jimmie also found out that Colleen was in Hollywood—with a contract at Universal-International. Audie Murphy, himself, had discovered her working in a Portland hospital. Jimmie eased out a low whistle when he heard that. "I guess that crazy freckle-nosed kid turned out all right," he said.

One afternoon Jimmie dropped by McClatchey's Cleaning Shop with a jacket. "How's Colleen doing down in Hollywood, Mrs. McClatchey?" he asked.

"Just fine," she told him. "But, she's here now—right in back. Don't you want to say 'hello'?"

Jimmie said more than 'hello' when he saw Colleen. He blurted, "My goodness—how you've changed!" That night he took her out for a cup of coffee, then got an idea. "How'd you like to drive into Port-

land? There's the swingin'est little band there that you ever want to hear!"

All night long

That was the night Jimmie Rodgers still remembers as strictly a case of Cloud Nine. They went to the Yalta Club and stayed until 4:00 in the morning listening to the throbbing rhythms around them and, as far as Jimmie was concerned, to a deeper beat from inside himself. It was the first like that he'd ever felt. They went on to another all-night spot and wound up finally at 7:00. "I sang all night long," sighs Jimmie in recollection. "I was in heaven." He was also in love.

Next day Jimmie's head hummed with melodies that his heart echoed. They told him two ringing truths: He'd never be happy in any other job but singing—and he'd never love another girl like he loved Colleen.

She'd promised Jimmie another date before she left. In between Jimmie went over to Seaside, Oregon, and into the Sandbar Club. He practically forced the hillbilly band there to let him sing, and he sang as he never had before—all night long. By morning he had a job at \$65 a week. Jimmie called his folks with the news, but he made them promise not to tell Colleen McClatchey. He wanted to tell her that triumph himself, when he drove back for the date. But there wasn't any date. When he came home Colleen was in the hospital. She'd almost made it safely home from a dance in Seattle—but not quite.

It was a poignant courtship those next few months for Jimmie Rodgers. "I knew Colleen wouldn't want to see me or any of her friends," he says. "So I stayed away. But I sent her notes and flowers and little gifts and I tried to be jolly and keep her spirits up." Later on, when she could be moved, he took her out for drives into the country they both loved so much, even though it stabbed his heart to see her lovely face covered with bandages.

But if Jimmie worried secretly about her, Colleen didn't. Her anxieties were about Jimmie Rodgers. Jimmie was still singing with the hillbillies at the Sandbar.

"You're too good for hillbilly music," she told him. "You ought to go on your own. You can make it. When I get out of here," declared Colleen spunkily, "I want to see you doing a single—Jimmie Rodgers and his songs!" Before she was through with the hospital, Colleen got her wish. Although what she saw made her burst into tears.

One-man band

That was up in Wenatchee, Washington, at the Elks Club, where an agent in Portland booked Jimmie sight unseen at the fabulous figure of \$150 a week. He'd driven up all by himself, excited and trembling with what he thought was the Big Break at last. The manager met him the minute he walked in. "Where's the rest of the band?" he asked.

"What band? I'm a singer. There's just me," stated Rodgers.

"You mean," exploded the boss, waving his hands wildly around the room, "you and that guitar are going to make all these people dance?—How?"

"I don't know, Mister," confessed Jimmie Rodgers. "But I'll sure try."

Jimmie junked the guitar at first, sat at the piano and sang. Nobody moved. Desperately, he yanked a chair out to the middle of the room, called for a spotlight, introduced himself and explained the mix-up. Then he sat down and went to work.

He mixed up the old songs with rock 'n' roll, pop, hillbilly and what have you. But even to things like *Danny Boy* and *Cool Water* he gave a dance beat. When

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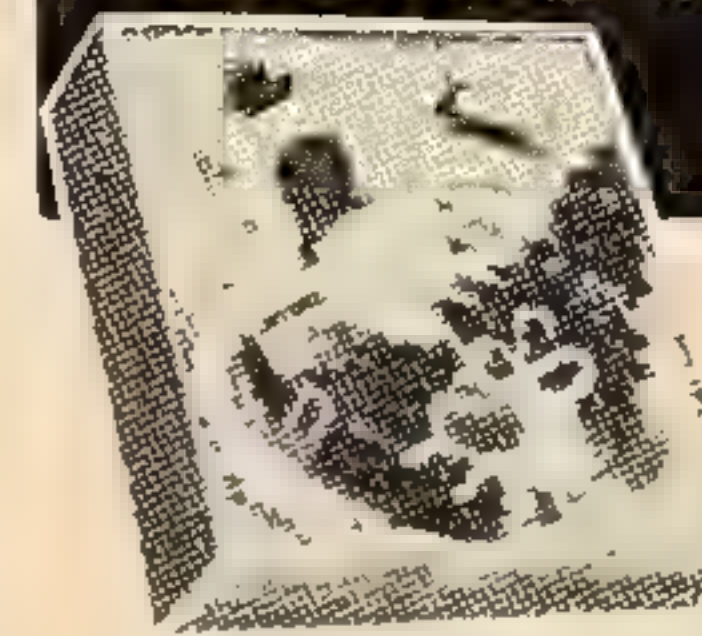
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Jimmy had time to look up the dance floor was jumping. The manager came over and patted his back. "Son," he said, "I don't know how you did it, but it looks like you're in."

But Jimmy was more than just 'in' and earning his \$150. That night, working forty-five minutes out of every hour, he hit on something new that has been Jimmy Rodgers' trademark ever since. He became a 'folk-swingers'.

All that week—as a one-man dance band—he packed them in. "People came just to see if it was true!" grins Jim. One who came—even though it was a big effort—was Colleen. She was still wearing a mask to fill out her face. That's when she cried—not for herself, but for Jimmy.

His left wrist was raw from sliding up and down the guitar neck. His fingers were oozing blood. You can still see the scars.

After that, Jimmy Rodgers didn't have any trouble finding a job in those parts. He went to the American Legion Club next, with a drummer to help carry the load. He broke all records there and at the Fort Cafe in Vancouver, Washington. People started coming from miles around. But Jimmy's fairy godfather turned out to be right across the street.

Chuck Miller was a veteran song-and-piano man from the East. One night Chuck came over himself to hear Jimmy. The minute he heard Jimmy it was no longer a mystery. He knew talent and he recognized a new singing style.

Jimmy gets an angel

From then on Chuck Miller became Jimmy's volunteer praise agent, advisor and financial agent, too. Back in New York Chuck talked up Jimmy and his style around the pop recording set he knew. Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore, then with Mercury, were especially interested. So before long, Chuck Miller wired Jimmy \$300 from his own pocket, with the message, HOP A PLANE, HONEYCOMB.

All the way back to New York the propellers seemed to drum that tune. When Chuck took him around the record offices, it was *Honeycomb* he sang for them. Later, of course, it became the tune that made Jimmy big. But not that trip.

"We'll get hold of you later," is what he got everywhere, but that didn't cash out at the bank. Jimmy stayed nine days while Chuck staked him. Then he flew back to the Fort Cafe. A telegram was already there from Chuck, telling him to get down to Hollywood, if he could, and look up Chuck's agents there. Maybe the

Golden Gate for Jimmy was out West.

Jimmy bought that idea, but he had to settle something first. Those few days in New York away from Colleen had proved that without her he was nothing. He bought an engagement ring, took Colleen out for a drive and, at a stop sign, begged, "Here, Honey—put this on—please." She did. They were married in a double-ring ceremony January 4, 1957, in Portland. At the time, Jimmy Rodgers' fortune amounted to exactly five dollars. He worked at the club until he had \$200 coming, then they drove to Hollywood.

Things looked all right at first. Jimmy hooked a job the first week at the Key-board Club, and Chuck's agent lined him up for a few TV guest spots. Then—nothing. But Colleen, hungry and sick as she was, said, "No—hang on. It's coming."

Call it a woman's intuition, maybe. But even as she spoke, 'it' was already on the way. Back in New York, Hugo Peretti was frantically trying to locate Jimmy in Hollywood. He'd started his own Roulette record firm and wanted to tee off with a new singer. He remembered *Honeycomb*, but the bee had buzzed off. Nobody knew where Jimmy Rodgers was.

Of course, they finally tracked him, and that was a day Jimmy Rodgers won't forget. "It was two o'clock in the afternoon," he recalls. "And all morning it had been gray and foggy. But when that voice said, 'We're sending \$300—can you come back and record *Honeycomb*?'—I looked out the window. You know what? The sun was shining bright!"

He drove East with Colleen and, with his honey by his side, Jimmy didn't have much trouble cutting *Honeycomb*. But there wasn't any advance and toward the end they got down to dining on tootsie rolls and collecting coke bottles to cash in at the flea-bag hotel where they lived. Then a lucky \$700 he made on the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout show paid their bills and left enough to drive home on.

In North Platte, Nebraska, stopping with Colleen's relatives, he got the verdict. "You'd better get set for a disk-jockey tour, Jimmy," advised Hugo; "*Honeycomb*'s starting to move." It moved, all right—clear on past the million mark.

"Ever since then," grins Jimmy, "it's been wonderful. And it's been murder..."

The wonderful part, of course, has been Jimmy's terrific success. "I love it, because I love to sing," allows Jimmy, "I wouldn't really be happy doing anything else. But it's sure been no vacation."

Jimmy hasn't had a rest since the ball

began. Most of his play dates have been one-nighters, so he's been hopping all over the country like a flea, leaving one plane for the next, dressing out of a suitcase, getting along on six hours' sleep, dropping pounds and collecting an ulcer. Whenever she can, Colleen travels with him, because, "I like to know she's in the audience," Jimmy Rodgers reveals. "She's my good luck piece."

Right now, the only family the Rodgers own are two toy poodles—Bivi, a white one Colleen had before they married, and a black one, named Honeycomb, naturally. They're camping in a small rented house perched above the Sunset Strip, with a black Thunderbird and a white Plymouth in the garage. But they aim to buy a bigger place and fix it up, "when the dust settles."

The Rodgers haven't been to one Hollywood shindig and that's only half of it. Neither Jimmy nor Colleen dig the social bit in the slightest. In fact, about their only good friends among the entertainment set are Tommy Sands and Molly Bee. Sometimes, when there's a breather, Jimmy takes Colleen dancing to the Cocoonut Grove. But, neither care about drinking. The other night some business friends dropped in and Jimmy hastily called his manager, Bill Loeb. "How do you make martinis?" he asked. Bill gave him the proper formula for gin and vermouth. "And you might drop in an olive or an onion," he added.

The guests almost gagged. Jimmy filled their drinks with chopped scallions!

"Actually, I don't need much to make me happy," says Jimmy Rodgers honestly. "I'm grateful for all the luxuries I never dreamed about that have come my way, of course. I want to keep on singing and have people like to hear me. I want a home someday near good hunting and fishing—maybe a boat to fool around with, too. I want some children, if we can have them. But mostly, I want to do as much for Colleen as she has done for me."

In his pocket, Jimmy keeps a silver medallion and he wouldn't think of singing a note without it. Colleen gave it to him when she married him. It's engraved with the prayer, GUIDE MY DESTINY.

The face on the medal is that of St. Genesius, patron saint of entertainers. But to Jimmy Rodgers it's the face of Colleen, the girl who has guided his destiny since he put it in her hands and, always will.

END

Jimmy is scheduled to be in MGM's SNOB HILL.

first report on marlon as a father

(Continued from page 44) prescribed time for a new mother to stay home after having a baby is four weeks. Anna went out one evening, three weeks after Christian was born. She wanted to see *The Purging of Simon Madden*, a new play a friend of hers was producing. Marlon couldn't go. He had business to take care of. He drove her to Phyllis Hudson's and Anna went with her. She looked lovely, slim and beautiful in a black early summer dress with a deep red, full-blown rose design. There was a party after the play but Anna skipped it to go home to Marlon and the baby.

Only five days later, Anna started feeling ill. Slowly her temperature began to rise. By the time they called the doctor it was obvious she was really ill. It was a kidney infection and she was rushed back to the hospital. Kidney infections aren't too unusual after childbirth and unless complications set in, modern drugs cure

them. But it's painful and a very difficult thing for a young mother to go through. Far more than the pain, it's bitterly difficult for a new mother to leave her infant when it's only three and a half weeks old.

It was no easy set-up for Marlon either. Even though there is the housekeeper and the nurse, it's not like having the mother or some member of one's own family around. The nurse has been there only since the baby's birth. No matter how it's twisted, Marlon had the main responsibility of Christian when Anna was hospitalized. He visited her often. She needed his cheering up and every snitch of news about the baby was important to her.

Marlon was so entranced with his new son he didn't mind. In fact it was a labor of love in the true sense. Housekeepers and nurses have days off, Marlon didn't.

There's a new Brando at the hill-top house. Those who think of him as an

aloof genius should see him tenderly steadying the tiny wobbly head, gently comforting the infant son. He knows about vitamins and formulas.

Christian's nursery looks like a toy shop. Marlon had a heyday buying toys for him in the weeks after he was born and before Anna got sick.

Marlon has been slowly changing in recent years. There are many evidences. His more conservative clothes and more conventional public behavior. Everything about him is more tempered. His car is no high-powered Mercedes Benz. It's a family-type Chrysler. When he bought Anna a car as a gift it was a Ford.

Some men seem to be born fathers. A child seems to give meaning to their lives and they are willing to give of themselves unendingly. So far Marlon Brando seems to be emerging as that sort of a man. While marriage didn't seem to change him drastically, a little boy named Christian has!

END

Marlon is now starring in *THE YOUNG LIONS* for 20th-Fox.

the day I discovered my heart

(Continued from page 43) is at the foot of the mountain. We drove out in two cars—Elaine and I in one, and the photographer and his assistant in the other.

The air was brisk, not too cold, the kind that puts a pink glow in your cheeks and warms you inside.

When we arrived at the spot the photographer wanted for the setting, the air was so invigorating that Elaine and I began to race around the trees, around the lake-water which was as blue as a summer sky.

The photographer was pleased. He preferred taking candid pictures. He didn't like formal poses—and so he took a slew of candids.

It was then I realized how enjoyable Elaine was. She was willing to try anything I wanted to try. If I wanted to climb trees, for instance, she'd go along with me. If she scraped her hands on the tree trunks, that didn't matter. She wanted us to have fun, and she let me be the leader which, no matter what they say to the contrary, a fellow likes.

Don—the photographer—took innumerable snapshots. About two o'clock in the afternoon I said I was famished, thinking we'd head back to the diner in Lone Pine for hamburgers.

Elaine ran to the car, took out a canvas bag, and gave me the surprise of the afternoon. She had packed a picnic lunch! A little early in the season for picnics, yes, but very thoughtful.

She had fixed it all the night before. We were living in a motel court while we were on location, and we all had tiny alcove kitchenettes in our rooms. The kitchenettes were the kind where you have a pint-sized refrigerator and a small stove on top of it and a baby sink that your two hands barely fit into when you wash a coffee cup.

Elaine really did a bang-up job with the picnic food. She had fried chicken and hard boiled eggs and potato salad and pickles and a chocolate layer cake—which she confessed was store-bought—and milk.

Picnic in the car

We all sat in the car the studio had loaned Elaine and me for the day, and we devoured the food. I never thought Elaine had it in her, this talent for cooking, so it came as a pleasant shock to me.

We told funny stories while we ate and we looked at the vast mountains and the calm lakewater. There was a peace about the surroundings which was comforting after the hectic week we had in front of the film cameras. The sun was bright, and it gave the snow a dazzling sparkle. And the air was fresh and bracing.

We finished our food and thanked Elaine. Don said the picture-taking was over, as far as he was concerned. We could return to Lone Pine and our motel.

I didn't feel like breaking up the party. Don and his assistant were putting their stuff away in their car, and I looked at Elaine.

"Do you feel like going back?" I asked her.

"Doesn't matter," she said. "What would you like?"

I hemmed and hawed like a jerk. Women are so much better at expressing themselves. I wanted to stay, but I was ashamed to say it out loud. I didn't say anything. Elaine came to the rescue.

"Would you like to stay?"

When she said that, I realized she understood me. She knew I wanted to stay. She was tuned in to my feelings.

"Yeah," I said. "It's so nice here. How about you? How do you feel about it?"

"Sure," she said. "I'm game."

So we told Don to head back to town. We were going to explore the Mount Whitney country. Don and his helper left, and we waved to them as they traveled down the long, winding road.

Elaine and I were both smiling.

"I'm glad we stayed," she said. We took a hike and looked for animals. We never saw any close up, but we did hear a lot of different animal noises. Elaine yelled out to me when she saw a flash of red wings in the treetops but we couldn't make out if it was a cardinal or a red-winged blackbird. Far off, on snow-capped Mount Whitney, it seemed to me as though I saw a coon, but his coloring camouflaged him. When I went to point him out to Elaine, we could no longer see it. He was gone.

We returned to the car and the sunlight was beginning to wane. I turned on the radio, but couldn't get a decent music program. There were either operatic selections or preachers lamenting the crisis in education.

Mountain dance

Elaine fiddled with the dial and in a few minutes, picked up a Nevada disc jockey who was hip on rock music. We listened to the program for a while.

"Let's dance," I said.

I turned up the dial all the way. We got out of the car and began dancing right out there in the open. I swear if anyone saw us they would have called us nuts.

But I couldn't care less if someone did see us and say we were crazy. For the first time in my life I was really relaxing on a date. Elaine made me feel like myself. She didn't push or press me in any way. She let the conversation flow naturally. She was herself, I guess, and I was myself; it was wonderful to know that two people could get to know each other like this.

We danced in the setting sun, hardly noticing that the day was getting cold and dark. We danced to Elvis and Fats Domino and LaVerne Baker.

Evening comes early up there in that Whitney country, and so I figured the day had ended. We would go back to Lone Pine, and that was that.

We got into the car and began driving back. I was saying to myself that I didn't want our day to end. I was hoping by some miracle it wouldn't. It was too good to give up.

We arrived in Lone Pine and were driving along the main drag to our motel which was called The Portal. The neon sign of one of the restaurants caught my eye. I had to be reminded that we would have to eat soon. I guess men wait for their appetites to remind them. They never think ahead.

I suggested we go to our cabins to shower and dress and then go out for dinner and do the town.

She responded enthusiastically. But she added, "Let's not expect too much of Lone Pine."

Now Lone Pine is a hamlet of only a few thousand people. A general store, a saloon, a movie house, a barber shop, an alderman's office and not much else—that's the main drag of Lone Pine.

Both of us were used to living in big cities that have all kinds of entertainment within arm's reach. In New York you can go to the theater or any movie of your choice on the spur of the moment. Movies play at hundreds of movie houses all hours of the day and night. There are restaurants everywhere—two, three and four in a block; and there are all kinds of them—Chinese, French, Greek, Mexican or plain old steak-and-potatoes American. If you like symphonies, there are concerts. If you like night clubs, they're everywhere in town. So to 'do the town' in Lone Pine might take some meditating.

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I parked the car in the motel courtyard, and I left Elaine at her cabin which was next to mine. We agreed to meet in a half hour.

Getting ready for a big night

I showered and shaved and put on a white shirt and tie and my dark brown herringbone suit. I was excited. Our day was turning out to be an adventure. We hadn't expected it to be this way, and suddenly we were looking forward to spending the evening together.

When I went next door to pick her up, she was dressed up, too. She was wearing a smart neat-fitting red wool dress, little pearl earrings and high-heeled shoes.

She put on her coat. I was wearing my raincoat. We headed for the main drag of Lone Pine which was about a block long—like a Western frontier town.

We didn't have much choice of restaurants. We walked to the one where the neon sign had attracted my eye.

The restaurant was called Mama Theresa's. It was Italian. We weren't full-fledged movie stars in the sense of people recognizing us, so we entered unnoticed. Anyway there weren't many people eating.

Mama Theresa's was small but cozy. The tables had red-checked tablecloths, and there were candles stuck in old raffia-covered wine bottles. There was a white trellis in the back covered with crepe-paper flowers, and it masked the kitchen area. In a corner was a juke box, and I got up and played some of the songs. All the titles were in Italian so I just punched a bunch of numbers, and in a minute the place was lively with that jumpy music I call Italian rock-and-roll.

An old man with a big white mustache and his fat wife, Mama Theresa, ran the place. I asked them what we should order, and he told us they'd take care of everything.

It was one of the best Italian dinners I've had in my life—Italy included.

We started off with a terrific antipasto.

Then veal cutlet parmigiana, a side order of spaghetti *al dente* and a fresh green salad. It was so good, all of it, that I decided to celebrate and order red wine. I never drink, but this was turning out to be a special occasion.

The old man with the mustache served us the wine, and Elaine and I both toasted to the future and the good things it would bring.

For dessert we had spumoni and espresso coffee.

We could barely move from the table when we finished. The other guests had left, and the old man with the mustache and Mama Theresa showed us around the kitchen with its gleaming pots and wooden workboards.

They told us about the time they immigrated to America from Italy, and how they loved the United States, their adopted country. It was good to them, they said. It gave them work, and they raised their children and were able to send both their boys to college. They showed us snapshots of their sons who were handsome and rugged-looking.

After we said *arrivederci*—goodbye in Italian—we walked along the dark, empty street.

We window-shopped, looking into the few lighted store windows. The most exciting window in Lone Pine was the hardware emporium's—there were all kinds of guns, knap-sacks, fishing tackle and bowie knives.

At the end of the street there was a dimly-lit pool parlor, and we walked in and watched some cigar-smoking, red-skinned Indians shooting pool.

A new game

We played some pool, Elaine and I. She had never held a cue stick in her life, but she told me she was willing to learn so I taught her a few fundamentals and we played a couple of games.

It was eight-thirty when I looked at the clock on the wall in the poolroom. I

asked the Indians when the last movie was playing. They told us around nine. . . .

After the movies, we went to the soda parlor next to the movie house. We read movie magazines on the racks and wondered if we'd ever be in them, if we'd ever become important movie stars.

They kicked us out of the soda parlor because it was closing time.

But I didn't want to go home. We walked in the direction of The Portal, our motel. Behind our motel was a baseball diamond with billboard ads—BUY MOXIE, BUFFERIN FOR QUICK RELIEF, GET RID OF YOUR FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW. The moon was floating high in the sky like a bubble, and it cast a beautiful bluish light on the baseball field. We held hands and walked around the diamond; we touched the bases and looked at each other in the moonlight. Then I brought Elaine home to the cabin, wishing that we were just starting out, that it was Sunday morning and we were getting ready to go to the foot of Mount Whitney for the picture-taking.

Maybe you can't believe it, but this was the greatest date of my life. It was so simple that we were very relaxed, and consequently we discovered each other. And I discovered something else too—I discovered my heart. I've never been able to discover a girl in the same way as I did Elaine—maybe because I've never experienced such an easy-going date again. Elaine and I talked about easy things, unpretentious things. We were honest and down-to-earth with each other. When we held hands walking around the baseball diamond in the moonlight, I really felt a communication with her. I felt I had gotten to know her. We had shared something unexplainable. . . . and made a wonderful discovery. **END**

Tony is now appearing in **THIS ANGRY AGE** for Columbia, and in **Paramount's THE MATCHMAKER**; he can soon be seen in **GREEN MANSIONS** for MGM.

we are not ashamed

(Continued from page 33) finally come to the conclusion that it is wrong for us to remain together. It is a farce."

The infatuation, which began like a sudden flame, now was raging like a forest fire. . . .

Then came their first separation. Kim had to follow studio orders and leave for San Francisco to help publicize *Vertigo*. She knew that Rafael would have to leave soon for the Army Staff Officers' School at Fort Leavenworth, where he would study American techniques in air and military procedures. Leaving him was like dying a little. She begrudged each day she would be away from him. For a moment they even considered his following her to San Francisco. But they decided their romance would be a little too obvious if he did that. For the time being—until he could come to her a divorced man, free to woo her openly—it would be better to keep their romance as quiet as possible.

Then while she was in San Francisco, a bombshell exploded.

Black newspaper headlines told of the lavish gifts the young Latin general had bestowed on Kim—the \$8500 Mercedes Benz, and of the \$11,000 chinchilla coat he'd bought for Zsa Zsa for introducing him to her. There were critics who believed that the money for these gifts came from our gifts to the Dominican Republic.

We might as well give our foreign aid directly to famous actresses as let a young playboy from the Dominican Republic spend our money on such lavish gifts,

the critics said very loudly.

"This is ridiculous," replied an aide of the General's. "General Trujillo is one of the wealthiest men in the world. He believes he has the right to spend his money as he sees fit."

The studio is alarmed again

The studio, alarmed by the publicity, called Kim on the carpet and suggested that she try to mollify the reporters. Kim and Rafael had been hoping to announce their romance with some dignity once he was free. Now Kim was shattered by the bitter criticism.

Confused by the spotlight glaring on their romance, she began to stammer out denials that she knew he was married. Does this seem wrong? Put yourself in her place. If you had been foolish enough to fall in love with a man who was still married, who was separated from his wife and wanted to get a divorce without exposing himself to harmful publicity, would you like to see your love affair blazoned to the world prematurely in screaming headlines?

So often on the screen Kim has played 'the other woman.' She knew how unsympathetic most of us are to such a woman. But she had nothing to feel shame for. "I'm not the other woman," she kept telling herself. "I never met Rafael until long after his marriage was dead."

She told one reporter that she was shocked at the news that Rafael had a wife. She told another that he was a kind, sincere man and that it was dangerous to our country's relationship with the Dominican Republic to treat a good-will

ambassador so cruelly. Then she retired to her room with a splitting headache.

When she got back to Hollywood, she wouldn't see anyone. She wouldn't leave her lavender house. She changed her phone number. She had received orders from her studio to say nothing to anyone.

But Rafael was not ashamed of his love. If anything, he seemed to be relieved that he could now tell the world the truth about his romance. Previously, for Kim's sake he had wanted to wait until the divorce was an accomplished fact.

Now he said, "I love Kim. My wife Octavia and I have been formally separated since last December. I started divorce proceedings in March. Some day, soon, I hope our divorce will be final."

On a misty Spring night, Kim kissed Rafael good-bye on the platform of the station where his streamliner was to take him to Fort Leavenworth.

"Till we meet again, Ramfis. . . . *hasta la vista, darling*," she cried. She waved to the departing train and blew kisses. When the train disappeared around the bend, Kim stood alone for a few moments, looking forlorn. Then she turned and walked slowly down the platform to the car waiting for her. . . .

The new Kim

Many men in town thought that with the glamorous Trujillo away, they could make time with Kim. But Kim wouldn't date any other men.

She did go to a lavish party given by a millionaire oilman in town, Arthur Cameron. But she went mainly for the sake of her mother and sister, who were visiting

her. She wanted to give them the thrill of seeing a big-time movie party with loads of stars. Although she could have been escorted by any one of a number of eager young men, Kim chose to go alone—except for her family. In a clinging, lavender gown she was the sensation of the party. Guests noticed how Kim had changed. Once she was always quiet; this night she sparkled. In the past Kim kept to herself at a party. This night, she laughed gaily, danced all night and displayed a vivacity that she had never shown before. What the General has done for her! His magic was at work even though he could not be with her.

At the party, Jeff Chandler found the new Kim so fascinating he hung around her all night. In fact, he paid such marked attention to her, that the grapevine says Esther Williams slapped his face and walked off in a huff.

If Jeff tried to get to Kim the next day he was in for a disappointment—like every other man who was anxious to date her. Because Kim drove up north to a swank dude ranch in Ojai to get away from everyone—and all those questions.

She may not be in to the Hollywood big shots who call, but she certainly is to her Ramfis. Whenever that call would come to her from Fort Leavenworth, Kim would rush to the phone and spend long periods listening to Ramfis tell her how much he missed her.

That car

Although the studio had sent out a story saying she was returning the expensive car he had given her, Kim did no such thing (according to reports).

"Why should she?" said a friend to us. "This was a gift given to her by a man she loves, who loves her. It would be an insult to give it back to him. True, it's expensive—but what's an \$8500 gift to a man whose income is over \$600,000 a year? It doesn't mean much more, in dollars and cents, than the gift of a piece of costume jewelry to a girl by the average guy! And the sentiment's just the same. These two are definitely gone on each other."

Kim—practical Kim with the ever-

present fear of poverty—was reported to have eventually sold the car for \$4500, and used the cash to buy furniture for her new home.

Perhaps she'll put the restraining hand on her big-spending boy friend if and when she becomes his wife.

Meanwhile, she was bedazzled by the fact that when he was in Hollywood he was pricing yachts. He told her of his plans to have a yacht off the coast of Ensenada, Mexico. . . . So that he and Kim can drive to this nearby town across the border and sail off on a romantic honeymoon at sea?

It could be. . . .

There are many things to be considered. Mainly, does Kim love Rafael enough to give up her career for him? Grace Kelly did that for her prince. But Kim is more ambitious than Grace; she is more in love with the idea of being a movie star than Grace ever was.

On the other hand, if she tells Trujillo that she wants to remain in pictures, will he stand for it? Would he give up his powerful standing in the Dominican Republic to become the prince consort of a movie queen?

The truth about Kim is that she's unpredictable. A close woman friend says, "Kim often sails off on clouds of romance. She reaches great romantic peaks. But just when she is breathlessly sailing along on a cloud, she gets out her little parachute, and goes right down to earth when you least expect it."

No one knows whether she'll marry her Ramfis or not. Even Kim may not know for sure. One thing we do know—that this isn't just another romantic fling in Kim's life—that this time she has touched heights of love and excitement such as she never knew before.

There may be problems ahead for this woman, but neither Kim nor her beloved are plagued with feelings of guilt. They know in their hearts that they did all they could to keep their love honorable. They are not ashamed. . . .

END

Kim can be seen in *VERTIGO* for Paramount and will soon appear in *BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE* for Columbia.

good-bye to a gentle hero

(Continued from page 50) material than what I used to do," he said regretfully, in 1956. "What I used to do is gone—romantic films, the classics. You don't see any more pictures like *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Beau Geste* and *Lost Horizon*.

Gone were the days of the swashbuckler, the cavalier, the debonair hero with the courtly manners who feared dishonor more than death. In movies fraught with Freud, in cowboy epics, in dramas of violence on the docks, there was no place for Ronald Colman. He was not an actor Elia Kazan would seek out, and he knew this, and could face it without bitterness.

Not so the fans who missed him from the screen. They sent letters demanding his return to movies, and Mrs. Colman answered them all. To one disconsolate admirer, she explained that Mr. Colman simply could not work so hard any more. "He is getting older," she wrote gently, and added, "He is no less immortal for being mortal."

A gentleman in Hollywood

Ronald Colman cared about his good name. He was that rare creature in the modern world, a gentleman. He lived in a town where sin was copy, yet no breath of scandal ever touched him. He lived in a town where major stars were mixed up in paternity suits and rape trials and wild

parties and drug addiction and even murder, yet he made for himself an island of peace in that place. Surrounded by his family, his dogs, his books, his antiques, he was somehow the essence of a modest country squire. Even after thirty-eight years in this country, he seemed still very English.

If the villages of England, and their little rivers, coursed through Ronald Colman's blood, it isn't surprising. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, and absorbed its quiet greenness with his first breaths. The young Ronald went to the Hadleigh School at Littlehampton, Sussex, and was wonderful at sports, terrible at history. He liked the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, and he liked girls. Stevenson he committed to memory, but girls he could only worship from afar. "I was extremely shy of them," he said once, in what may have been the understatement of the age.

When he was sixteen, Colman's father died, and the boy had to go to work. He got a job in an office at \$2.50 a week, eventually became a junior accountant. He might have risen to some high job in banking, and been bored the rest of his life, but for the advent of the first World War.

1914 found him a private in Lord Kitchener's Contemptibles. He fought at Ypres, was wounded at Messines, and came out of the army discontent with everything he'd known before. He was sure he didn't want to go back to his old accountant's

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existence, but he wasn't sure what he wanted to go forward to.

Adjusting to being a civilian "was difficult," he explained, "and while I was still full of uncertainties, I became interested in the theater."

Early theater

The theater didn't seem to return Colman's interest. He did a vaudeville sketch in a music hall, and nobody cared. Then he covered his face with burnt cork and made a black-face legitimate-stage debut in a play called *The Maharanee of Arakan*. "I do not feel disposed to belabor the acting of Ronald Colman," wrote a London critic. "I saw Mr. Colman and the play at a disadvantage. The curtain was up."

Years later, Colman would tell this story in order to encourage some young actor from giving up too easily, but the tale always enraged Mrs. Colman who could not forgive the now-forgotten critic. The night Colman won his Oscar, Mrs. Colman bethought herself of her old enemy. "I hope he's eating his words," she said fiercely.

Next, Colman tried films. He made a two-reeler but it was so terrible it was never released. In 1919, he married Thelma Victoria Maud, an English actress known as Thelma Raye. The marriage didn't work; it was one of those post-war liaisons, both people determined to build something out of ruin and confusion, both people searching for roots in an uprooted world. What went wrong, no one knows. Colman was not the man to gossip about his private life, nor would he ever utter a word against a lady. But in 1920, he came to America, his wife stayed behind, the brief union was over.

He arrived in New York with fifty-seven dollars, three clean collars, and two letters of introduction. "I didn't stop at the Waldorf or the Ritz, old boy," he told a friend wryly, remembering that first, strange, American year.

He lived in a small room in Brooklyn, and traveled to the city every day on the subway, and made the rounds that actors are still making. He went to agents' offices, and producers' offices. He got a walk-on in a play called *The Dauntless Three*, and thought *this is it*—but it wasn't. Actually, he had to play three walk-ons for the same salary. The audience wasn't supposed to be able to recognize him because he wore three different beards!

For two years, he did extra roles and bits, and got shabbier and more depressed. One afternoon he went up to Central Park and sat on a bench and stared at his shoes, one of which had a hole in it. It was a bleak day, the wind cut through him, all his thoughts were grey and cold. He'd left his green countryside, and come here to live among strangers. His family was dead. He could hardly remember the face of the girl he'd married. All the books and colored prints he could afford wouldn't make that furnished Brooklyn room cozy, and his career seemed to consist of being able to hold his head up while wearing false whiskers.

He imagined himself in years to come, one of those pitiful aging character actors, neat, threadbare, proud, being turned out of office after office, eating his Christmas dinner in a drug-store, wondering what had happened to his hopes, his youth, his life.

The Broadway show

Colman got up from the bench with new strength, new determination, and walked down to Broadway. He walked until he came to the Shubert office. They were casting a show called *La Tendresse* which was to star Ruth Chatterton. When he walked out of Shubert's, he had the third lead in the show.

Movies came after that. Henry King signed him for *The White Sister* opposite Lillian Gish, and right from his very first picture, he was a star. He and Vilma Banky became the silent movies' second-sexiest team—right after John Gilbert and Greta Garbo—but of the foursome, only Garbo and Colman went on to even greater success in talkies.

Success made Colman no less the gentleman. Once a columnist watching the shooting of *If I Were King*, noted that Colman was fumbling a love scene with Frances Dee. After a couple of bad takes, Colman turned to the bystanders and said, in what was for him an unusually irritated tone, "I do wish you people would at least look the other way—it's hard to make love so publicly. . . ."

When the audience had left, Colman and Miss Dee wound up the scene with no further trouble.

Since he had no gift for crudeness in his private life, it was always hard for Colman to talk tough to a woman on the screen. Once he had to tell a bunch of chorines, "You look like swamp rats," and he stopped rehearsals to apologize. "I'm terribly sorry, girls," he said. "I really think you're awfully good."

A great love

On September 30, 1938, Ronald Colman found the meaning of his life, when he

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married Benita Hume, at Montecito, California. Miss Hume was a great beauty who behaved as simply as a plain woman. (She is also the kind of woman who gave blood to the Red Cross so often after hearing an appeal from Korea that the Authorities had to implore her to wait longer between trips.)

At the time Benita met Colman, she was engaged to a rich Englishman named Jack Dunfee, but once she'd looked into Colman's eyes, she was lost. She broke her engagement. As for Colman, he was astonished. His first unhappy experience with wedlock had left him wary of females. He had been satisfied to live alone, settling for peace, since he had no hope of bliss. Suddenly, bliss overtook him. This woman, tender as she was exquisite, turned house into haven, man into lover. She gave up her own career because, "More than one movie star in a family is no good, and I'll be too happy just being with Ronnie to miss the limelight—"

At the age of forty-seven, Ronald Colman looked around him, and found he had come home.

All through his bachelor years, his family had consisted of six dogs. Now, in July of 1944, he became the father of a baby girl named Juliet. Fifty-three-year-old daddies must be forgiven if they're a trifle giddy. He, who had never kept a clipping of a single one of his triumphs, filled scrapbooks with every line about Juliet, every picture of her. When she began to talk, all Hollywood knew it, and he could scarcely tear himself away from

her long enough to make movies.

In 1946, Colman was listed among the nation's top moneymakers. In 1947 came his Oscar. In 1950, he tied (with Laurence Olivier) for second place as Best All-Time Actor (Charlie Chaplin came in first) in a poll conducted by Daily Variety. 1950 was also the year that a group of plastic surgeons named Colman the world's best-preserved person. They spoke of his smooth young face, but Colman was not impressed. Concerned with his dignity, he felt he was too old to go on playing love interest parts. He didn't need money, so there was no point in compromising with his own fierce standards. He refused to let a whiskey company use his name, though they offered him a fortune, and he would not work on television for a beer sponsor.

The Halls of Ivy

When he did turn up on television, it was in 1954, with Benita, in a series called *The Halls of Ivy*. They played the president of a college and his wife. Their show was warm, literate, witty. It was the same show they'd begun on radio, four years earlier, after Colman had coaxed his wife out of retirement.

In 1956, *The Halls of Ivy* folded, and Colman packed up wife and daughter and left for England, a long rest and vacation. Ironically, it was on this trip abroad that he contracted a lung infection. Last year in Santa Monica he was operated on, but his health was never really good again. On May 18th of this year, he became ill at his ranch home near Santa Barbara. Benita took him to St. Francis Hospital. Twenty-four hours later, he died. The funeral services were held at All Saints Episcopal Church by the Sea, in Montecito. Montecito, where he and Benita had been married. . . .

And now there are so many memories, cherished by those who mourn him. Memories of the time when Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Lillian Gish, Janet Gaynor and Richard Barthelmess were given awards for "distinguished service to motion pictures," and Colman wired them, CONGRATULATIONS. HOWEVER WITH JOHN BARRYMORE, EMIL JANNINGS, LESLIE HOWARD AND JOHN GILBERT GONE, IT BECOMES INCREASINGLY SIMPLE FOR US TO WIN. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS STAY ALIVE.

Today he is gone, along with Gilbert and Barrymore, and his friend James Hilton, who once was asked if he were writing his new book with Colman in mind. "Well, I haven't exactly got him in mind," Hilton said, "but he just naturally creeps into everything I write."

For Benita, after twenty years, he must just naturally creep into everything she writes and reads and thinks. She must hear him at the piano, playing badly, but loving it. She must see him coming across the tennis court, going to feed dogs, bending over the garden.

For her child, because she is young, with everything before her, Benita will be strong, pick up the pieces of her life and go on. But the pieces of her heart, she will never be able to put together again. Some of them she left at Montecito, where she married; some of them she left at Santa Barbara, where she lived; some of them she left beside her husband's grave.

POSTSCRIPT

As this story was being prepared, word came that Robert Donat, another great English actor, had died. Oddly, James Hilton, the man who always wrote with Ronald Colman in mind, also gave Robert Donat his greatest role, Mr. Chips. Now Mr. Chips too is gone. So good-bye, Mr. Chips. Good-bye, Mr. Colman. Good-bye all you gentle heroes who once made movies beautiful. Your day is done, but it was a golden day. . . .

END

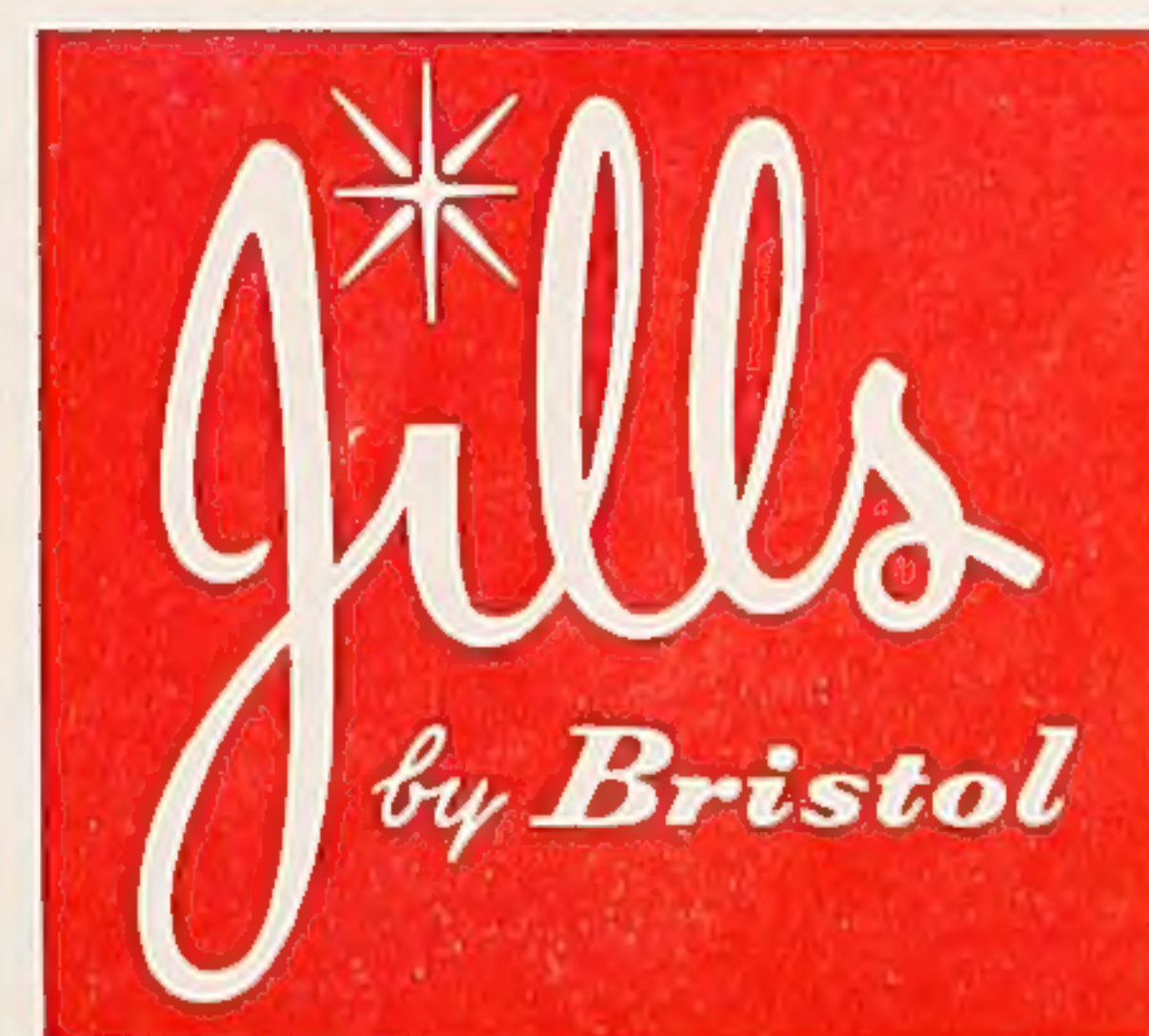


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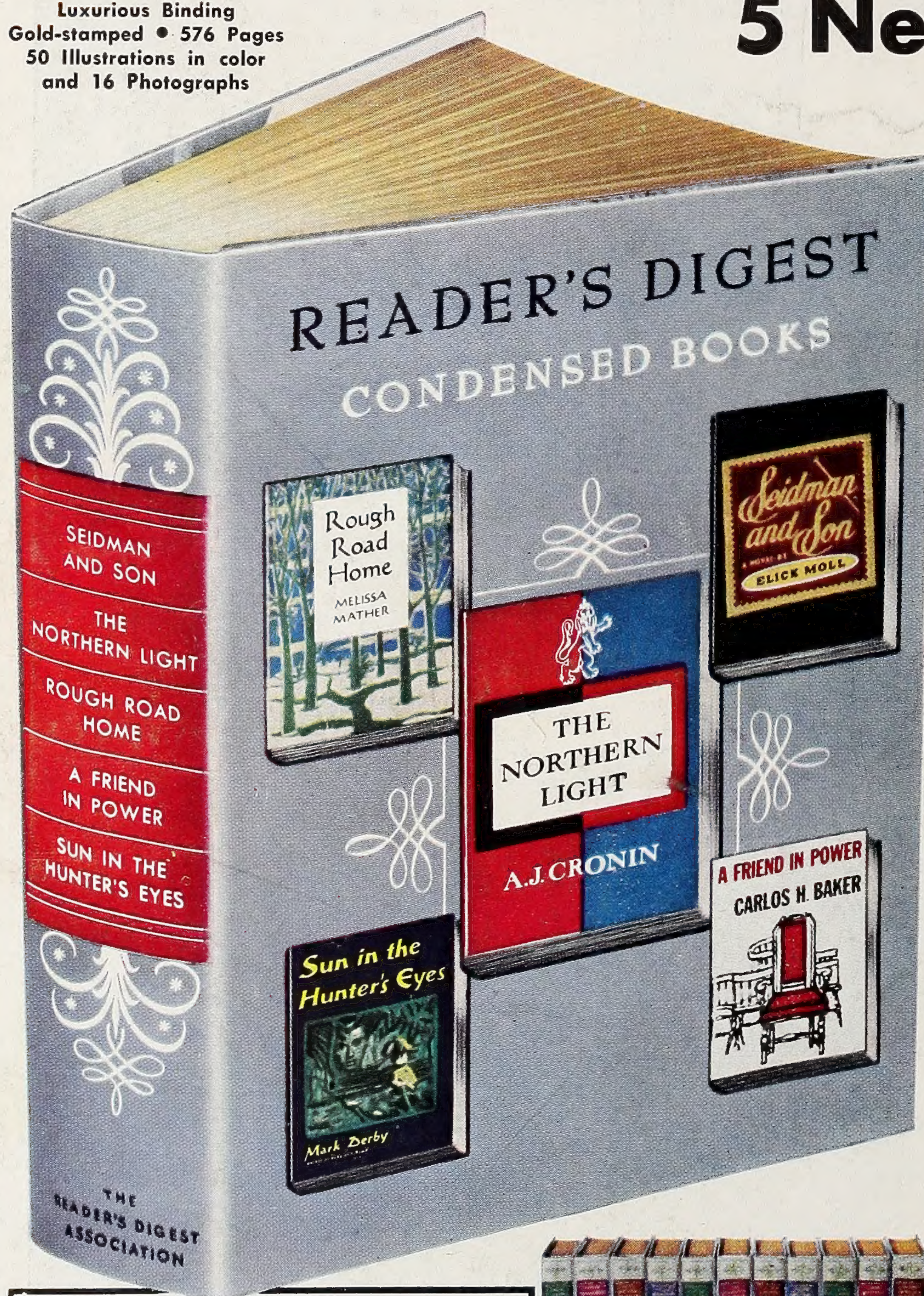
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